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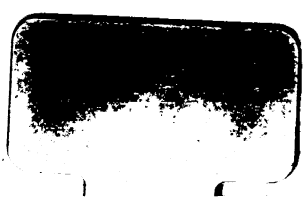

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXV.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME III.

JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1858.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, ... verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. Augustine.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1858.

Art. I. — THE CHURCH OF ROME IN HER THEOLOGY.

1. *Il Sacro Concilio di Trento, con le Notizie più precise risguardanti la sua Intimazione a ciascuna delle Sessioni. Nuova Traduzione Italiana col Testo Latino a fronte.* Venezia, 1822. Appresso gli Eredi Baglioni stamp. ed edit. Vol. I.
2. *Œuvres de* Bossuet. Tome Quatrième. *Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes, etc.* Paris: chez Firmin Didot Frères. MDCCCLII.
3. *Catechismus ex Decreto SS. Concilii Tridentini ad Parochos, Pii V. Pont. Max. Jussu editus.* Romæ ex Typographia Coll. Urb. de Prop. Fide Superiorum Permissu. 1839. Vols. II.
4. *Istoria del Concilio di Trento scritta dal* Padre Sforza Pallavicino *della Compagnia di Gesù, etc. ..... Ora Illustrata con Annotazioni da* Francesco Antonia Zaccaria. Roma, 1833. Nel Collegio Urbano di Propaganda Fide. Vols. IV.

We propose, on the showing of the works above named, to present an outline of the leading doctrines of the Church of Rome. The diametrical completeness of the antithesis which divides the theory of that Church from the one represented in this journal, gives to its doctrinal confession an importance which belongs to no intermediate communion. There are at bottom, in all the churches of Christendom, but two fundamental principles of polity and faith, — the principle of authority, and that of freedom. And if once the principle of

authority is adopted as the basis of a church, we can see, in the application of that principle, no just and intelligible limit short of the Church of Rome. If any one shall say that the Bible is that limit, we answer that the Bible is common to all the churches, and professedly a rule of faith to all. The question is, whether, in the interpretation of that rule, ecclesiastical authority or reason shall decide. If we say authority, then the Church of Rome has the strongest claim to legitimacy; if reason, then is that the most legitimate church which allows the greatest liberty of individual judgment.

While, therefore, the so-called orthodox churches are based on human authority and creeds, and while all have abandoned the salient doctrine of the Reformers concerning Justification by Faith, and, whether they know it or not, have all gone back to the dogma of Faith as settled by the Council of Trent, the battle between the old and the new, between tradition and reason, between spiritual slavery and spiritual freedom, between stagnation and progress, must be fought, on the side of progress, by those who, rejecting the authority of all ecclesiastical creeds, insist on the primary facts of revelation and the human mind.

Most liberal Christians, it is to be hoped, can give a reason for the faith that is in *them*, but few have any exact knowledge of the doctrines of that Church which, through her servants, whispers seductively into the ear of a monarch, or mingles in a popular election, in order to compass her end of universal mental despotism.

We desire to be just, and we say at the outset, with a candid Protestant divine:* "The religion of the Roman Catholics ought always, in strictness, to be considered apart from its professors, whether kings, popes, or superior bishops; and its tenets and its forms should be treated of separately. To the acknowledged creeds, catechisms, and other formularies of the Catholic Church, we should resort for a faithful description of what Roman Catholics do really hold, as doctrines essential to salvation; and, as such, held by the faithful in all times, places, and countries. Though the Catholic *forms*

* The Religions of all Nations, by the Rev. J. Nightingale, p. 12.

in some points may vary in number and splendor, the Catholic *doctrines* cannot; though *opinions* may differ, and change with circumstances, *articles of faith* remain the same. Without a due and constant consideration of these facts, no Protestant can come to a right understanding respecting the essential faith and worship of Roman Catholics. It has been owing to a want of this discrimination, that so many absurd, and even wicked tenets, have been imputed to our brethren of the Catholic Church. That which they deny, we have insisted that they rigorously hold; that which the best informed amongst them utterly abhor, we have held up to the detestation of mankind, as the guide of their faith and the rule of their actions. This is not fair; it is not doing unto others as we would have others do unto us."

In our summary of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, we shall be principally guided by the Catechism of the Council of Trent. Whether its composition was commenced before the breaking up of the Council, is a question not likely to be settled, even by the Catholics themselves;* yet it is everywhere regarded by the faithful as a true exposition of the doctrines of "holy mother Church," as settled by the fathers of that celebrated assembly. We learn from Tiraboschi† and Lagomarsini‡ that it was composed by four learned men, three of whom were bishops, under the superintendence of the Archbishop of Milan. The work, when completed, was delivered to Pius V., who delivered it to a congregation presided over by Cardinal Sirlet for revision. Paulus Manutius, or, according to Lagomarsini, Pogianus himself, retouched it, in order to perfect its latinity. The vigilant and tireless Manutius superintended the press. The Catechism was published by the authority of the Pontiff; and, by his command, translated into Italian, French, German, and Polish. We are not aware of any English translation, except the very faithful one of Dr. Donovan, dated Maynooth College, June 10, 1829. The

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* Pallavicino, Lib. XXXIV. cap. 13.

† Storia della Letteratura Italiana, Tom. VII. Part. I., pp. 304-308. Romæ, MDCCLXXXIV.

‡ Epistolæ et Orationes Julii Pogiani, editæ a Lagomarsini, (Romæ, 1756,) Vol. II. p. xx.

fathers of Trent, in anticipation, ordered that the Catechism should everywhere be translated into the vernacular.*

The decisions of the Council of Trent are regarded by all good Catholics as final. Zaccaria says, in a note to Pallavicino, that "Bossuet, in combating the errors and innovations of the Protestants, proposed to himself no other guide than the Council of Trent; nor should he have done otherwise, since it was the Church that spoke through the Council to the faithful."† "Its merits," says Dr. Donovan, in the preface to his translation of the Catechism, "were then, as they are now, recognized by the Universal Church; and the place given amongst the masters of spiritual life to the devout A Kempis, 'second only,' says Fontenelle, 'to the books of canonical Scripture,' has been unanimously awarded to the Catechism of the Council of Trent, as a compendium of Catholic theology."‡

Human reason is insufficient, therefore revelation is necessary. There is also required, for the explanation of the Word of God, a class of men set apart and consecrated to the ministry of divine things. The succession of teachers from Jesus Christ is unbroken. The words of the pastors of the Church must then be received as the teachings of God. That we may know Christ and him crucified, that we may keep his commandments and fulfil the law, are the especial objects to be kept in view by the divinely appointed teachers.

But where is found the Word of God? It is found in Scripture and tradition, — in the revelation first made to man, and in the accumulated teachings of the divinely appointed ministers of Christ.§ What, then, are the doctrines contained in this double Word of God? Here we have them in the Catechism, carefully stated by half a dozen learned ecclesiastics, carefully guarded by the charitable fathers of Trent with their *anathema sit.* They are all summed up

* "Juxta formam a Sancta Synodo in Catechesi singulis Sacramentis præscribendum; quam Episcopi in vulgarem linguam fideliter verti, atque a parochis omnibus populo exponi curabunt." — Conc. Trid., Sess. XXIX. Can. VII.

† Pallavicino, Vol. IV. p. 735.

‡ Preface, p. viii.

§ "Omnis autem doctrinæ ratio, quæ fidelibus tradenda sit, Verbo Dei continetur, quod in scripturam traditionesque distributum est." — Catech. Rom., Præf. 12.

under the four heads of the Apostles' Creed, the Seven Sacraments, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. Nothing, at first sight, very formidable in this. It is not the Creed, however, that is presented for our belief, but a *doctrine* of the Creed, which "contains all that is to be held according to the discipline of the Christian faith, whether it regards the knowledge of God, the creation and government of the world, or the redemption of man, the rewards of the good and the punishments of the wicked."* Neither is it the Seven Sacraments that we are to receive, according to our own interpretation of them, but a *doctrine* of the Sacraments, comprehending the signs, and, as it were, the *instruments* of grace.

Every Christian sect accepts, in its own way, the apostolic "symbol" of faith. The Catholic Church, and all "orthodox" sects among Protestants, agree in regarding the *unity of the Divine essence*, and the *distinction of three persons*, as a fundamental doctrine in the interpretation of the creed. They virtually divide it into three principal parts; (1.) one describing the first person of the Divine nature and the work of creation; (2.) another, the second person and the mystery of man's redemption; (3.) a third comprising the doctrine of the third person,—the origin and source of man's sanctification. The doctrine of "the blessed and adorable Trinity," then, is the root of all *orthodox* confessions of faith, whether Catholic or Protestant. It is not sufficient to say, "*I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth*," but we must add, Unity in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. In the Catholic Catechism, the word Father is made the generator of a doctrine of plurality of persons,—"a mysterious truth, which human reason and research not only could not reach, but even conjecture to exist."† In the same breath it declares that "it would be impiety to assert that the three persons are unlike or unequal in anything";‡ that "unity belongs to the essence, and *distinction* to the *persons*."§ No wonder that "curiosity

* Catech. Rom., Præf. 12.

† "Quodque humana ratio et intelligentia non consequi, aut ne suspicari quidem poterat."—Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. ii. 10.

‡ "Cum in iis quidquam dissimile aut dispar cogitare nefas sit."—Idem.

§ "Et sciunt fideles unitatem esse in essentia, distinctionem autem in personis."—Idem.

is to be avoided in examining this the most profound and difficult of mysteries," when we are gravely told that "the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty, and the Holy Ghost Almighty; and yet there are not three Almighties, but one Almighty," the "Father being *particularly* called Almighty, because he is the *source of all origin!*"*

We have, too, of course, the old story of the rebellious angels and the making a world out of nothing, in the exposition of the phrase, "*Maker of heaven and earth.*" Not only has God made all things, visible and invisible, out of nothing, but he constantly sustains them with his divine energy, or they would collapse into their original nonentity. To crown all, the creation is the glorious work of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. To support these dogmas, plenty of texts are cited from sacred Scripture and the Fathers. We cannot help saying, with Bassanio: —

> "In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it and approve it with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

An exposition of the second article gives us the doctrine of man's fall, and the way of redemption by the self-sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Original sin and its punishment, says the Catechism,† were not confined to Adam, but have justly descended from him, as their source and cause, to all his posterity. The human race having thus fallen from their pre-eminent dignity, no power of men or angels could by any means lift them from their fallen condition, and replace them in their primitive state. To remedy the evil, and repair the loss, it remained that the Son of God, whose power is infinite, having assumed the weakness of our flesh, should remove the infinite weight of sin, and reconcile us to God in his blood. This doctrine is not contained in the "And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord" of the Apostles' Creed, nor in the corresponding part of the intensely Trinitarian Nicene Creed, — "And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, and born of the Father before all ages; God of God, light of light, true

* "Quia omnis originis fons est." — Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. ii. 14.

† Idem, cap. iii. 3.

God of true God, begotten not made, consubstantial to the Father, by whom all things were made." Yet, in the exposition of the creed, it is very clearly and unequivocally stated.*

This article of faith is regarded alike by Catholics and orthodox Protestant sects as necessary to salvation. "The belief and profession of this our redemption," say the authors of the Catechism of Trent, "which God held out in the beginning, are now, and always were, necessary to salvation."

And orthodox Protestants at the *present* time agree with the Catholics as to the import of this doctrine. The salient doctrine of the Reformers, as we remarked in the beginning of this article, has, either consciously or unconsciously, been abandoned, and that of the Council of Trent has been virtually adopted in its stead. We have in vain sought a statement or recognition of this important fact in all the histories of the Reformation on which we could lay our hands. The sagacious and erudite Sir William Hamilton, so far as we are aware, has alone noticed this cardinal variation in Protestantism:—"*Assurance*, Personal Assurance, Special Faith, (*the feeling of certainty*, that God is propitious to *me*,—that *my* sins are forgiven, Fiducia, Plerophoria Fidei, Fides Specialis,) —Assurance was long universally held in the Protestant communities to be the criterion and condition of a true or *Saving Faith*. Luther declares, that 'he who hath not Assurance spews faith out'; and Melancthon, that 'Assurance is the discriminating line of Christianity from Heathenism.' Assurance is, indeed, the *punctum saliens* of Luther's system; and an acquaintance with this, his great central doctrine, is one prime cause of the chronic misrepresentation which runs through our recent histories of Luther and the Reformation. Assurance is no less strenuously maintained by Calvin; is held even by Arminius; and stands, essentially, part and parcel of all the confessions of all the churches of the Reformation, down to the Westminster Assembly. In that synod, *Assurance* was, in Protestantism for the *first*—and indeed the *only* —time, formally declared '*not to be of the essence of Faith*'; and accordingly, the Scottish General Assembly has subse-

* Conc. Trid., Sess. VI. Can. II. De dispensatione, et mysterio adventus Christi.

quently once and again condemned and deposed the holders of this, the doctrine of Luther, of Calvin, of all the other churches of the Reformation, and of the older Scottish Church itself. In the English, and, more articulately, in the Irish Establishment, Assurance still stands a necessary tenet of ecclesiastical belief. (See *Homilies*, Book I. Number iii. Part 3, specially referred to in the eleventh of *Thirty-nine Articles*, and Number iv. Part 1 and 3; likewise the sixth *Lambeth Article.*) Assurance was consequently held by all the older Anglican Churchmen, of whom Hooker may stand for the example: but Assurance is now openly disavowed, without scruple, by Anglican Churchmen, high and low, when apprehended; but of these, many, like Mr. Hare [the archdeacon], are blissfully incognizant of the opinion, its import, its history, and even its name."

What Hamilton says of the Anglican Church, is true of the corresponding Church in this country. Among the Presbyterians and other Calvinistic, or semi-Calvinistic, churches of America, the doctrine has not been explicitly and formally rejected, for the double reason that it has never here been held by them as an article of faith, and for the most part, or, if we except Jonathan Edwards, President Hopkins, Dr. Hitchcock, and perhaps one or two more, wholly unknown or misunderstood. The Methodists ignore it, or, rather, are completely ignorant of it; although, like Spurgeon, they practically adopt it in revival preaching, thereby making unconscious *self*-sufficient Christian converts.

"This dogma," continues Hamilton,* "with its fortune, past and present, affords indeed a series of the most *curious contrasts.* For it is curious that this cardinal point of Luther's doctrine should, without exception, have been constituted into the fundamental principle of all the churches of the Reformation, and, as their common and uncatholic doctrine, have been condemned at Trent.† Again, it is curious that this common

* Discussions on Philosophy, etc., by Sir William Hamilton, (London, Longmans,) pp. 508, 509.

† Whoever will take the pains to look up the twenty-three canons adopted at its sixth session by the Council of Trent, and compare them with the Augsburg and other Protestant confessions, will see how exact Hamilton is in this statement. The

and differential doctrine of the churches of the Reformation should now be abandoned virtually in, or formally by, all these churches themselves. Again, it is curious that Protestants should now generally profess the counter doctrine, asserted at Trent in condemnation of their peculiar principle. Again, it is curious that this the most important *variation* in the faith of Protestants, or, in fact, a gravitation of Protestantism back towards Catholicity, should have been overlooked — or indeed in his day undeveloped — by the keen-eyed author of 'The History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches.'* Finally, it is curious that, though now fully developed, this central approximation of Protestantism to Catholicity should not, as far as I know, have been signalized by any theologian, Protestant or Catholic; whilst the Protestant symbol (*Fides sola justificat*, Faith alone justifies), though now eviscerated of its real import, and now only manifesting an unimportant difference of expression, is still supposed to mark the discrimination of the two religious denominations. For both agree that the three heavenly virtues must *all* concur to salvation; and they only differ, whether Faith, *as a word*, does or does not involve Hope and Charity. This misprision would have been avoided had Luther and Calvin only said, *Fiducia sola justificat*, Assurance alone justifies; for by their doctrine Assurance was convertible with true Faith, and true Faith implied the other Christian graces. But this primary and peculiar doctrine of the Reformation is now harmoniously condemned by Catholics and Protestants in unison."

As liberal Christians, then, we stand arrayed against all other sects upon this cardinal doctrine. For us, too, Christ is the divinely appointed *Teacher*, the messenger of God's

following is the twelfth canon: — "Si quis dixerit fidem justificantem nihil aliud esse, quam *fiduciam divinæ misericordiæ*, peccata remittentis propter Christum, vel *eam fiduciam solam* esse, qua justificamur; anathema sit." — Conc. Trid., Sess. VI. Can. XII.

* Hamilton truly says "keen-eyed." It is one of the most pitiable sights in this universe to see Bossuet, taking the premises given him by the Council of Trent, building upon a foundation of sand a splendid edifice of erudition, controversial honesty, and critical ability. His whole argument is this: Catholicism is true, Protestantism differs from it, and therefore is false. Aside from his creed, the "Eagle of Meaux" was generous and candid; but after having sacrificed his reason to that, what else would he not sacrifice?

love, to reconcile us to the Father Almighty, not to propitiate the Justice otherwise implacable to fallen and helpless humanity. With the Catholic Council of Constantinople, we acknowledge the Christ, "who *for us men*, and *for our salvation*, became incarnate and was made man."* If we cannot say with the Fathers of Trent that he was "at the same time perfect God and perfect man," yet we believe that "God was *in* Christ reconciling the world to *himself*." With the faithful children of the Church, we glory that "the *Son* of God is bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh," and would so live that, as he was denied a dwelling in the place of his nativity on earth, he be not denied a dwelling in our quickened hearts. We believe with all Christendom that "he suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried"; but when Catholics profess that, "while his soul was separated from his body, his divinity continued always united, both to his body in the sepulchre and to his soul in limbo," we do not pretend to understand what they mean. Their explanation that *God was buried*, or *God* was born of a virgin, or *God* died on the cross, does not at all help our inability to comprehend such mysteries. We do not pretend to fathom the intimate sufferings of the Redeemer on the cross; but, touched with his spirit, we know that it is even good to thus endure for the sake of truth. Mother Church tells us that the *soul* of Jesus, after his death, descended into hell,† and dwelt there as long as his *body* re-

* Symb. Constantinop., cap. 7.

† What the Catholics here mean by the word *hell* not one Protestant in a thousand *accurately* knows. "These abodes [signified by the word *hell*] are not all of one and the same nature; for amongst them is that most loathsome and dark prison, in which the souls of the damned, together with the unclean spirits, are tortured in eternal and unextinguishable fire. This dread abode is called Gehenna, the bottomless pit, and in its literal signification, hell. There is also the fire of Purgatory, in which the souls of just men are purified by a temporary punishment, to qualify them to be admitted into their eternal country, into which nothing defiled enters. The truth of this doctrine, which holy Councils declare to be founded on Scripture and confirmed by Apostolic tradition, the pastor has occasion to make the subject of his more diligent and frequent exposition, as we are fallen on times when men endure not sound doctrine. Lastly, a third sort of receptacle is that in which were received the souls of the just who died before Christ, and where, without any sense of pain, supported by the blessed hope of redemption, they enjoyed a tranquil abode. These pious souls, then, who in the bosom of Abraham were expecting the Saviour Christ the Lord liberated, *descending into hell*." — Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. vi. 3.

mained in the grave; that his soul was reunited to his body early on the morning of the third day; that he rose "by his own power and virtue, a singular prerogative, peculiar to him alone"; but we do not consider it worth our while to inquire how she possessed herself of such curious and minute information.

The resurrection of Christ, which the Church affirms to be the source of our resurrection, "both as to its efficient cause and its model," — that it was necessary in order "to manifest the justice of God," and "complete the mystery of our salvation," — we are content to regard as the type of a spiritual resurrection proposed to a soul dead in sin. For the Apostle says, "As Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."*

The divine mystery of the Ascension is expressed in the following portion of the Apostles' Creed: "He ascended into heaven, sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty." The faithful are unhesitatingly to believe that Jesus Christ, having fully accomplished the work of redemption, ascended *as man, body* and *soul*, into heaven; but as *God*, he never forsook heaven, filling, as he does, all places with his Divinity.† The sitting on "the right hand of God" is acknowledged to be merely figurative. All Christians agree in regarding the ascension of Christ as the crowning glory of his mission to the world; therefore we heartily concur with our Catholic brethren in saying, "He ascended, to prove thereby that 'his kingdom is not of this world'; for the kingdoms of this world are transient, based upon wealth and power of the flesh; whilst that of Christ is not, as the Jews expected, an earthly, but a spiritual and eternal kingdom." Its riches he shows to be spiritual, by placing his throne in the heavens; and in this kingdom they are to be considered to abound most in opulence and affluence of every sort, who are most diligent in seeking the things that are God's. "He also ascended into heaven, in order to teach us to follow him thither in mind and heart; for as, by his death and resurrection, he had left us an example of dying and rising again in spirit, so by his

* Rom. vi. 4.

† Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. vii. 1.

ascension he teaches us, though dwelling on earth, to raise ourselves in thought to heaven."* According to the teachers of the faithful, he also ascended into heaven, that on the tenth day he might send the Holy Ghost; that he might appear in the presence of God as an advocate for us; that he might prepare for us a place, by opening the gates of celestial glory which had been closed by the sin of Adam. How they know that "he introduced with himself, into the mansions of eternal bliss, the souls of the just which he had liberated from prison," in his descent into hell, we are not informed, and are not able to conjecture.

In the system of Catholic doctrine, Christ is invested with three offices, — those of Redeemer, Patron, and Judge. By his passion and death, he has redeemed the race; by his ascension into heaven, he has undertaken a perpetual advocacy of our cause; by his coming, at the end of the world, he shall judge the living and the dead. There are, however, two judgments, — one particular, the other general. "When each of us departs this life, he is instantly placed before the tribunal of God, where all that he has ever done, or spoken, or thought, is subjected to the strictest scrutiny; and this is called the particular judgment."† The general judgment will be "when, on the same day in the same place, all men shall stand together before the tribunal of their Judge, that, in the presence and hearing of the whole world, each may know his final doom."† The particular judgment is for the soul alone; the general, for soul and body, after the resurrection.‡ We all know the story of the sheep and the goats. All we need say of it here is, that the Catholics, with many more, take it in its *literal* sense. The Church has always commended herself to the imaginations of men, by presenting her doctrines in material forms and sensuous images; no wonder, then, that the children of genius cherished in her bosom have delighted to represent, in poetry and painting, the closing scene of the world. In such representations, each artist has given the "color of his own soul" to his picture, so that we

* Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. vii. 6. † Idem, cap. viii. 3.

‡ An argument for the general resurrection, ut *corpora* vel præmium vel pœnam *cum animo* ex æquo participent. Idem, 4.

have a figure of speech made visible, with various hues, to the eye. Fra Angelico makes the blessed doubly blessed, and the lost sweetly damned. Michel Angelo makes the redeemed take heaven by storm, piling mountain upon mountain of glory, with Titanic power of praise; while the lost, like Milton's fiends, add new sublimity to hell. Rubens shocks all Paradise, by introducing naked men and women, huge and gross, singing, for aught we see to the contrary, a delectable bacchanalian hymn; and tumbles his lost sinners, one over the other, "with hideous ruin and combustion, down to bottomless perdition." Nor is there wanting, here and there, a heathenish element. We noticed at Rome, in the Last Judgment of the Sistine Chapel, the antique Charon ferrying some of the Christian damned over the mythologic Styx, beating the rebellious down with his oar; —

"Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia." *

"I believe in the Holy Ghost," says the Apostolic symbol of faith, and all Christians join in the confession. But when Trinitarians, whether Catholic or Protestant, for those simple words of the most ancient creed, substitute the declaration, "that the Holy Ghost is equally God with the Father and the Son, equal to them, equally omnipotent, eternal, all-perfect, the Supreme Good, infinitely wise, and of the same nature with the Father and the Son," † we, regarding it as a religious duty to preserve the reason — the eye of the soul — with which the Creator has endowed us, cannot follow them; for, among a thousand objections that rapidly present themselves, we find that belief, without an *intelligent* basis, is the very essence of superstition and spiritual suicide. How "the Holy Ghost is a distinct person from the Father and Son," — how "he proceeds from the Father and Son," and at the same time "is equally God with the Father and the Son," — we leave for those to explain who regard belief in such a dogma necessary, in order to escape eternal damnation. Some of the half-civilized Orientals think to please and propitiate their Di-

* Dante, Inferno, Canto Terzo, v. 111.

† Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. ix. 4.

vinity by mutilating the body. Many Christians in Europe and America, with the same end in view, mutilate the mind.

"Under the word Church," say the expounders of Catholic doctrine, "are comprehended no unimportant mysteries, for, in this 'calling forth,' which the word Ecclesia (Church) signifies, we at once recognize the benignity and splendor of divine grace, and understand that the Church is very unlike all other commonwealths; for they rest on human reason and human prudence, this on the wisdom and counsels of God; for he called us internally by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, who opens the hearts of men, and externally through the labor and ministry of pastors and preachers."* "The Holy Catholic Church" consists of two parts, the one called the Church Triumphant, the other the Church Militant.† "The Church Triumphant is that most glorious and happy assemblage of blessed saints, and of those who have triumphed over the world, the flesh, and the Devil, and who, now free and secure from the troubles of this life, are blessed with the fruition of everlasting bliss. The Church Militant is the society of all the faithful still dwelling on earth, and is called militant because it wages eternal war with those implacable enemies, the world, the flesh, and the Devil. We are not hence to infer that there are two Churches: they are two constituent parts of the same Church; one part gone before, and now in possession of its heavenly country; the other, following every day, until at length, united to its invisible Head, it shall repose in the enjoyment of endless felicity." The Church on earth, or the Church Militant, is composed of two classes, the good and the bad. Good and bad are linked together by the same form, by profession of the same faith, by participation in the same sacraments; but the good alone are united by the spirit of grace and the bond of charity. The bad remain attached to the Church, as dead limbs remain upon the living tree. None but infidels, heretics, schismatics, and the excommunicated are excluded from the pale of the Church. As for the bad within her pale, were even the lives of her ministers debased perchance by crime, they are not therefore excluded from her,

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* Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. x. 3. † Idem, 5.

nor do they on that account lose any part of the power with which her ministry invests them.* The essential characteristic of the Church is her unity. She has "one ruler, one governor, the invisible one, Christ; the visible one, him who, as the legitimate successor of Peter, the prince of the Apostles, occupies the See of Rome." The visible head is necessary to preserve unity of form, as the invisible is necessary to preserve unity of spirit, in the Church. She is also holy, catholic, and apostolic;—holy, because the faithful, though offending in many things, have been made the people of God, have consecrated themselves to Christ by baptism and faith; catholic, because universal; apostolic, because her doctrines are truths neither novel nor of recent origin, but delivered of old by the Apostles, and disseminated throughout the world. She is presided over by the Holy Ghost, and from the beginning has had none but apostolic and consecrated ministers. Her foundation is the "rock of ages," and was laid by the immortal God himself. To her have been confided the keys of Heaven's kingdom; to her it has been granted to remit sins, and strike with the lightning of excommunication. Notwithstanding her exalted character and high prerogatives, we are not to believe *in* the Church as *in* God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, but simply to regard her as a divinely appointed instrument of grace.

And the unity of spirit by which the Church is governed establishes among all her members a community of spiritual blessings, which constitutes the essence of "the communion of saints." Although the word *communion* belongs in a special manner to the eucharist, it implies also an harmonious participation in all the sacraments of the Church. As every pious and holy action, done by one, belongs to all, and becomes profitable to all through charity, which "seeketh not her own," so the communion of saints may be said to be of action as well as faith. This community of sacraments, of belief, of holy works, is confined to the living branches of the Vine, whilst

* "De cæteris autem quamvis improbis et sceleratis hominibus, adhuc eos in Ecclesia perseverare dubitandum non est; idque fidelibus tradendum assidue, ut si forte Ecclesiæ Antistitum vita flagitiosa sit, eos tamen in Ecclesia esse, nec propterea quidquam de eorum potestate detrahi certo sibi persuadeant."—Idem, 9.

the dead branches, those who are bound in the thraldom of sin, and estranged from the grace of God, are deprived of the nourishing spirit that flows through its appointed channels. "However, as they are in the Church, they are assisted in recovering lost grace and life by those who live by the spirit, and enjoy those fruits which are, no doubt, denied to such as are entirely cut off from the communion of the Church."

"The forgiveness of sins" is one of the primary articles of belief in the Catholic Church, but is far from being held exclusively by her. The interpretation of it depends upon the "scheme of salvation" previously adopted. The faithful agree with all other Trinitarians in explaining its strictly doctrinal import, but they also adapt it to their ecclesiastical machinery. Baptism, it is true, remits all sins and the punishments due to them, but it does not give exemption from all the infirmities of nature, so that we are still liable to sin, especially in one direction,* while we are in the bosom of the Church. Therefore "the power of the keys" has been given to the representatives of Christ and his Apostles on earth, which extends to all sins. There is "no crime, however heinous, that can be committed or conceived, which the Church has not power to forgive. Such power is confided only to bishops and priests, not to the inferior clergy." We must not suppose, however, that the Church claims for her priests and bishops the power to forgive sins according to their own pleasure; she simply claims to be the depositary of the *instruments* whereby the Forgiver of sins accomplishes this. "Sin can be forgiven only through the sacraments, when duly administered. The Church has received no power otherwise to remit sin; whence it follows, that priests and the sacraments serve as instruments to the forgiveness of sins, by which Christ the Lord, the author himself and bestower of salvation, accomplishes in us the remission of sins, and justification."† We heartily concur with the authors of the Catechism, when they

* "Quin potius (cum unicuique nostrum adversus concupiscentiæ motus, quæ nos ad peccata incitare non desinit, pugnandum sit), vix ullum reperias, qui vel tam acriter resistat vel tam vigilanter salutem suam tueatur, ut omnes plagas vitare possit." — Catech. Rom., Pars I. cap. xi. 3.

† Idem, 6.

say, "The ancient Fathers most truly declared that *God alone* can forgive sins, and that to *his* infinite goodness and power *alone* is so wonderful a work to be referred";* but, keeping this in mind, we are unable to construe to thought, and leave it for others to construe to faith, what they mean when they add, "Christ remits sins by virtue of *his own* authority; all others by virtue of authority delegated to them as his ministers."†

It is not necessary to dwell upon the Catholic doctrine of "the resurrection of the body." They strongly condemn the belief that the New Testament meaning of the resurrection may be a rising up of the spirit from its death in sin to life in Christ. As the body alone dies, so is it the body alone that has a resurrection. We do not see how it is that, "while the soul is separated from the body, man cannot enjoy the consummation of happiness, replete with every good"; but the faithful are required thus to believe. Not alone the good, but also the bad, shall have a resurrection of the body. Each, too, shall have his own body at the final uprising of the world. Upon the morn of that new *aion*, when the myriads of the dead shall come forth from their mortal resting-places, no body shall appear maimed or halt, gross or emaciated, but perfected in all its parts, so that, when united with its good or wicked soul, it may be more sensitive to joy or pain. Only the scars of the martyrs shall remain to their glory, "shining with a brilliancy far more refulgent than that of gold and precious stones, even as the wounds of Christ":‡—

> "Te fa maravigliar, perchè ne vedi
> La region degli angeli dipinta."§

Owing to the victory of Christ over death, the bodies of good and bad shall rise immortal. "Impassibility," "brightness,"

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* Idem, 8.

† Idem, 9. Both of these passages are conclusive as to the claim of the Church *independently* to remit sins.

‡ S. Augustine, Civ. Dei, Lib. XXII. cap. xix.: "Non enim deformitas in eis [martyribus], sed dignitas erit, et quædam, quamvis in corpore, non corporis, sed virtutis pulchritudo fulgebit."

§ Dante, Paradiso, Canto Ventesimo, vv. 101, 102. Wright's version:—

> "Wonder excite, that with such gems arrayed
> Should be the region where the angels dwell."

"agility," "subtilty," are the qualities of a glorified body. Whence the Catholic doctors obtained such knowledge for the faithful, we cannot give even a Yankee guess, and we turn with joy from any sensuous representations of a future life, to the consolation which the thought of that life gives us, when we mourn the loss of those endeared to us by friendship, or connected by blood; to the relief it affords the troubled heart oppressed by the afflictions, and overwhelmed by the calamities, that seem to be inseparably connected with worldly existence. We agree with our brethren of Rome in regarding as a most powerful incentive to holy living the belief that we shall appear hereafter before the Almighty Judge, just as we are, in naked beauty, or deformity, of soul; but we are not very solicitous about the soul's garment of flesh, woven around us with threads of Fate by the fingers of Will.

The "life everlasting," in the Catholic creed, signifies, "not only that continuity of existence to which the devils and wicked are destined as well as the righteous, but also that perpetuity of happiness which is to fill up the desires of the blessed." Immortality — a never-ending *personal* existence — is the crowning glory of the Christian's faith, but, inasmuch as it is an article of belief common to all creeds, we need not dwell upon it here.

It was our intention to embrace in this view an exposition of the Seven Sacraments of Romanism. But we have occupied so much space that we cannot now speak of the "Form of the Church."

In dismissing the subject, we cannot forbear expressing a wish that the searching and radical movements of this age might move even that which has been for centuries past so rigid and stationary; that the Church, which once united the Latin and the German races in one communion, might so reform her corruptions, and so modify her doctrine and discipline, as to recover the lost sympathy and communication, if not affiliation, of the Protestant world, and thus realize in some true sense the catholicity which her title now vainly asserts. We believe in the possibility of a Catholic Church, as we believe that some Church is natural to man. We see provision for such a Church in human nature, and the promise of it in the

Christian revelation. We consider such a Church as the true consummation of all religion, — the realization of the spiritual bond by which all men are one in Christ. The true and catholic Church will combine the greatest liberty with the greatest union, consulting and conciliating all the wants of our spiritual nature, and concentrating all our powers in a spiritual worship which shall be united confession, by word and life, of one Lord, and united action for the common good.

Art. II. — THE MATERIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Fifteenth Report to the Legislature of Massachusetts relating to the Registry and Return of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in the Commonwealth, for the Year ending December 31, 1856. By Francis De Witt, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. xvi. and 287.

We intend in this article to write of the material condition of the people of Massachusetts. In detail we shall treat of the number of the people; of their marriages; their births, and their deaths; then also of the property of the people; of idiocy, insanity, blindness, and sickness; of the means of education; and the means for the repression of crime. At the end of all, we shall offer some hints as moral, not to a fable, but to a fact. For convenience' sake, we put the statistics into tables, — apples of gold in vessels of silver.

I. *Of the Persons in the State.* — On the first day of June, 1855, there were in Massachusetts 1,132,369 persons. To-day the number is doubtless greater, but let it be considered as still the same.

1. They are thus divided in respect to race: —

9,767 are black men, of the African race, whereof 6,923 are pure negroes, 2,844 are mixed.

139 are red men, of the American or Indian race; of these six only are pure Indian, the rest are mixed with the blood

of other races. This is the poor remnant of the great savage population which filled up the land two hundred and fifty years ago, as confident in their "manifest destiny" as their civilized successors are to-day. It is painful to consider the fate of the thousands of men who once filled the forests of New England! We know of no justification for the conduct of our fathers, who often treated the Indians like beasts of prey. But even now the Americans are scarcely more merciful.

There are 1,122,463 of the Caucasian race: of these 877,280 are natives of the United States; 244,685 are foreigners; 498 are of unknown nativity.

Putting all together, black, red, and white, there are 886,575 inhabitants of Massachusetts who were born here, 245,263 foreigners, and 531 of doubtful origin. Besides, in 1850, 199,582 natives of Massachusetts were living elsewhere in the United States, and there are 30,000 or 40,000 probably now residing in other countries of the earth.

The historical growth of the population of Massachusetts is a little remarkable. In 1620, the first white settlers — not counting the Scandinavians who actually came in the Middle Ages — dropped their anchor in the shallow waters of "New Plymouth." The following tables show the subsequent growth in numbers. The first table is conjectural.

TABLE I. — *Population of Massachusetts from* 1620 *to* 1775.

Year.	Population.	Year.	Population.
1620	101	1749	220,000
1701	70,000	1775	352,000

TABLE II. — *Population of Massachusetts from* 1790 *to* 1855.

Year.	Population.	Year.	Population.
1790	378,717	1830	610,408
1800	423,245	1840	737,699
1810	472,041	1850	994,514
1820	523,287	1855	1,132,369

The figures of this last table rest on actual official count. Truly this is a pretty respectable increase in two hundred and thirty-five years. Our fathers started with Puritanism and

the wilderness, and this is the numeric result which has come of their ciphering!

2. They are thus distributed in respect to sex: —

550,034 are males, 582,335 are females; thus there are 32,301 more of womankind than of mankind in the State, — 106 women to 100 men. More males are born every year, and more females die; still the women surpass the men. It is thought an excess of women migrates in, and an excess of men migrates out, and hence the perpetual superabundance of women and its unavoidable consequences.*

These persons live in 228,845 families, and occupy 175,311 dwellings.

3. They are thus distributed in respect to age. Human life may be divided into three periods: the Dependent age, from birth to 15; the Productive age, from 15 to 60; the Retiring age, from 60 to the end.

TABLE III. — *Age of the Population.*

358,904	of the	Dependent age.	31.69	per cent of	whole population.
701,100	"	Productive age.	61.91	" "	"
70,024	"	Retiring age.	6.40	" "	"

2,341 of unascertained age.

In 1855 there were 132,944 under 5, and 19 over 100. In the various countries of Europe the average age of all the population varies from 26 to 33; we do not know the figures for Massachusetts; the average of the dying we shall give in a subsequent page. Out of 100 persons, 32 are under 15; 62 between 15 and 60; 6 are over threescore; while only one out of 65,000 ever sees his hundredth birthday. We shall presently return to this matter of longevity.

4. The adult males are thus occupied in various trades. On the 1st of June, 1855, there were 333,542 males in the State over fifteen years of age, whose industrial business was reported in the census of that year. We give the result on the next page.

* In Upper Canada there are 46,128 more males than females. Yet there are 15,528 widows, and only 8,742 widowers.

TABLE IV. — *Occupations of the People.*

Business.	Number.	Percentage.
Mechanics,	122,251	36.63
Laborers,	60,248	18.06
Farmers,	57,031	17.10
Traders,	29,039	8.71
Mariners and boatmen,	16,346	4.91
Factory operatives,	8,801	2.64
Professional men,	8,312	2.49
Manufacturers,	5,294	1.59
Miscellaneous work,	26,220	7.87
Total,	333,542	100.00

About 41,000 men work upon leather, either in manufacturing the article or moulding it into various forms. There are 1,800 doctors; 1,750 ministers, of large and small denominations; 1,545 printers; 1,584 coopers; 1,116 lawyers; and 1,080 peddlers. Thus out of 100 males over fifteen years old, 3 work in factories; 5 are sailors; 9 are traders; 17 are farmers; 18 are laborers; and 37 mechanics, of whom 12 work upon leather; every eighth man in the State is a shoemaker.

If we look back to the history of productive industry in Massachusetts we shall see that a great change has taken place. A large part of the men are now at work under cover, in factories and shops, and are also dependent on some man or corporation who employs them. It was not so a hundred years ago, when the majority worked each man for himself, and the great mass of the people in the open air. This change in the industry of the people brings with it important consequences, which appear in the size, health, and longevity of the people, and also in the amount of their free individuality. There is less physical strength in a thousand workingmen now than in 1750, we think; less individual freedom of thought and manly independence. The industrial, like other battles, is won with a loss. Man's body comes into equilibrium with the circumstances it is exposed to, oscillating for a while between its maximum and minimum of energy; the spirit of man also accommodates itself to its surroundings, as any one can see in England, Spain, and Turkey.

"'T is the day of the chattel,
Web to weave, and corn to grind:
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.
There are two laws discrete,
Not reconciled, —
Law for man, and law for things;
The last builds town and fleet,
But it runs wild,
And does the man unking."

II. *Of the Marriages of the People.** — Here we take the facts for the year ending December 31, 1856. No State returns of a later date have yet been published, but the returns of the city of Boston come down a year later.

In 1856 there were 12,265 couples married in Massachusetts. The number is 1,418 less than that of 1854. Is marriage diminishing in Massachusetts? The extravagant habits of luxurious men and women put marriage out of the reach of many, vanity prevailing over affection. As flounces increase in number and greaten in size, wives diminish and lessen. A woman becomes an article of luxury. It is instructive to notice the proportion between the marriages of natives and foreigners. Mr. De Witt has put the wedlock of four years into a table as follows.

TABLE V. — *Marriages in Massachusetts from* 1853 *to* 1856.

Nativity of the Parties.	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1853-6.
Both parties American,	7,381	7,492	6,918	6,818	28,609
" " foreign,	4,057	4,797	4,269	4,323	17,446
Amer. groom, foreign bride,	485	542	467	495	1,989
Foreign groom, Amer. bride,	458	512	487	487	1,944
Nativity not ascertained,	447	340	188	142	1,117
Total,	12,828	13,683	12,329	12,265	

Of the 2,536 men who were married in Boston in 1856, only 1,033 were born in the United States, while 1,503 were foreign-

* Fifteenth Report to the Legislature of Massachusetts relating to the Registry and Return of Births, Marriages, and Deaths in the Commonwealth for the Year ending December 31, 1856. By Francis De Witt, &c. Boston. 1857.

Report of the City Registrar of the Births, Marriages, and Deaths in the City of Boston for the Year 1857. Boston. 1858.

ers, — 960 of whom were natives of Ireland. Of the 2,536 women married here in that year, only 989 were natives of the United States, but 341 of whom were born in Boston; while 1,080 Irishwomen were made joyful with so many men. With that class extravagance does not hinder wedlock. The poor can always afford marriage.

In the whole State, the American outnumber the foreign marriages.

It is always interesting to know at what age the parties become one, so we have constructed the following table.

TABLE VI. — *Age at the Time of Marriage.*

	Under 20.	20 to 25.	25 to 30.	30 to 35.	35 to 40.	40 to 50.	Above 50.
Males,	206	5,096	3,641	1,422	694	632	391
Females,	2,739	5,493	2,235	751	353	304	457

Two boys of 16 were married; 1 girl of 13; 11 of 14; 63 of 15; 176 of 16; and 32 of 17! The oldest bridegroom was between 75 and 80; the oldest bride was between 60 and 65. So it seems 23 per cent of the Massachusetts wives marry before 20; 45 per cent between 20 and 25; in other words, at 20 the maiden has escaped about one fourth part of the risks of being married, but sailing is now dangerous; at 25 a little more than two thirds of the peril is gone; while at 30 there is only about one chance in six that she will ever encounter that shipwreck.

In Kentucky, in 1855, out of 5,353 women who were married, and whose ages are recorded, it appears that 1 was married at 11; 8 at 13; 17 at 14; 2,260 under 20; 4,161 under 25. One woman at 73 married a man of 81. A maiden of 75 joined herself (and her estate) to a man of 25! "And may God Almighty have mercy on your souls!" would have been the appropriate benediction.

III. *Of the Number of Births.* — In 1856 there were 34,445 children born in Massachusetts. Out of 200 of these babies about 103 are boys and 97 girls; this rule seems to be nearly constant in our State. Of these children 15,908 had both parents Americans, while 16,513 had a foreigner for father or mother; the nativity of the parents of 2,024 was not ascertained. The illegitimate births are reported as only 257, of

which 118 took place in the two State almshouses. But this matter is not investigated as it should be; the number of extra-matrimonial births is greater, though probably much less than in any other country of Christendom.

The proportion of children of foreign extraction varies in different parts of the State. Thus, in the County of Suffolk, there were 6,251 births; but only 1,634 children had an American father and mother, while 3,955 had both parents foreign: only 1,881 had American fathers; but 4,202 had foreign fathers. Suffolk County is only a New England "County Cork"; Boston is but the "Dublin" of America. 5,866 babies were born in Boston in 1856; only 1,670 had American fathers, only 902 Massachusetts fathers, only 428 Boston fathers; while more than 2,900 children had both parents Irish. Thirty pairs of Irish twins crowded into the world of Boston that year!

In the seven years from 1850 to 1856 there were but 13,182 children born in Suffolk County to American fathers; while the foreign fathers rejoiced in the paternity of 26,924 children. In one case three Irish children rushed at one birth into the land of promise. Not long since a true Hibernian birth took place: a woman was delivered of twins, one of whom was born in 1855 and the other in 1856. This, we take it, could happen only in the case that both parents were Irish!

Some parts of Boston are more fertile than others. Thus, in 1856, in Ward 2 (East Boston) there was one birth for every 21 persons; while in Ward 4 there was but one birth to 63 persons. In Ward 2 every eleventh female bore a child that year. In the whole city there was one birth to every 27.48 persons. The birth of colored children was only one in 44.40; in 1857, it was but one in 65. This comparative sterility of colored women in Boston is a remarkable fact. Is the climate too severe for these children of the tropics? or is the cause found in the abandoned life of many colored women?

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Cheltenham, in 1856, Mr. Clibborn read a remarkable paper "On the Tendency of European Races to become Extinct in the United States." His purpose was to

exhibit the "probability of the extinction on the continent of North America, not only of the Celtic or Irish race, but of all other European races, provided intercourse with Europe is entirely interrupted." A writer in the Boston Daily Advertiser some time since showed the absurdity of this opinion, and mentioned that the population of the United States increases "six times as fast as Great Britain, and ten times as fast as France." We would add a few facts, gathered from other sources, showing that population is not likely to cease at present. Dr. Wetherspoon, of the United States Army, reports that in the neighborhood of Fort Kent, on the St. John's River in Maine, on the British side of that river, some of the Celtic descendants of old Acadians are settled: in 12 families living within a mile of the garrison, and taken without exception, there were 93 children; the married life of the 24 parents was in all but 162 years, — a child for every 20½ months! M. Burgoyne had 18 children by his first wife, 2 by the second. His oldest daughter has been married 11 years, and had 8 children; his mother had three pairs of twins. M. Ferriand has had 26 children by one wife; she was 53 years old when the last was born! M. Le Crog had 19 children in 18 years, — five pairs of twins. M. Cire has had 22 children, all single births; his wife was 14 at marriage, now 43. There are six families at Green River, within the space of a mile, who have had in all 106 children, — an average of 17.66 births to a marriage. Four women had 84 children! Marriage of girls at 13 or 14 is not uncommon. The wife of Jacque Camel had been married 11 years, and has had 7 children, all now living except the first, who died at the age of four. "She has always been in the habit of nursing her children from one birth to another." * The settlers in Canada, as well as the United States, have proved that the country is not one "that eateth up the inhabitants thereof." † We know a gentleman whose six American male ancestors will average 77

* Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States, from July, 1839, to July, 1855, (Washington, 1856, 4to,) p. 24 *et seq.*

† Census of the Canadas, 1851-2, (2 vols. 8vo, Quebec, 1853-4,) Vol. I. pp. xi, xv-xix, *et passim;* Vol. II. p. 22 *et seq.*, where there are some remarkable statistics of health and longevity. See, too, Annual Report of the Schools in Upper Canada for 1855, (1 vol. 8vo, Toronto, 1856,) pp. 48 *et seq.*, 162 *et seq.*

at death, while the six females come up to 80! Such examples are not uncommon. The descendants of the white man and the red woman are short-lived.

IV. *Of the Number of Deaths.* — 20,734 died in Massachusetts in 1856. — 10,201 were males; 10,401, females; 132 were of unreported sex.

1. In the whole State the average age at death was 26.97; in Dukes County, 45.53; in Suffolk County, 19.98. In Suffolk, ten persons at death have lived about 200 years; in Dukes, about 460. In Middlesex, the average age at death is 25.31; in Bristol, Essex, Hampden, and Worcester, about 28; in Franklin, 34.64. Have the Irish and other Celtic people less tenacity of life than the Anglo-Saxons and their Teutonic kindred, or do circumstances cause the difference in duration of life? 4,226 died under one year. More than one fifth of all deaths are of babies not a year old; more than two fifths die before five. In Boston, the number of those who die before five is greater than all the deaths between 5 and 60; thus here the chances of death in the first 5 years are greater than in the next 55! Here the average age of all at death is about 20; of the native Americans, about 25; of the colored people, 27; of the foreigners, 17. It is often said the Africans in New England have less vitality than any other people. These facts do not support the theory. But in 1857, the average age of colored persons at death was only 25.24, while that of other native Americans was 27.57.

2. Women attain a greater age than men. Perhaps this is so in all countries. The following table shows the age at death of the various classes of men and women.

TABLE VII. — *Age of Foreign and Native Males and Females at Death.*

Native-born females,	at death,	will average	29.94
Native-born males,	"	"	27.57
Foreign-born females,	"	"	17.93
Foreign-born males,	"	"	17.00
Native-born colored females,		"	25.46
Native-born colored males,		"	24.79

American males live ten years more than foreign males, and American females twelve years more than their sisters from

abroad. Let us divide life as before into three periods, — the Dependent, from birth to 15; the Productive, from 15 to 60; the Retiring, from 60 till death, — and see what number die in each period. We omit all whose age is not ascertained.

TABLE VIII. — *Distribution of Death according to Age and Sex.* 1856.

	Dependent Age.	Productive Age.	Retiring Age.
Males, ...	4,907	3,451	1,763
Females, . . .	4,301	4,091	1,937
Total, . . .	9,208	7,542	3,700

The mortality of males is greatest in the first period, while that of women takes precedence in the two others. The causes which produce this increased sacrifice of male life in the first fifteen years are not yet well ascertained.

The following table contains facts for the years 1852-56, and shows the comparative mortality of men and women at different ages.

TABLE IX. — *Distribution of Death according to Sex and Age.* 1852-56.

	Under 1.	Under 5.	Between 20 and 30.	Over 30.
Males, . .	12,245	20,782	4,888	24,446
Females, .	9,061	17,684	6,787	26,480
Total,	21,306	38,466	11,675	50,926

Here, too, the superior longevity of woman appears.

The same law prevails in other countries. Mr. Neison furnishes the facts for England,* whence we have constructed the following table: —

TABLE X. — *Expectation of Life in England.*

Age.	For Males.	For Females.	Age.	For Males.	For Females.
10	47.75	48.38	50	20.84	22.05
15	44.17	44.99	60	14.58	15.53
20	40.69	41.59	70	9.21	9.84
25	37.34	38.36	80	5.21	5.63
30	34.09	35.16	90	2.89	3.09
40	27.47	28.73	100	2.13	1.87

* Contributions to Vital Statistics, being a Development of the Rate of Mortality and the Laws of Sickness, &c., &c. By F. G. P. NEISON. Third edition. London. 1857. 1 vol. 4to. See pp. 40, 607, 615.

The same law appears in Belgium. We gather the curious statistics from M. Quetelet's celebrated book.* In Belgium the males and females are nearly equal in number.

TABLE XI. — *Comparative Vitality of Males and Females.*

	In Cities.	In Country.
For 100 females stillborn there are	133 males.	170 males.
For 100 females who die there are in first 3 mos.	130 "	126 "
" " " " 3 to 12 mos.	115 "	109 "
" " " " 1 to 5 yrs.	103 "	90.50 "
" " " " 5 to 14	90 "	93 "
" " " " 14 to 18	82 "	75 "
" " " " 18 to 21	98 "	92 "
" " " " 21 to 40	104 "	86.33 "
" " " " 40 to 50	102 "	83 "
" " " " 50 to 60	107 "	118 "
" " " " 60 to 70	96 "	105 "
" " " " 70 to 80	77 "	100 "
" " " " 80 to 100	68 "	92 "

In Boston the colored people furnish a striking exception to the general rule; 38 colored males died here in 1856, and 33 colored females; the average age of the former was 30 years, of the latter, a little less than 25. It should be remembered that many colored females belong to the lowest class of prostitutes. There are but two places in New England where the colored are regarded as entitled to the same rights with the whites, — one is the lowest haunt of corruption, the other the company of the most religious and humane of all philanthropists.

3. The deaths are thus distributed among natives and foreigners, males and females: —

TABLE XII. — *Distribution of Deaths in* 1856.

Native Americans. 16,678.		Foreigners. 3,191.	
Males,	8,186	Males,	1,633
Females,	8,391	Females,	1,557
Sex not reported,	101	Sex not reported,	1

* Sur l'Homme et le Developpement de ses Facultés, &c., (Paris, 1855, 2 vols. 8vo,) Vol. I. p. 157.

During the last three years about 16 per cent of all deaths in Massachusetts have been those of foreigners.

It is instructive to look at the causes of death: 841 died by violence last year, — most of them by accident, that is, by some man's carelessness. In the 15 years and 8 months ending December 31, 1856, no less than 4,081 persons have perished here by violence: whereof 3 were hanged by the sheriff; 108 were murdered; 860 committed suicide, — 101 in 1856; and 3,110 came to an end by "other violent causes" not distinctly named in the reports. Americans are singularly reckless of life; but yet suicide is less common in Massachusetts than in many other civilized countries. Thus, by the celebrated Gotha tables — calculated from the narrow basis of 2,807 lives — it appears that one death out of 44 was by suicide.* The population of London is less than double that of Massachusetts, but its suicides are more than twice as many, varying from 203 to 266 a year. This crime is on the increase in Massachusetts.

TABLE XIII. — *Increase of Suicides from* 1849 *to* 1856.

Year.	No. of Suicides.	Year.	No. of Suicides.
1849	67	1853	67
1850	49	1854	82
1851	57	1855	91
1852	76	1856	101

The greater proclivity of the male to violence appears in the number of suicides, — 71 per cent are male, 29 female. "*Omnis natura in re minima,*" is an old rule. The greatest number of Massachusetts suicides takes place in May. It seems in Europe this crime is more common amongst Protestants than Catholics. Any thoughtful man would expect it to be in some proportion to the amount of freedom of thought and individual self-direction. Babies don't fall till they begin to go alone; while in the cradle, they break no bones.

Many children are born dead. Infanticide takes two forms, — ante-natal and post-natal. The law of Massachusetts regards the latter as a crime, and punishes it as other forms of

* See Neison, *ubi supra*, p. 189 *et seq.* Also Buckle's History of Civilization, (London, 1857,) Vol. I. p. 26 *et seq.*

murder; but it takes no notice of the former. We cannot furnish the statistics of abortion; but judging from what we have learned, they would be more frightful than those of any other form of New England crime. It is not less murder to destroy the life of a child in a woman's body, than in a man's cradle, or a public highway. If thoughtful men do not ascertain the extent of this enormity, — and that among "respectable" women, — by noticing the average number of children to a marriage, or by reading the advertisements of abortionists in the public papers, they may ask any intelligent physician of this town, and he will tell them facts we do not care to shame these pages with. Much of the mortality of children in the first three years of life may often be traced to the mother's efforts to be no mother.*

Of the 20,748 who died in 1856, we find 978 died of old age; 4 of these had reached the respectable period of 100, or more. Old age, we take it, is the only death that is natural to man and unavoidable.

It is not our purpose to give an account of the various diseases which have made havoc of men; we leave that to the physicians. But we would call attention to the effect of a man's business and his locality on the length of his life.

In the 12 years and 8 months ending with 1856, 38,027 persons over 20 years old have died in Massachusetts, whose age and business were ascertained and reported in the official documents. The facts are shown in the following table.

TABLE XIV. — *Of Occupation and Longevity.*

Occupation.	No. of Persons.	Aggregate Length of Life.	Average Age at Death.
Farmers,	10,741	689,466	64.19
Coopers,	305	17,790	58.32
Lawyers,	188	10,746	57.15
Ministers,	265	15,108	57.01
Shipwrights,	275	15,456	56.20
Doctors,	366	20,088	54.85
Blacksmiths,	743	38,513	51.83

* See some remarks on this matter in Transactions of the American Medical Association for 1857, (New York, 1857, 1 vol. 8vo,) p. 93 *et seq.*

Occupation.	No. of Persons.	Aggregate Length of Life.	Average Age at Death.
Wheelwrights,	167	8,586	51.41
Carpenters,	1,679	83,365	49.65
Merchants and traders,	1,674	83,099	49.36
Tanners and curriers,	214	10,284	48.05
Tavern-keepers,	158	7,581	47.98
Masons,	401	19,017	47.42
Cabinet-makers,	228	10,735	47.08
Seamen,	2,561	118,366	46.21
Laborers,	7,300	326,324	44.71
Manufacturers,	343	15,231	44.40
Stonecutters,	223	9,792	43.91
Shoemakers,	2,741	118,489	43.22
Mechanics,	466	20,101	43.13
Tailors,	346	14,655	42.35
Painters,	429	18,095	42.18
Machinists,	409	15,350	37.55
Printers,	150	5,490	36.60

It is now quite clear that in all civilized countries the average life of man is lengthening; yet it may be doubtful whether cases of extreme longevity are on the increase. We have never found any well-authenticated case of a man reaching his two-hundredth year. Thomas Parr was born in Shropshire, England, in 1483, and died in 1635, nearly 153 years old. He worked at farming till about 130; when 116 or 118, it is said, he became unlawfully the father of a child, and was punished ecclesiastically by walking on Sunday in a white sheet in front of the church in his parish. He married for the last time when near 120. At his death Dr. Harvey opened the body and found no signs of decay. One of his grandsons died at 120. In 1670 Henry Jenkins died in Yorkshire at the age of 169. Petrach Czartan, an Hungarian peasant, was born in 1587, and died in 1772, aged 185.* This is the greatest age we find in any authentic history, — if, indeed, the facts be well established.

In the year 76 the census of Italy was taken, and in the "eighth region," between the Apennines and the Po, there were 124 persons over 100 years of age; three of

* New American Encyclopædia, Art. *Age.*

them were 140; at Rimini, Marcus Aponius was then living at 150.* Lord Bacon collects several cases of great age in his History of Life and Death; but some of them are poorly vouched for.† He says "the old Countess of Desmond" lived to 140. We remember to have heard it said of her in some verses, —

> "Who lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
> And died by a fall from a cherry-tree then.
> What a frisky old girl!"

It is said the famous John of Times (Johannes de Temporibus, so called for the ages he lived through) saw 361 years, but the statement lacks confirmation.‡ M. Prosper Lucas, in a recent work, says that on the 12th of January, 1763, in the hamlet of Conino in Russia, there died a woman named Margaret Cribsowna, wife of Gaspard Raycoul. She was 108 years old. She married him, her third husband, when she was 94 and he 105; they had three children born in that wedlock, all living at their mother's death; the children's hair was white, they had no teeth, but cavities in the gums as if the teeth had been removed; they were of the ordinary size for their age, but crooked in the back, having a faded complexion, with all the other signs of decrepitude. The same author relates that the wife of one of the coachmen of Charles X. bore a child at the age of 65, who likewise had all the marks of senility.§ Wanley tells of a "Cornish beggar," an Irishman by birth, of whom this epitaph was written: —

> "Here Brawne, the quondam beggar, lies,
> Who counted by his tale
> Some sixscore winters and above,
> Such virtue is in ale.

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* Livius, H. N., Lib. VII. c. 50. But Sillig, in his admirable edition, reads 140. See also Gruteri Inscript. 302.

† Works, edited by Ellis and Spedding, (London, 1857,) Vol. II. p. 132 *et seq.*

‡ Wanley's Wonders of the Little World, (London, 1788,) p. 64.

§ Traité de l'Hérédité Naturelle, (Paris, 1850, 2 vols. 8vo,) Tom. II. p. 462 *et seq.* On p. 496 *et seq.*, see cases of remarkable precocity. Beyerlink has made a collection of cases of long life in his Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ, Art. *Longævitas* and *Vitæ* (p. 171), where the reader will find curious things. The common works on Longevity require no mention here.

Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,
Ale did his death deprive,
And could he still have drank his ale,
He had been still alive!"

Seventy-one men settled in the town of Newton, Mass., towards the middle of the seventeenth century. The age of thirty of them at death is ascertained; they averaged a little more than 69.*

V. *Of the Property of the People.*—1. In 1840 the taxable property of Massachusetts was valued at $307,089,196. In 1850, at $597,936,460. At the present day it is thought to be about $1,000,000,000. This does not include the untaxed property, real and personal, belonging to churches, schools, academies, colleges, and literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions, which would amount to $100,000,000 more. This property is more than $880 to each person in the State. It is more than a dollar a piece to the human race. Less than 250 years ago Massachusetts started with a few Puritans and the wilderness for outfit, and now in eight generations she has accumulated so much property that she could give a dollar to each of the thousand million inhabitants of the earth, and still have all her schools, meeting-houses, town-houses, almshouses, jails, and literary, benevolent, and scientific institutions, left as nest-eggs to begin the world anew. We have done pretty well for beginners.

This great mass of property is more uniformly distributed than in any of the countries of Europe; but we think less uniformly than in any other New England State, with the exception of Rhode Island. It is pleasant to know that there are 86 Savings Banks in Massachusetts, in which about 177,000 depositors hold property, amounting to more than $33,000,000, about $30 to each man, woman, and child in the State. No depositor, we think, draws interest when his principal amounts to more than $500. The Irish are an acquisitive people, with a considerable instinct for hoarding. In the great towns they have much property in these benevolent institutions. On the other hand, the Africans are more tropical in their habits, hoard little, and have not much property in the Savings Banks

* See Jackson's History of Newton, (Boston, 1814,) p. 9 *et seq.*

or elsewhere. Yet in Louisville we are told of large estates in their hands.

We have not been able to procure the statistics of municipal taxation in Massachusetts. Each of the 333 towns manages its own affairs, and no law requires any return of the amount of money collected. But it would be quite interesting to know the sum raised, and compare the expenses of different towns. The county taxes, it is officially known, have been on the increase continually, for the last ten years. Thus, in 1848, the tax in twelve counties — all except Suffolk and Nantucket — was $233,575; in 1857 it had swollen to $526,535. We are glad to learn that the present Governor, prompt and efficient in many things, is attempting to procure information on this matter.*

In 1857 the valuation of Boston was $258,110,900. We should like to compare this with the property of South Carolina. We have not the facts before us, but we find her State taxes in 1856 were $532,744; of this, $290,488 came from negro slaves. Thus, the entire tax on property and free polls was only $242,256, though each free colored person, children included, is doomed to pay $2 a year. Hence it appears that more than half the wealth of that great State consists in the persons of its slaves. She had then 17,443,791 acres of taxable land, officially valued at $10,284,001, or about 58 cents an acre.† In 1850 the entire property of South Carolina was estimated in the United States census at $283,867,709. This included the value of the slaves. The city of Boston alone could buy up all the natural property, all the land and things, in that State, and still have a balance left sufficient to purchase several other slave States.

Property is less equally distributed in Boston than elsewhere in New England: a few men have great estates; many are thriving, but many also are poor. The squalid poverty of New England, its drunkenness, prostitution, crime, flow

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* See editorial in Boston Daily Advertiser for May 4, 1858.

† Report of the Comptroller-General to the Legislature of South Carolina, (Columbia (S. C.), 1856,) p. 22 *et al.* See also Governor Allston's Message for 1857. The last Annual Message of Mr. Chase, Governor of Ohio, is a model for papers of that kind, containing much valuable information not often found in gubernatorial documents.

hither as to a common sink. Boston has her perishing and her dangerous classes, whom no legislation lifts out from their wretchedness and vice. But we shall have a word for them on another page.

We have no means of estimating the annual value of the industry of the people in Massachusetts, or of the income from capital. But in 1855 an accurate census was made of the value of articles produced in the State, though no separation was made between the worth of the material and that of the labor bestowed upon it. From that examination it appeared that the value of articles produced by the people's labor in the year ending June 1, 1855, was $295,820,681.79.* This is more than the worth of all the land and things in the two States of Virginia and South Carolina! Yet it is thought the census of 1855 did not return more than two thirds of the actual earnings of the people, but the real value of the articles produced here that year would be $300,000,000. So the conceded earnings of that period would purchase all the land in Delaware, North Carolina, and Florida, at the government estimate, in 1850.

2. In the year ending November 1, 1857, it appears that 7,714 persons were received into the various almshouses of the three hundred and thirty-three towns in Massachusetts; besides, in the nine months ending the 1st of October, 2,778 other paupers were received into the State almshouses. Thus 10,492 persons were sheltered by the State or municipal charity during that period; on the average 5,837 persons were wholly supported in the various establishments of the towns or the Commonwealth.

Temporary relief was also municipally afforded to 17,181 others. Thus nearly 28,000 persons were more or less dependent on public charity. But of these nearly all whom the State relieved were foreigners; of the 25,000 helped by the towns, 8,300 were foreigners. Of the 10,492 indoor paupers, we think more than half were born abroad; but, by a strange defect in the public documents, we are not able to verify our conjecture. Of the 25,000 helped by the towns, about 15,000 were brought to poverty by the intemperance of themselves or

* Statistical Information relating to Certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts, &c. Boston. 1856.

others! Of the 9,500 who had help from the charity of this county in 1856, less than 1,100 had a settlement in this State; about 8,500 of them were foreigners. Of the whole army of paupers in Suffolk County, more than 8,000 were brought to poverty by drunkenness, in themselves or others! To support this vast mass of pauperism, the towns and the State collectively paid $641,192.41. Let us suppose that $358,207.59 was given by private charity for the support of these or other poor persons. We have then $1,000,000 given to help the indigent. If the value of the earnings of Massachusetts be but $200,000,000, then our public and private charity of this kind is half of one per cent of the earnings of the people, — five mills on a dollar. Certainly it is not a very alarming piece of news.

VI. *Of Idiocy, Insanity, Blindness, and Sickness in Massachusetts.** — 1. On the 30th of September there were 63 idiotic or feeble-minded persons in the State institution at South Boston; 10 more had been there in the course of the year. There were also 58 other "idiotic or insane" persons in the various jails of the Commonwealth; thus 121 were in the public institutions of the State, most of them supported wholly at the public cost.

In the autumn of 1854 a census was made of all the idiotic and insane persons in Massachusetts. It was taken with great accuracy, and a careful and detailed Report made by Dr. Jarvis,† so well known for his devotion to those unfortunate persons. From that we construct this table.

TABLE XV. — *Of Idiots in Massachusetts.*

Native-born,	1,043
Foreigners,	44
Total,	1,087
Supported by friends,	670
Supported by the public,	417

* Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth. Boston. 1857.

Abstract of Returns of the Keepers of Jails and of the Overseers of the Houses of Correction for the Eleven Months ending September 30, 1857. Boston. 1857.

† Report on Insanity and Idiocy in Massachusetts, &c. Boston. 1855.

We shall again refer to this valuable document.

2. In the two public lunatic asylums at Worcester and Taunton,* 1,148 insane persons were received in the first eleven months of last year; 670 remained there on the 30th of November. The amount of insanity is quite large. It is caused by the great intellectual activity of the people, the intensity of business, lack of society, the failure of affection; by the vices of passion and the vices of ambition; by celibacy; by drunkenness; and by a dull and gloomy theology with unnatural ideas of God, of man, and of the relation between the two. In the last report of the asylum at Worcester we find an instructive array of facts, gathered from 3,390 cases, extending over 25 years, from 1833 to 1857. From them we construct the following table.

TABLE XVI. — *Of the Causes of Insanity.*

Causes.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Ill health in general,	135	467	602
Special diseases,	244	207	451
Troubles attending the reproductive function,		184	184
Casualties, exposure, &c.,	98	75	173
Excitement, intellectual, moral, and affectional, &c.,	399	501	900
Religious excitement of all kinds,	132	170	302
Intemperance,	413	46	459
Self-abuse,	230	22	252
All other causes,	23	44	67
Total,	1,674	1,716	3,390

TABLE XVII. — *Showing the Percentage of the most Important Causes for 25 Years.*

General ill health,	16.4
Troubles on account of the affections,	10.8
Intemperance,	9.2
Troubles on account of religion,	5.5
Self-abuse,	5.2
Troubles on account of property,	4.7

* Twenty-Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester. Boston. 1857.

Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Taunton. 1857.

Great pains have been taken with insane persons in Massachusetts; we think no State has made more generous or wise provisions for this unfortunate class. But we do not reach the cause of the evil. That is not to be removed by doctoring, but to be outgrown. To us, in this age of intense business, it is what leprosy once was to a slothful, sluggish, and unclean people, and will no doubt in like manner be outgrown. A man's occupation affects his sanity. We have found that the farmer lives longer than men of any other calling. It seems a little surprising to find how great is the tendency to insanity among the agricultural people. Out of 177 patients remaining at the Worcester Asylum, November 30, 1857, there were 30 farmers, 38 laborers, and 22 shoemakers. We are told on high authority, that there is more insanity in Connecticut than in any part of the world in proportion to the whole number of the people. The tendency to madness is stronger in celibates than among the married people. This follows naturally, and surprises no one.

In the autumn of 1854 a careful census was made to ascertain the number of lunatics in the State, and a valuable Report was published. The name of Dr. Jarvis is sufficient authority for the accuracy of the statements which we put into the following table.

TABLE XVIII. — *Of Lunacy of Massachusetts in* 1854.

Total number of lunatics in the State,			2,632
Males,		1,254	
Females,		1,378	
Natives,		2,007	
Foreigners,		625	
Independent, — Natives,	1,066		
Foreigners,	44		
		1,110	
Paupers, — Natives,	941		
Foreigners,	581		
		1,522	

At that time the foreign population was estimated at 230,000, and the native at 894,676. It seems the aliens had a greater ratio of insanity than the natives, which we represent by the following table.

TABLE XIX. — *Showing the Distribution of Insanity in Massachusetts.*

Natives that are lunatics,	1 in each	445	natives.
Natives that are pauper lunatics,	1 "	951	"
Foreigners that are lunatics,	1 "	368	foreigners.
Foreigners that are pauper lunatics,	1 "	399	"

Thus it appears that every four-hundredth foreigner is a crazy pauper. But this fact does not show a greater ethnological tendency to madness in them, only that their circumstances are unfavorable to their sanity. 93 per cent of the foreign lunatics are paupers! "Much of their insanity," says Dr. Jarvis, "comes from the intemperance to which the Irish seem to be peculiarly prone." The tendency to madness is a little greater in females than in males; this appears amongst both the native and the foreign population.

Of this great army of lunatics only 435 were supposed to be curable, while 2,018 were declared incurable, — crazy men to be supported for their life. The pecuniary cost is the smallest part of this grievous burden. It would be interesting to ascertain how much of this madness is inherited; but we have not as yet adequate means to determine that question.

Let us put both the idiots and lunatics together in the following table.

TABLE XX. — *Showing the Ratio of Lunatics and Idiots to the Whole Population.*

Population of Massachusetts, 1854.	Lunatics.	One in	Idiots.	One in	Lunatics and Idiots.	One in
1,124,676	2,632	427	1,087	1,034	3,719	302

Thus in Massachusetts in 1854, one man out of each 302 was either a crazy man or a natural fool.

3. The average number of blind persons at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind was 124. 90 of these were pupils in the course of instruction, 24 were connected with the workshop department.*

4. *Of Sickness.*† — Health is the normal condition of man-

* Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, for the Year ending December 31, 1857. Boston. 1858.

† See Report of a General Plan for the Promotion of Public and Personal Health, devised, prepared, and recommended by the Commissioners appointed under a Resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, &c. Boston. 1850. 1 vol. 8vo.

kind; sickness is unnatural. There is but one natural, normal, and unavoidable form of death, — that by old age: the ripe apple drops from the tree some autumn night, falling in its time. Few men understand how much we lose by neglect of the natural laws of the body, — which are the commandments of the Infinite God, — "lively oracles" writ in these "living stones." Look at these facts. In 1855 there were about 1,132,000 people in our goodly State, — 550,000 males, 582,000 females. Look at this table.

TABLE XXI. — *Of the Age of the People.*

Under 5.	5 to 10.	10 to 15.	15 to 20.	20 to 30.	30 to 40.
132,944	115,862	110,098	117,047	235,678	165,046
40 to 50.	50 to 60.	60 to 70.	70 to 80.	80 to 90.	90 to 100.	Over 100.
111,500	71,829	42,423	20,810	6,138	634	19

To state it in round numbers, 711,000 are under 30, only 421,000 above that moderate age; 248,000 are under 10; 227,000 between 10 and 20; 235,000 between 25 and 30. In other words, out of 100 persons 22 are under 10; 20 are between 10 and 20; 21 between 20 and 30; and only 36 out of the 100 have yet seen their thirtieth birthday. So youthful is the people that every fifth person is a little boy or girl under ten, while only one man in sixteen has seen his sixtieth year. In the whole State there are but 142,453 persons over 50, — a little more than half the number that are under 10!

On a previous page we divided life into three periods, — the Dependent, the Productive, and the Retiring age. The Productive age we put between 15 and 60. If we are a little more sanguine in our estimate, and add ten years to the Productive period, making it extend from 15 to 70, then we shall have about 743,000 in that age. The other 400,000 are dependent. Now and then a bright boy or girl is of considerable "pecuniary value" before 15; now and then a man or woman is so well born and well bred that the period of large usefulness continues till 80, or even 90. The most valuable years of John Quincy Adams's life were between 70 and 80. Massachusetts has several examples of this handsome age; but they are always exceptional. The productive power of the people — their bodily, intellectual, and moral power — will

depend on the number of men and women in the vigorous age, — say between 25 and 60 or 70.

It appears that 20,734 persons died in Massachusetts in 1856, — that is, about two out of 109. It is not extravagant to suppose that two persons are sick all the time for one that dies; thus 41,468 persons in Massachusetts are continually sick, — that is, 1,132,000 persons endure 41,000 years of sickness in each twelvemonth. If this evil were distributed uniformly over the community, it would give a little more than thirteen days of sickness to each man, woman, and child! How many are continually ailing with one malady or another! what an army of doctors — allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, sudoripathic, mixopathic, and pneumatopathic — are waging war on disease! what ammunition and medical weapons, terrible to look upon, are stored up in the great arsenals of this humane warfare, this really creative fight, tended by diligent apothecaries! The amount of invalidism is frightful to contemplate.

Look a moment at the consequences of sickness. First, there is the positive pain borne directly by the sick and indirectly by their companions and friends. What a monstrous evil that is! It changes life from a delight to a torment, the natural functions of the body are ill performed, and this frame is found to be not only "wonderfully" made, but also "fearfully." In their normal state all the senses are inlets of delight; but sickness shuts gladness out from all these five doors of the human house, and fills it full of "shrieks and shapes and sights unholy."

Taken as a whole, the indirect pain of such as stand and wait, looking on with eyes of sympathy, and folding their unavailing hands, is more than the sick man directly encounters himself. What a vast amount of suffering from this direct and this reflected pain!

Then there is the pecuniary cost of sickness. The man's power of productive industry has gone from him. The mechanic's right hand has lost its cunning now; the faithful mother would, but cannot, care for husband or for child; the great, nice brain of genius is like the soft *encephalon* of the fool. Let us estimate the cost as light as possible. Of the 41,468 peren-

nial sick, suppose that 21,468 are persons whose power of productive industry is worth nothing to the country even in their health, — that they only earn their living; that 10,000 are men who, in health, would each earn $300 a year more than it costs to feed, clothe, house, comfort, and amuse them, and 10,000 more are women who, if well, would earn $150 apiece beside their similar keep; then the simple cessation of this industry costs the State $4,500,000 a year. If we should double these figures, and say $9,000,000, we think we should still be within the mark. Suppose that it costs but a dollar a day to nurse, diet, and doctor each of these 41,468 invalids, — a quite moderate calculation, — that amounts to $15,135,820. We may safely say that sickness costs the people of Massachusetts directly $20,000,000 a year, in these two items alone. In other words, if all the people were healthy except the 20,000 who die, Massachusetts would add $20,000,000 more to her annual increase of honest wealth, — to her means of use and beauty.

Besides, the effects of sickness on the higher faculties of man are commonly quite baneful. It weakens all the spiritual powers; the mind loses its activity; the quantity of thought is less, the quality poorer; the man of business cannot buy and sell to advantage; the carpenter cannot plan his work or execute his plan; the scholar's genius is vanished into thin air; the diligent wife, careful about many things, is now only troubled about herself; the moral faculty suffers as much as the intellectual; the jaundiced eye sees nothing of its natural color. The sick man's conscience is abnormal as his digestion or appetite; he can take no just view of moral relations; as well might we expect a lame horse to race well and leap a five-barred gate, as ask a sick man to have just intuitions of the eternal right, or a manly will to do it; he would, but how can he? A sick judge, doctor, minister, schoolmaster, editor, politician, — he does harm, and not good. So the affectional and religious talents lose their value, are clipped within the ring, sweated down, and cannot be taken at their former worth. Spite of himself, the sick man becomes selfish, — the best of sick men. It is the order of nature; he should be selfish, then. His body is sick, it tries to get well; all of its natural vigor is directed to that object, — for the material basis of humanity

must be preserved. When a ship at sea encounters a violent storm, leaks badly, is settling in the water, and likely to perish, men cut away the masts, let the costly anchors and unfastened chain-cable go down with the run; the wealthy cargo is cast into the ocean, that they may save the ship and their own lives! So in the storm of sickness, long continued, nature instinctively throws overboard all the costly spiritual freight gathered in a lifetime. The

> "eye whose bend did awe the world
> Doth lose its lustre."

The world's great warrior cries:

> "Give me some drink, Titinius,
> As a sick girl."

There is little exercise of the higher religious faculty; none of that aspiration to the seventh heaven of human devotion: no psalm of lofty gratitude, no deep contritions then; at most, only a dull and humble, passive trust in God. Even that often fails. The affections are often blunted. In health how manly was this man's philanthropy! now, disarmed, it does not travel forth to look after the far-off heathen, the nearer slave, — or black or white, — the poor, the friendless, or the sick. Nay, the mother, tormented with her own pains, — prophetic now of only death, — forgets the very children that she bore; much more does the less affectionate man forget the wife he loved, and the dear babies who climbed his knee and pulled his healthy beard! Blame them not; the sick has only strength to keep his own soul and body together. All the river of life must then go to turn his own mill. We know well this is not what ministers preach in books, and write in many a romantic tale. But we too have seen much of life, and stood at many a death-bed, — beside noble men whom sickness did yet all unman. Have we not our own experience also? Lame feet must halt, and sick eyes will drop their lids instinctive, and turn from the dear beauty of the rising sun. Humanity lies low in the hand of sickness. Still more commonly is the temper made sour by long-continued illness. If "a hungry man is an angry man," so is a sick man a peevish one, easily offended, not capable of controlling his wrathful emotions. A schoolmaster with the toothache, a judge with the gout, a bil-

ious doctor, a dyspeptic minister, a sick horse, a dog with a wounded leg, — we all know what these are. This ill-temper is a natural defence. If the arm be broke, the skin, the flesh, the bone itself, else so unfeeling, all become exquisitely sensitive, so that pain may warn us against all things which would annoy and prevent the restoration of the limb. Irritability and peevishness perform the same function; they must guard and keep watch about the sick man's bed, these testy sentinels that so pace forth their nightly round. We have often wondered at the economy of Divine Providence in the healthy body, — not less also thereat in this body when sick.

All the higher faculties are disturbed. The will is weak and capricious, or else its resolution, adherence to conviction, is metamorphosed into obstinacy, persistence is a subjective whim; the judgment is worth little; the opinions represent nothing truly, — so warped is the intellectual mirror. What the sick scholar writes is as unwholesome as he is unhealthy, — it is tainted literature; one might as well eat the flesh of diseased swine, as feed on the literature of sick moralists, historians, preachers, philosophers, poets. The delicate-minded reader feels the author's pulse in his writings. This literary woman has a disease in her spine; all her works, likewise, are tainted and unhealthy. We taste the aloes in many a bitter sermon and bitterer prayer which we have heard. We smell the opium and the gin in much which passes for the literature of passion. Many a dark ecclesiastical dogma about man and God has had its inspiration in a diseased liver or obstructed bowels. Such things are seldom originated by a great, stout, hearty man, who has a wife and babies at home, and takes a manly relish in meat and drink, — who can run and jump, and skate on ice, and swim in water, his eyes open for the cowslip and the violet of spring! No, they are the work of celibate monks, of sick-bodied ministers breathing the bad air of cells or libraries, their feet cold, their head hot, their whole body in disorder. As poison toadstools grow out of rotten wood, so do the worser fungi of an evil theology shoot out from the mind of diseased ministers. He that has a bitter tongue is not likely to say sweet things of man or God. In matters of pure science it is of no consequence who does the work; all

rests on demonstration, deductive from a principle or inductive from facts; Hamilton's Quaternions and Loomis's Astronomy would be worth as much if writ by a sick as a sound man. A man with a dropsy may calculate the trajectory of the last comet, or tell the weight of the fifty-first asteroid: sickness does not vitiate the mathematical demonstration. The nine digits take no man's disease, however infectious: an asymptote has no sympathy with a diseased stomach. But in all works of a moral or religious character the value is personal, not demonstrational; it depends on the character of the writer, and that, at least for the time, depends on his health. What if we were told that Jeremiah had the dyspepsia when he wrote his "Lamentations"; that Jonathan Edwards was laboring with the jaundice when he composed those ghastly sermons on eternal damnation!

Of course we know the exceptions to all this. There are men, and still oftener women, with such sweetness or truth, that the more sickness wilts their roses, the more will they give their precious sweetness out. We know also the function which sickness has to perform in calling forth the sympathy of man for man.

We intended to say a word on the causes of ill health, yet must forbear; but shall instead ask our readers to attend to this extract from a document written by one of the most intelligent men in the State.

"In order to preserve the freshness and health of the body, we must observe the law which commands constant and rapid change of its integral particles. We die daily, whether we will or no. But the extent to which we are *born* again daily, depends much upon ourselves. The component particles of the body have but an ephemeral existence. Hundreds of generations of them go to make up our individual life. Multitudes of them are dying every hour and every moment; and fresh particles are constantly formed to replace them.

"But this incoming multitude cannot have room and verge enough except the worn-out and effete particles are thrown off. Away, then, with the dead, to make room for the living! is the law; and fortunately we cannot disobey it totally, because part of the work is done independently of our volition, and disobedience to it would be death to the whole body. The removal is effected, that is, the waste particles are carried off, by various and complex organs of respiration, perspiration, and the like; but the pervading characteristic of all is motion. . . . . .

"The automatic motions remove only part of the effete atoms of the body. Voluntary motion must do the rest, or they remain and clog the system. If people were fully aware of this, how much more briskly would they move about to get quickly rid of this dead matter. But how frantically would they fly about, if, instead of carrying the effete particles of their own bodies, each one was obliged to carry, as a burden, the dead particles of some other person. They would die of horror and disgust. As it is, however, very few are conscious of this operation; and thousands in civilized life carry about with sweet complacency their own dead atoms, mixed up with the living ones. They grow feebler and feebler as the proportion of effete matter grows greater, and that of fresh, living matter less, until at last partial death becomes total death.

"Now, so long as the dead and effete particles are carried off by the various excretions just as rapidly as new and fresh ones are formed by wholesome nutrition, so long are we young and fresh. During the first third of life the vital force is very great, and though the supply through nutrition must exceed waste, in order that there may be growth and consolidation of the body, still the waste is very rapid also. New particles rush in swiftly, cast out the dead ones vigorously and utterly, so that the bodies of the young are fresh and alive all over. The swift-moving machinery of life throws the blood out to every part of the surface, and tinges the firm, elastic flesh with roseate hue. As long as this condition lasts, youth lasts, be the number of years what they may. . . . . .

"The duration of youth depends upon obedience or disobedience of the laws of life. All excesses shorten it. Too much and too little work of brain and limb curtail it. It is shorter in women than in men, mainly because their blood is not duly oxygenated by exercise or work in the open air. It is usually much shorter in the blind than in those who see. In a class of a hundred blind youths there are very few who have the beautiful characteristics of this period of life, — the roseate hue, the rounded limb, the bounding step; and even among those few these beauties fade away earlier than among others. . . . . .

"Exercise, too, being pretty much under his volition, is apt to be neglected, and so the waste and effete particles are not duly carried off. At first they linger a little in the system; then they linger longer. There now begin to be dead and effete particles among the living ones, and the system begins to be a little clogged thereby. From this moment real manhood declines, and real age begins, be the years of life ever so few.

"The spring of life having lost a little of its force, the blood is no

longer thrown vigorously out to the periphery of the body; it therefore crowds the great internal vessels, and prepares the way for congestion and organic diseases. The surface becomes a little pale. The flesh loses its elasticity. It looks puttyish and feels flabby. Freshness is now gone, and with it beauty. Adieu youth, adieu manhood; age is here.

"This change is seen sooner in women than in men. Sooner in the blind than in others. Most women in this country are as old at thirty or thirty-five, as they should be at forty-five or fifty. Suppose the years lost by each one to be only ten, what millions of years of bloom and beauty and vigor are lost to each generation! But how can we calculate the billions of years lost to the next generation by reason of the diminished stock of vital force imparted to the offspring!" *

VII. *Of the Means for the Education of the People.* †

1. Of the Common and High Schools. — There are 4,360 public schools in Massachusetts, open to all, free to all persons, native or foreign, African or Caucasian, rich or poor. There are 4,838 teachers, — a noble army of schoolmasters. In the summer 195,881 pupils attended the schools; 203,031 in the winter. The schools keep on the average seven months and a half in the year. The average attendance of pupils is 177,775. There are in Massachusetts 221,478 children between the ages of five and fifteen. All the large towns save one have public high schools, where girls as well as boys can receive a superior education. Boston is the only exception. Here the controlling men secure the monopoly of superior education for the daughters of the rich.

2. Of the Normal Schools. — Four Normal Schools, public and free to all, contain 345 pupils, 290 of them young women, all preparing to become teachers. These institutions have already received 3,434 pupils, of whom 1,937 graduated at the end of the course of study.

3. Of Private Schools and Academies. — There are 744 of these institutions, containing about 24,000 pupils. Here the cost is paid by the parents of the scholars.

4. Of the Colleges. — There are five Colleges, — four Protestant and one Catholic, — containing about 1,100 students, all

* Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind.

† Twenty-first Annual Report of the Board of Education, &c. Boston. 1858.

males. The schools for law, medicine, theology, and science are attended by about 500 pupils. There is no college for young women; but yet one medical school is for them exclusively.

Thus it appears that about 230,000 young persons received instruction in the various schools of the State in 1857; one fifth part of the whole population went to school.

5. Besides, the State has two Industrial Schools, one for boys, one for girls.

(1.) In the Reform School for Boys* at Westborough there were 613 pupils on the 30th of last September. Three fourths are Americans; they are sent there by the courts, and average about 13 years of age. We are sorry to say we cannot speak very well of the plan or the influence of this school.

(2.) In the Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster† there were 92. Their average age is about 14. A few years ago private benevolence established a little institution, called "The Guardian for Friendless Girls," in Boston; it did much good work in the two years of its existence. Then the State took the matter in charge, and now reaches out a parental hand to these poor wretches, snatching them from a fate worse than the compulsory doom of the negro slave. It is one of the most significant and valuable charities of the Commonwealth, one of its most righteous acts of justice. There is no conscious antagonism between man and woman: on the whole, men are more tender to women than to each other. Women reciprocate the gentle feeling. Such is the law of nature. Female nurses indulge the male babies; were the nurses men, the girls would get the kinder treatment. But in our civilization hitherto brute force has prevailed, and as woman has less of it than man, only the inferior position has been hers in the state, the church, the community, and the market. Even now she is by no means thought the equivalent of man. Accordingly, most cruel hardships fall to her lot. One day this will be changed. The terrible vice of

* Eleventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Reform School at Westborough, &c. Boston. 1857.

† Second Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Industrial School for Girls at Lancaster, &c. Boston. 1857.

prostitution, — what a curse it is! In the future it will be as rare as leprosy and elephantiasis are now in Boston. But this will never be until the popular idea of woman undergoes a revolution. It was a great thing for Massachusetts to stretch out her arm to rescue these poor girls and save them from the Dead Sea which covers a whole Sodom and Gomorrah of wickedness! The institution seems well planned, and thus far works well.

VIII. *Of the Means for repressing Crime.*

1. Of Jails and Houses of Correction.* — In the eleven months ending September 30, 1857, there were 13,072 persons committed to the various common jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts. We put the details into the following table.

TABLE XXII. — *Punishment for Crime.*

Number.	Foreigners.	Natives.	Males.	Females.
13,072	8,334	4,738	10,649	2,423

For Intemperance.	All other Crimes.	Addicted to habitual Intemperance.	Not addicted to habitual Intemperance.
5,445 !	7,627	7,706 !	5,366

But of this number of "criminals," 491 were witnesses, kept in jail according to an ungodly custom which has become a law. 4,853 of the actual criminals were unable to read and write. The average number of prisoners on each day of the year was 1,733; but 1,876 were in jail on the 30th of last September; 3,358 had been in jail before.

2. Of the State Prison.† — On the 30th of September this institution contained 440 convicts. 279 native Americans, 154 foreigners. Massachusetts sends to her own State Prison nearly as many criminals as all foreign nations put together. The great crimes which are punished there are not committed by Irishmen, but by our own citizens. 349 men were there for crimes against property, only 91 for offences against the person, — crimes of wrath or lust. It is pleasant to see that with the advance of civilization crime is diverted from

* Abstract of Returns of the Keepers of Jails, and of the Overseers of the Houses of Correction, for the Eleven Months ending September 30, 1857. Boston. 1857.

† Annual Report of the Board of Inspectors of the Massachusetts State Prison, October 1, 1857. Boston. 1857.

the substance of man to his accidents. The health of the convicts seems well cared for; few prisons in the world exhibit so small a mortality. There were but 4 deaths out of 440 persons! This is at the rate of 90 in 10,000. Now the rural population of England, at the adult age, lose 77 out of 10,000, the town population of Manchester 124 out of 10,000, and the British soldiers in barracks at home from 110 to 204 in 10,000. We wish we could say some other good things of the State Prison.

3. Of the Gallows. — During the last year the State did not stain her hands with the blood of a murdered murderer: 101 killed themselves, but Massachusetts killed no man nor woman. We trust the days of the gallows are ended.

On the whole, this is a gratifying result; the experiment of self-government works well; this is a great success in respect to numbers, health, property, intelligence, morality. Out of New England it will not be easy to find a million and a quarter of people living so comfortably, with such industry and wealth, such comfort, intelligence, and manly virtue. Yet there are still great evils to be overcome. See how the good and ill gets summed up in Boston. On this little spot, — more than half of it made land, rescued from the sea, — to speak in round numbers, there are 161,000 persons, — 76,000 native Americans, 85,000 foreigners: such are the figures for 1855. 2,500 couples were married in 1856, — 1,500 foreign, 1,000 American. 5,900 were born here that year, — 4,500 of foreign, 1,400 of native parents. There were 4,200 deaths, at the average age of but 20.

The taxable property in 1857 was $258,000,000. 2,500 persons entered the almshouses, yet only 670 were there on the average. The pauperism of Boston is small compared with the whole population; 670 permanent paupers out of 161,000 inhabitants, 85,000 of them Irish, is not alarming. Besides, it should be remembered that poverty has driven great shoals of poor people to this town within a dozen years.

There are 267 public schools: last year they took more than 26,000 pupils into their hospitable arms; over 22,000 are there learning all the time; for the blessed doors stand open all the day to the children of all nations, all forms of religion, of any

race. With universal justice do our democratic institutions distribute the great charity of education to all. Private bounty opens evening schools also, for children of a larger growth, who are yet babies in knowledge. The dead hand of Mr. Lowell reaches out of his grave, and opens the door of science and letters to thousands of thoughtful men and women.

The amount of crime looks formidable at first, but it is not alarming for a great town so crowded with Irish Catholics and other strangers. 270 quiet-looking policemen keep the peace of the city; the sun never goes down on their watchful work. Four detectives are on the look-out for suspicious persons. In 1857, 19,000 arrests were made, 9,000 commitments. Of the 19,000, 15,000 were foreigners, 4,000 Americans; 4,300 women. Of the 19,000, 10,000 were for drunkenness, less than 9,000 for all other offences! One was punished for violating the liquor law! As there are 2,230 places where intoxicating spirit is sold to be drunk on the premises, it is only fair to infer that this man was a sinner above all that dwelt in the other 2,229 liquor-shops! The amount of property reported as stolen was only $62,000, and of that $48,000 was recovered by the police and restored to its lawful owners. Hence it seems that *this* brotherhood of thieves does but a small business; and as they don't keep quite a shilling where they steal three and ninepence, it seems the profit is but little in comparison to the risk. We hardly think this branch of the trade is a "living business," certainly it is organized but ill. Of course our figures do not include the thefts committed by fraudulent merchants, bankers, and officers of incorporated companies, who belong to the same brotherhood of thieves, but do only the heavy stealing.

It is a singular mixture of good and evil, — 267 public schools, 245 public houses of ill-fame, 22,000 children daily in school, 2,200 tippling-shops open all day, 10,000 men and women yearly taken up for public drunkenness! *

After all, it is a good town, this dear old Puritanic Boston.

* See the Annual Report of the Chief of Police, 1858. City Document No. 5. He says (p. 28): "It is an admitted fact, that intemperance is the direct origin of more poverty, more crime, and consequent suffering, than all other causes combined."

We wish we may be mistaken, but yet we think it the best city in the world, — the most moral, intelligent, charitable, and progressive, — the most hospitable to a great, new truth of philosophy, morals, philanthropy, or religion. We hope there are better towns, but know not where to find them.

At the end of this long paper we wish to make a few suggestions, which may serve as moral to the tale.

1. Our New England institutions have been subjected to a very severe test. They were designed for Protestant Americans, — men educated to freedom, with Teutonic blood in their veins. What if none else had come here in this century? We should have been a quite different people, with much less wealth, — for the Irish labor has been a great industrial force, perhaps as valuable as the water-power of the mills on the Connecticut or the Merrimac. Our social development we think would be far in advance of its present condition. But causes which none foresaw brought foreigners here by the thousand, — men of a different nationality, chiefly Celtic people, nay, Irish, foreign in origin, manners, religion, ethnological disposition. What made it worse, they had vices which centuries of oppression fixed on these outcasts. They were poor and servile. Want, ignorance, oppression, the greatest evils which retard civilization, had bound them with a threefold chain. The Irish had the vices of their condition, wretchedness, beggary, drunkenness, deceit, lying, violence, treachery, malice, superstition; they brought with them the most bigoted priesthood in all Christendom. What should be done? Some men said: "Shut them out from all our political institutions. Let them be with us, not of us. Democracy is for native Americans, not foreign Catholic Irish." But wiser counsels prevailed. After a few years, the foreigner who wills becomes a citizen. No property qualification is required, only an educational qualification. If he can read his neck-verse and write his name, he claims benefit of clergy, becomes a citizen in full, eligible to any office except the one he could not fill worse than it has been. The advent of a quarter of a million foreigners — 200,000 of these Irishmen — has been a sore trial to our democratic institutions. No war would be so severe a test. They have stood it well. No doubt the

presence of such a people has the same effect for a time on our civilization which it has on the parts of the town where they settle. Dirt and rum, with pestilence and blows, follow their steps; their votes already have debauched the politics of the city, which they will degrade yet more in the next ten or twenty years. They have bad advisers of their own and of our own. Not an Irish newspaper in America is on the side of humanity, education, freedom, progress.

Yet this evil is but temporary; like the malaria which follows draining a swamp, or flowing a meadow, or opening a canal. Our institutions will correct most of the ills we complain of, — our industry, our schools, newspapers, books, and freedom of thought. The Irish have many excellent qualities; the women are singularly virtuous, the men full of fun, wit, and joyous good-humor. They accumulate property; escaping from want little by little. Ignorance will disappear, and then the oppression of the priest will also soon end. The next generation of Irish will be quite unlike this. The Catholic Church will not change; none escape the consequence of a first principle. The logic of its despotic idea is the manifest destiny of the Roman Church. In this age none enters that cave of Triptolemus but he loses his manhood; the first step costs that. Mr. Brownson is the most distinguished Catholic in America, a man of very large intellectual talents, great power of acquisition, and the facile art to reproduce in distinct and attractive forms. He is powerful in speech, as with the pen, having also an industry which nothing daunts, or even tires. But compare the Democratic Brownson, fighting — (his life was always a battle, is, and will be) — fighting for liberty, for man and woman, with the Catholic Brownson, the "Saint Orestes" of some future mythology!

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."

The Catholic Church will not change, — cannot change; its future, like its past,

"Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans."

But it may die; of this we are sure, it cannot stand against the free school, the free press, the free pulpit, the open vote of all the people. When the Irishmen escape from their two

worst enemies, — their priests and our demagogues, — we shall see a noble harvest of men ripening under the great sun of Democracy.

2. The New-Englanders set too little value on physical health. They do not prize a strong body. Men in cities always decay in vigor; they are smaller in size, feebler in strength. The average age at death, in Boston, is not quite 20. In Dukes County it is over 45. So 20 men in Dukes County will live 900 years; in Boston, only 400! There is a great odds in the healthiness of towns. In Lowell 21 die out of 1,000 each year; in Boston, 24; in Baltimore, 25; in Philadelphia, 26; in Savannah, 41; in New Orleans, 81! Out of 1,000 men at New Orleans, 60 more will die in a year than at Lowell. There is a similar odds in different parts of this city.* Men take little notice of these things, and try to live where they are sure to die. They attend much to money, little to man, and so, in getting the means of living, they lose life itself. Farmers die at 64; shoemakers at 43; printers at 36. So 36 farmers will live as long as 43 shoemakers, or 64 printers. Why? The farmer breathes air; the shoemaker, wax and leather; the printer, ink and type-metal.† In schools great stress is laid on training the mind, — always the mind, nothing but the mind. The most excessive stimulants are applied to make little girls learn the maximum of books in the minimum of time. We forget that God also made the body, and, if this "earthen vessel" be cracked, that all the spiritual "treasure" runs out, and perishes from the earth. For success in life there is needed a good brain and a good body. One is worth little without the other. What God hath joined, we are everlastingly putting asunder. But most of the eminent men in America have tough bodies; what power of work is in them! Look at the rich merchants, at our great lawyers and judges,

* See Dr. Curtis's valuable Report on the Census of Boston, for 1855, (Boston, 1856,) p. 55 *et seq.*

† On the influence of improper food and bad air to shorten life, see the admirable work which we must thank Miss Florence Nightingale for calling out, — "Mortality of the British Army, at Home and Abroad, and during the Russian War, as compared with the Mortality of the Civil Population in England. Illustrated by Tables and Diagrams. London. 1858. Folio (pamphlet). See, too, the Sanitary Report of Massachusetts, pp. 143 *et seq.*, 158, 36, 249, *et al.*

men of science, politics, letters. They are men of vigorous health, who can eat dinners, and sleep o' nights, and work also days long; they live to a decent and respectable age. A venerable doctor of medicine, more than 80 years old, may be seen every day in Boston walking his rounds, at that great age manfully representing not only the science, but also the charity, of that healing art he has done so much to improve as well as to apply: we never look at Dr. James Jackson without reverent thankfulness for the wise and temperate vigor which has kept him useful so long. Mr. Quincy has a national reputation, not only for integrity, which never forsook him in times of trial, but also for that strength of body which holds nobly out in his eighty-seventh year. The happy old age of these two venerable and well-known men is due to their inheritance less than to their active, regular, and temperate habits; because wise, their life is also long.

The fashionable idea of what a woman should be is nearly as pernicious as the theological conception of what God is, — almost as unnatural. She must be as feeble as a ghost. Hardly can she bear the burden of her ill-supported clothes. Steady and continuous toil is impossible to such a doll. She glories in her shame, and is as proud of weakness as Hercules and Samson are supposed to have been of their legs and great burly shoulders. But we doubt if it be natural that a "cultivated woman" should be a cross betwixt a ghost and a London doll. Charlemagne's daughter, on her shoulders carrying home her lover through the treacherous and newly fallen snow, is a little nearer the natural type of the animal woman. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," though reported as a curse for man alone, is a blessing which the Infinite pronounces also on woman; the second benediction recorded in Genesis.

A certain amount of work is necessary to keep the body sound. Our life is the dying of old particles, and their replacement by new ones. Part of the effete matter must be got rid of by perspiration, through the pores of the skin. The natural work of earning food, shelter, raiment, is also the natural means for health. If this be not done, there is an accumulation of dead matter, — and the delicate woman, too proud to

cook her dinner or wash her clothes, at length comes to this vile drudgery, — the menial work of dragging about all day a piece of "a slovenly, unhandsome corse." Heaven save us from the righteous sentence to such hard labor for life! No court of doctors can reverse the decision of that Infinite Chief Justice whose law is the constitution of the universe. Let us suppose an average New England woman at her marriageable age weighs 120 pounds, and a man 140 pounds. Suppose two idle lovers of this bulk have so lived that ten per cent of their bodies is thus effete, — dead, but not buried. When they stand up and join hands in wedlock, there is a marriage of 234 pounds of live man and woman, and also of 26 pounds of male and female corpse! We know a family where one mother bore fourteen children, — none of them died under 75 years of age. A woman who bears, breeds, and brings up a dozen, or half that number, of healthy, hardy, and long-lived sons and daughters, so far as that goes, is a mother worth being proud of. Had such a generation of women as now fill up our great towns lived in New England a hundred years ago, the Revolution would have been impossible. Puny women may become dry nurses to a coward, not mothers to great, brave, burly-bodied men. If we look into the church registers of the country towns for the last one hundred and fifty years, we find from eight to twelve births to a marriage. The children grew up, the parents did not think "a large family is a great curse"! We know a man whose six male ancestors, now sleeping in New England soil, will average about seventy-seven years; while the six female come up to about eighty. The first and the last of these women each bore her eleven children, — one of them had but seven, and she became a widow at forty, — and one had fourteen.

In Boston, this year, 5,800 will be born; of these more than 1,000 will die before the 1st of January, 1859. Part of this monstrous mortality will come from bad management, bad air, bad food, — from poverty; — want still prowls about the cradle and clutches at the baby's throat, — this ugly hyena of civilization; — but much of it also from the lack of vitality in the mother. Yet more of it, from the bad habits of men, debauched by intemperance of various kinds, visiting the

iniquity of the father upon the children, to the third and fourth generation!

It is rather a puny set of men who grow up in our great towns, — spindle-legged, ("without visible means of support,") — ashamed of their bodies (not wholly without reason), yet pampering them with luxuries. We have left off manly games, to our hurt; but it was refreshing to see men and women rejoice in skates last winter. The members of engine companies are the only men who can go faster than a walk; but for the frequent fires we fear running would become one of the "Lost Arts." Military trainings are getting out of fashion, for war is deservedly hateful; and the intemperance which has always been the attendant, if not of military, at least of militia glory, has made the public a little fearful of that common sort of manly pastime. Our few soldiers have fine uniforms, they march well, — on a smooth road, a mile at a time, — and perform their evolutions with the precision of clock-work; — such regular uniformity we have never seen in the armies of France, Austria, or Prussia, or even England. But the city soldiers lack bodily power. In the time of Shays's rebellion, in the winter of 1786–7, a company of Boston light infantry had twelve hours' notice that they must march to Springfield. They started at daylight next morning, — there were about ninety in rank and file. We had the story from one of them, a young carpenter then, — an old merchant when he told the tale. Each man had his weapons, his blanket, and three days' provision on his back. By the road-side they ate their rough, cold dinner at Framingham, twenty-six miles off; they slept at Worcester, eighteen miles further on. The next day it stormed, and through snow eight inches deep they marched forty-six miles more. They stopped their music — only a fife and drum — ten miles from their journey's end, and when at eight o'clock in the evening they wheeled into Springfield, the solid tread of the men was the first tidings the insurgents got that the troops had left Boston! If the "Tigers" of 1858 were to march ninety miles in two days, there would be nothing left of them — but a bear-skin!

3. Drunkenness is still a monstrous evil. Of the 25,000 persons aided by public municipal charity last year, 15,000

were brought to poverty by drunkenness; of the 13,000 more in the jails, 8,000 were "addicted to habitual intemperance"; 23,000 victims in almshouses or jails. Mother of want, ignorance, and crime, drunkenness is also mother of the madman and the fool. She has her head-quarters in Boston, where 2,200 dram-shops are on tap all the year! 10,000 men arrested for drunkenness! Shall we wonder that babies die,— 1,000 in their first year? Drunkenness is a male vice; but the cruellest sufferings thereof come on the unoffending mother, daughter, sister, wife!*

One other vice, the crime against woman, leaves its ghastly stain in all our great towns. This will not end till there is a revolution in the popular idea of woman. Then it will pass off, as other vices yet more monstrous and unnatural have vanished away before the rising sun of knowledge which bears healing on its wings.

The evils we have mentioned — crime, drunkenness, prostitution, such poverty in the midst of such wealth — show clearly enough how ill the social forces of the people are organized as yet. Natural rights are only to be had on condition man performs his natural duties. In America we have organized the State for political purposes better than the community for the social development of the individual. But take Massachusetts as she is, much has been done to overcome our three great enemies, — want, ignorance, oppression. Much more is now doing for the higher development of the noblest faculties of man. How much yet remains to be done! It is safe to say there are means now within the reach of this State, whereby in a few generations the average age of the people might be doubled, and one man then live as long as two live now. If a man sow death, he reaps it; if life, of such also is the harvest. We can abolish drunkenness, — not all at once, not by violence, but by the gradual elevation of the people. Then what an increase there will be of plenty, knowledge, cleanliness, and peace. How much will crime be diminished and life lengthened out in beauty!

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* See some most important remarks on the effects of intoxicating liquors in Drs. Bucknill and Tuke's Manual of Psychological Medicine, (London, 1858,) pp. 44, 366, *et al.*

In common with all mankind, we have made one great mistake: we have thought education was to be mainly of the intellect, understanding, imagination, reason. So we omit the moral and affectional faculties, — the power to know right and to do right, — the power to love a few, many, or all men. We cultivate the religious powers more poorly than any other, — tying a man down with a theology which debases his nature, makes him a coward and a slave. This great river of God runs to waste. One day we shall correct all this. Great ideas of science, justice, and love shall be the creed of a people who know and love the Infinite Father of all mankind. Already we have a church without a bishop, a state without a king, a community without a lord, a family with no holder of slaves. One day we shall have also a community without idleness, want, ignorance, drunkenness, prostitution, or crime, wherein all men and women who are by nature fit shall be naturally wed, children be born according to nature, grow up healthy, and die manly of old age. What is not behind us is before, and the future will be brighter than the past.

Art. III. — THE COMPOSITION OF THE APOCALYPSE.

1. *Commentarius in Apocalypsin Johannis Exegeticus et Criticus.* Auctore Georgio Henrico Augusto Ewald. Lipsiæ. 1828.
2. *Versuch einer vollständigen Einleitung in die Offenbarung des Johannis oder Allgemeine Untersuchungen über die apokalyptische Litteratur überhaupt und die Apokalypse des Johannis insbesondere.* Von Dr. Friedrich Lücke. Bonn. 1852.
3. *Kurze Erklärung der Offenbarung Johannis.* Von Dr. W. M. L. de Wette. Leipzig. 1848.

Our aim in what follows is not to add another to the many interpretations of the allegory which closes the canon of the New Testament, nor yet to discuss those already propounded, but to offer some suggestions illustrative of the psychological and rhetorical principles which lie at the foundation of that remarkable composition.

Every system of religion, philosophy, or politics describes itself to its disciples by its aspirations. In the projected Western city, — projected into forests and swamps, — no detail is omitted on the map for complete effect. All the streets cross each other at right angles; they are all broad avenues overshadowed with trees, *full-grown;* there are schools, theatres, and temples at every corner, grottos and groves and fountains in every square, and all the advantages and amenities of an ancient city. The descriptive advertisements are after the style of the New Jerusalem. A friend sent us the other day a Report of a Western railroad, containing a map of lands for sale. He had never seen them; but in a fertile and pleasant section he had drawn with a colored pencil a circle, and at the foot of the page, in striking and brilliant capitals, was written, "*Utopia*"! His plan was Utopian and romantic: there, with a few friends, to found a new society; to cultivate the earth a little, — poetry, life, thought, love, a great deal. This dream came to him while oppressed by poverty and misfortune in one of the most vicious cities of the world; it was his protest and present solace. The imagination constructs a new world in which all our ideals shall be realized, all our aspirations and dreams. We wish at least a perfect idea towards which to tend. The appeal is to a future, near or distant, where every prophet, poet, and reformer may find refuge. We eke out the mean present with the golden future. The form which this idea takes is poetical, and requires the license of the poet's art. History conceals in itself intimations of a more perfect order, of a more perfect state. The prophet gathers up these fragments, — these precious stones built into the mud-walls of the world, — and, combining them with his own wonderful visions, produces the Millennium, the Saturnian or Golden Age, the Model Republic, Utopia, the New Atlantis, the New Jerusalem. All activity is prospective, and prophetic of some such goal. The bamboo blossoms, and then dies. The scholar, the soldier, the sailor, the merchant, all anticipate ease, honor, and content. Each cherishes in his heart some private New Jerusalem.

But while there is anything to know or to do, while the truth which we see is unaccepted, while falsity and injustice

are still sovereign, we are restless and unsatisfied. An artist described this state to us one summer evening by the sea, — that symbol of unrest. He said: "I would rest. I would be as composed, as serene, as are now the skies and the silent earth. I would be as patient, as confident as Lyra, waiting above there thirteen thousand years to become the Pole Star. But I am uneasy until what wants doing gets itself done. I rest when I find something greatly and perfectly done in art, or poetry, or society, and am satisfied. This feeling it is which pervades me on a perfect June or October day, and takes away all activity. And with Nature alone do I feel content. There is, indeed, something like it before a faultless statue or temple. While I retain this joy and satisfaction, I come into the presence of the imperfect and chaotic with dread and excitement. My heart prophesies what forms of beauty underlie marble and language and all the elements; and the right hand longs to exercise its cunning. Materials, plastic and inviting, lie ready for the creative word. I know how sweet is repose, and the golden age of man; but I must perfect my life and my art before I dare to rest. I stand receptive before Nature and my masters; but I am inflamed and tormented when I come into the wide, unconquered realms where my companions are, — some listless, some in despair, some self-satisfied. Although I see that some things are impracticable now, I cannot flatter false institutions by thinking them permanent, but, looking steadily to the end, must say, these are temporary, and to be hated and supplanted." He paused; the surf, rising a little higher than usual, obliterated all our footprints in the sand. We stepped on, making fresh ones. "The waves are restless, — every moment they are taking new shapes. I would not fix even the most beautiful forms of the curling spray, for thus I prevent the possibility of still more beautiful. The mountains seem composed. Would any one suppose they were once waves, and moved and flowed? Time has made them rigid and still. Only the clouds and the sun give them a kind of apparent motion. But the ocean is the emblem of man's heart."

Thus he spoke, expressing as nearly as might be his

thought, but conscious that he had not quite expressed it. The thought is nearly related to that which seems to be the essence of prophecy and of John's vision, — dissatisfaction with the present, and aspiration after perfection and rest. There are some things which lie too deep for literal speech, and drive us to take refuge in symbol, or in some private cipher. The greater the conception, the more incomplete is always the execution. So much is opened, so much is left unsaid and undone, so much is left to the imagination, so much to presumed affinity with the creating spirit. The blunder men make in interpretation is that they do not read in the same spirit which created, but in another. To explain in detail the Apocalypse is now an easy matter. To explain its rhetoric, its æsthetic, is simple. If one wishes to understand its allusions and figures, the helps are abundant in every commentary. These things we shall not attempt, but presuppose. The true interpreter is he who masters his materials, and then, advancing beyond them, adds, if he may be so happy, something of his own. His own nature, if he be a thorough and sympathetic student, will furnish its proper addition to every subject. To understand the Apocalypse, we must get at that which underlies the Apocalypse, — that which if we could reach would rewrite it. It is impossible to understand a symbol without the help of another. This is what our artist felt when he attempted to explain that condition of the soul which precedes and follows the embodiment and realization of an ideal. There must rise in the mind some corresponding image. Plotinus said: "The eye that is not solar cannot see the sun." We must strive for the same, or some kindred perception. Complete culture would enable us to rise through all the spheres of vision, until every obscurity successively vanishes. We ought not to expect poetry to be translated into our vernacular. And the Apocalypse is a symbolical epopee, often grotesque and fantastic, and there is no guide but an appreciation of the vision which possessed the soul of the Prophet. It does not end in the Christian Church, in the Catholic, in plagues, wars, and famine, in ancient or modern events. History, with its iron pen, might record these without a flourish. The child

understands it best whose imagination is inflamed by its strange images, and dreams of them at night, and sees them always in the sky. Already they have a meaning to him, and slowly, unless his impressions be interfered with, he will grow into a full perception of their significance. It may seem fantastic, but we know a person now in the prime of years and wisdom, who, when a child, hurried through and often neglected his school lessons in order to steal time to read in the Book of Revelation. The Book is for such. It is not for all. Why attempt to popularize it? Why not admit that the spirit which produced it alone can rightly comprehend it? Leave Paul his doctrines and John his visions. Until we can distinguish a symbol from a syllogism, we had better stick to Paul. Let no one imagine that, because the book is in the Bible, he must read it, and believe it somehow; that he must find doctrine and religion and Jesus Christ in it. The ancient Hebrews had sense enough to put history, stories, mythology, and exotics into their Bible. Although a more frigid taste controlled the selection of the new Scriptures, this last burst of the old Hebrew Muse did somehow find its way into it, and forms the fitting close to that magnificent anthology of wisdom and eloquence, — the Bible. But, differing as it does in style, character, and design from the rest of the New Testament, it is to be read differently. He would come to it best prepared who should carefully read the older and the later prophets, who should become familiar with their vaticinations of a golden age of the Messianic world, with Jerusalem for its metropolis, and, omitting most of the New Testament, pass directly to this book. Here that which had been hinted at and sketched in outline is filled up and completed. Ancient and scattered materials are collected, and unity and form imparted to them. A new value and meaning has been given to them by the new religion, and the poet, experiencing an impulse thereto in his heart, has, like Shakespeare and Goethe, reclothed an old story and put into it the sentiment of his time and sect. He has taken such liberty as one may with an old story; and art delights to work on old subjects where the imagination is unfettered, — delights to work in that dim region whose vague objects,

arousing the inward vision, disenthral the outward sense. Luther rejected the Apocalypse because he could not find Jesus Christ in it. That being the absorbing idea in his own mind, he looked to see it conspicuously and dogmatically asserted throughout the Bible. He could not see the idea of Jesus and of all the prophets, completed and realized under this symbolism. Luther had not the accommodating, susceptible spirit of Swedenborg. Swedenborg's Commentaries have this value, that they connect every fact with another fact, explain every symbol by another symbol, and give to the most literal, prosaic statements a spiritual significance. "When one is in a spiritual state, nothing is mentioned by name which does not signify some thing or state." "The Isle of Patmos signifies a state and place in which John could be illuminated." This is a doctrine by which all mysteries can be rewritten. Whatever is in the mind, it shall be the formula for all that is external. But it is an arbitrary system, and dangerous when it attempts to guide others. For when a man translates one symbol by another, you must use a third to reach his. You are as far as ever from the original. The symbol must be one's own. The imagination is the most private and individual of the faculties, and is not a safe guide or example for others. It works by suggestion, by impulse, by impression, by the most subtle and rapid flights of the mind; it depends upon temperament, habit, and education. It is a necessity with some natures to connect every idea with a symbol. So poets and artists seek nature, science, facts, history, myths, out of which to construct a body for their thought. Never does a man feel himself so far removed from others, as when the imagination is in exercise. He inhabits another world. Material things figure in his brain as the servants of thought, and he feels an exhilarating sense of freedom and superiority. The true sovereignty of man consists in the exercise of the imagination. The cultivation of this faculty is the nearest way to the right understanding of the Apocalypse. We need that fluent spirit which easily flows into every situation and feeling; which can feel its kindred with men and with nature, and transfer itself to remote times and places; — not a vacant

mind, but intensely sympathetic; — a mind not occupied overmuch with preconceptions and speculations, or the cares and concerns of life; but free, childlike, susceptible, following the movements of another mind as water follows the indentations of the shore.

If these conditions are too exclusive, it must be so. Yet we are not thereby excluded from saving truth. We shall, in the circle of our experiences, become identified with all that it is needful for us to know. The variety of the Bible corresponds to the variety of thought and feeling among men. There is something for every taste, — universal types of character and faith. He who writes himself "Cosmopolite," will some time perhaps reach in his wanderings the Isle of Patmos. He will see John, an old man, an exile, wandering in ecstasy along the sands of the shore. The ocean, with its ebb and flow, with its storm and calm, is the emblem of his soul. He is dreaming of the destruction of those powers whose victim he was, whose victims were all Christians, and of the establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth speedily. From that barren islet, from those rugged shores, across the Ægean, looms the New Jerusalem, with walls of emerald, topaz, jacinth, and amethyst. He sees his own part, his own work therein. These narrow, lonely shores, are not long to confine him. "And he said unto me, Thou must prophesy again before many peoples and nations and tongues and kings." Thus he saw, and thus he wrote; and into this drama he put his fears, his hopes, his griefs, and in many dark hours its composition brought him a little solace and repose.

If some able composer should undertake it, he would find it easily translatable into music; and perhaps its best interpreter would be an oratorio. The text of the oratorio is generally dramatic, and here the form is already such. And if ever the divine drama should gain admittance to our theatres again,* this, of right, would be the first selection, and would make as astonishing a spectacle as any of the fairies, goblins, monsters, and hippogriffs which in times past have ruled the stage. Some of its scenes would be terrific enough to delight the intensity of the pit.

* As in the Miracle Plays.

Whoever was the author of the Apocalypse, he was a thorough Hebrew, familiar with his native history and literature, deeply read in the prophets, of whom he is an imitator, full of the national ideas and expectations. He designed to paint a future splendid enough to content the Christians in their present sufferings and despair.

He who, cut off from his friends, his work, and his pleasures, sees himself and his cause hated and persecuted, and feels in the midst of his nameless sadness the stirrings of hope, and the certainty of final triumph, has the key to this writing. And when, throwing his activities into the sphere of art, he translates his experience, by the help of imagination, into romance, poetry, and allegory, as Dante, John, and Bunyan have done, the symbols will be found to be of universal import.

Jesus prefigures a perfected humanity; the New Jerusalem is a vision of its accomplishment, with new heavens and new earth for its abode, and must for ever stand as the poetical statement of the aspirations of Christianity.

Art. IV. — CURTIS'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers. By George Ticknor Curtis. In two volumes. Volume II. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 653.

On the publication of the first volume of this work, we took occasion to speak of its merits as a contribution to our historical literature, and bore willing testimony to the thoroughness of the author's researches, and the clearness and vigor of his style.* In these respects his second volume justifies the favorable opinion we then expressed; and with this acknowledgment we return to a discussion which has been interrupted longer than we anticipated. In our remarks on the

* Christian Examiner, Number CLXXXVII., Article V.

first volume, we entered at length upon an examination of some of the principal circumstances which prepared the way for the formation of the Constitution and rendered possible the fusion of the thirteen separate Colonies into one nationality. We design now, in connection with some remarks on the volume before us, to show what were the formative processes through which this result was attained,—by what concessions and compromises the various conflicting interests, theories, and predilections were adjusted, and a permanent government substituted for a temporary league. Before proceeding to deal with these questions, we desire to recur for a moment to a few of the facts which have already been considered, in order that our readers may carry along with them in the further discussion of this subject a clear impression of the actual condition of the country at the meeting of the Convention of 1787.

The Congress which adopted the Declaration of Independence, and carried on the war with the mother country, was a body of very extensive but ill-defined powers. In theory it might seem to possess — as it certainly needed — all the powers of a national government. The authority of Great Britain had been everywhere suppressed, and Congress had assembled before the organization of the State governments was effected. But in practice, it was soon found that these powers could not be exercised successfully, for want of the necessary machinery for acting directly upon the people. Under the Confederation this defect became still more apparent. By the Articles of Confederation, which were adopted by Congress in November, 1777, but not finally ratified by all the States until March, 1781, the powers of Congress were more accurately defined; and though these powers were in some respects sufficiently ample, they were accompanied by reservations and qualifications which greatly hindered their efficient use. The result was that the Confederation proved to be inadequate to the wants of the country, both during the war and in the first years of the peace. It was neither respected at home nor feared abroad; and with each succeeding year, and each new trial of its strength, its deficiencies were more widely acknowledged. Its failure had been fore-

seen by our wisest statesmen, though few were prepared to recommend a better system. But as early as 1780, Hamilton, then a young man of twenty-three, with a marvellous aptitude for political discussion, had pointed out the defects of the existing system, and sketched the plan of a general government in which we may trace the first germ of the Constitution. With his keen and rapid insight into the true principles of representative government, he saw at once the nature of the difficulties under which the country was languishing, and the remedy; and from that time he labored to impress his views upon those having the direction of public affairs. He was so far successful in this endeavor, that the Convention held at Annapolis in September, 1786, of which he was a member, determined to recommend a general Convention of delegates from all the States. They accordingly proposed a Convention at Philadelphia, "to devise such further provisions as might appear to be necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union."

When this Convention met, in the following spring, the Revolutionary Congress and the Confederation had both had a fair trial, and both had failed to meet the real wants of the country. In the lapse of time all the inherent defects of a mere federal compact had become apparent. From the neglect of the States to comply with the requisitions of Congress, and the want of authority in that body to enforce its own measures, the finances had fallen into hopeless confusion. By reason of the restrictions imposed upon Congress by the sixth section of the ninth Article of Confederation, and the lax attendance of its members, it had often been in the power of a very small minority to defeat the most important and salutary measures. For want of a national judiciary it had been found impossible to carry out the stipulations of the treaty of peace with Great Britain. From the silence of the Articles of Confederation on the subject, it was inferred that Congress had no right to aid the State governments in putting down domestic outbreaks; and consequently, in her hour of peril, Massachusetts had received no assistance in quelling the insurrection of Shays. For want of authority to regulate trade and com-

merce, it had been found impossible to introduce a uniform system of import duties, and to meet the hostile legislation of other countries by corresponding restrictions in our own ports. For want of sufficient and accurately defined powers, great difficulties had been experienced in legislating for the North-western Territory; and the questions connected with this momentous subject were pressing for immediate solution. That some remedy for these evils and defects must be speedily found, was almost universally acknowledged. But as to the nature of this remedy there was great difference of opinion. On the one hand, it was contended that all needed reforms could be engrafted upon the Confederation without a radical change of system, — that it was only necessary to enlarge the powers of Congress in order to give to that body all the efficiency that was desirable. On the other hand, it was maintained that this whole system was wrong in theory, and inadequate to the wants of the country, — that the Confederation must be dissolved, and a new government must be established, "consisting of a supreme legislative, executive, and judiciary," dealing directly with the whole people.

These two opinions and theories were brought into contact in the Convention from the first, and continued to influence the votes of members throughout its whole proceedings. In arranging the details designed to embody these theories, there were also great differences of opinion, as we shall have occasion to notice; and it was only by successive concessions and compromises, that a final concurrence of the great majority of the Convention in favor of the second plan was obtained. The general features of this plan were embodied in a series of resolutions introduced by Edmund Randolph of Virginia, on the 29th of May, immediately after the organization of the Convention and the adoption of its standing rules. "The character of such a government," he declared, "ought to secure, first, against foreign invasion; secondly, against dissensions between members of the Union, or seditions in particular States; thirdly, to procure to the several States various blessings, of which an isolated situation was incapable; fourthly, it should be able to defend itself against encroachment; and fifthly, to be paramount to the State Constitutions." In ac-

cordance with these views, his resolutions provided for a national Legislature consisting of two branches, — the members of which were to be proportioned either according to the quota of contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants; for a national Executive and a Council of Revision to examine every act of the Legislature before it should become law; for a national Judiciary consisting of one or more supreme tribunals and of inferior courts; for the admission of new States; and for the ratification of the proposed changes by the people of the several States. These resolutions were at once referred to a committee of the whole house; and on the same day, another plan of a Federal Constitution was presented by Mr. Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, and also referred to the committee of the whole. Mr. Pinckney's plan provided for a similar distribution of powers in the new government, and that all constitutional acts of the Legislature, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States, should be "the supreme law of the land." But we are not aware that any authentic copy of this plan is in existence, — the copy in the Madison Papers being confessedly defective. These two plans gave direction to the earliest discussions in the Convention, and indeed formed the basis of the system ultimately adopted.

In these discussions many members participated, but Madison, Randolph, Wilson, Gouverneur Morris, Gerry, and Dr. Franklin took the largest share; and it was not until the 13th of June that the committee reported. Their report covered nineteen resolutions, which had been separately adopted, and in several instances only after the most strenuous opposition by the minority. These resolutions declared that a national government ought to be established, consisting of three departments, executive, legislative, and judicial; that the national legislature ought to consist of two branches; that the members of the first branch ought to be chosen by the people of the several States, and the members of the second branch by the individual Legislatures; that the right of suffrage in both branches ought to be "in proportion to the whole number of white and other free citizens and inhabitants, of every age, sex, and condition, including those bound to servitude

for a term of years, and three fifths of all other persons, not comprehended in the foregoing description, except Indians not paying taxes, in each State"; — in other words, that the right of each State to an equal vote in Congress, which had been the rule in the Revolutionary Congress and under the Confederation, ought to give place to a more equitable system; that the Executive ought to consist of a single person, who should hold office for seven years, and be ineligible for a second term; that the Judiciary ought to consist of one supreme tribunal, and of such inferior tribunals as the Legislature should appoint; that provision ought to be made for the admission of new States; that "a republican constitution, and its existing laws, ought to be guaranteed to each State, by the United States"; and that certain other specified provisions ought to be adopted. The whole system was opposed by several of the members, who both doubted the expediency of adopting such a system, and denied the power of the Convention to propose a change in the principle of the existing government. But the point to which the greatest exception was taken was that involving the right of suffrage. The rule adopted in the organization of the first Congress had been the result of necessity; but no considerations of justice or propriety demanded the continuance of the system. Yet the representatives of the smaller States stoutly resisted any change, alleging that a proportional representation struck at the existence of the lesser States, which would have everything to fear from the ambition of their more populous neighbors, unless they were protected from it by an equality of votes in the Legislature. At a very early stage in the discussions, Mr. Read of Delaware intimated that the delegates from that State "were restrained by their commission from assenting to any change of the rule of suffrage, and in case such a change should be fixed on, it might become their duty to retire from the Convention." At a later period Mr. Patterson of New Jersey declared that his State would "never confederate upon the plan before the committee. She would be swallowed up. He had rather submit to a monster, to a despot, than to such a fate. He would not only oppose the plan here, but on his return home do everything in his power to defeat it there."

Before the report of the committee was taken into consideration, the delegates of the smaller States held a meeting and agreed upon a plan for the revision of the Articles of Confederation in accordance with the views of the minority. This plan was presented to the Convention by Mr. Patterson, and was commonly designated as the New Jersey plan, in order to distinguish it from the Virginia plan, as Mr. Randolph's resolutions were called. It proposed to grant certain additional powers to Congress without changing its organization; to authorize the election of a Federal Executive to be chosen by Congress; to establish a Federal Judiciary to try certain cases; to provide that all acts of Congress authorized by the Articles of Confederation and the amendments thereto, and all treaties made and ratified under the authority of the United States, should be the supreme law of the respective States; to provide for the admission of new States; to establish a uniform rule of naturalization; and to provide for the punishment of offences committed by a citizen of one State within the territory of another State. In presenting this scheme Mr. Patterson very skilfully contrasted the two plans thus brought before the Convention, pointing out with equal ability the defects in the Virginia plan and the advantages to be anticipated from the adoption of his own resolutions. "He argued with much acuteness," as Mr. Curtis observes, "that there was either a present confederacy of the States, or there was not; that if there was, it was one founded on the equal sovereignties of the States, and that it could be changed only by the consent of all; that, as some of the States would not consent to the changes proposed, it was necessary to adhere to the system of representation by States; and that a system of representation of the people of the States was inconsistent with the preservation of the State sovereignties."* The answer to this objection was obvious, and was very forcibly presented by Wilson, Hamilton, and Madison. The Convention, as the majority readily admitted, could not adopt any system which should be binding on the States, without their consent or the consent of the people; but it

* Vol. II. pp. 93, 94.

was certainly "at liberty to propose anything," and in the perilous condition of the country it was the duty of the Convention to propose such a system as might seem to be best suited to the exigencies of the Union, and recommend its adoption. To these considerations Mr. Madison added some remarks on the various infractions of the Articles of Confederation which might be supposed to release the States from further continuance in the Union, and the effect, on the smaller States, of its dissolution.

In the previous discussions Hamilton had taken no active share; "partly," as he intimated, "from respect to others whose superior abilities, age, and experience rendered him unwilling to bring forward ideas dissimilar to theirs; and partly from his delicate situation with respect to his own State, to whose sentiments, as expressed by his colleagues, he could by no means accede." He now came forward, however, to express his well-considered views on the whole subject before the Convention. In a speech which occupied the whole of the session of the 18th of June he stated his objections to the two plans already submitted, laid down the great and essential principles necessary for the support of government, and read the outline of a plan which he thought preferable to the Virginia plan, intimating, however, that he should probably propose some amendments to the latter instead of offering his own scheme. According to this plan the Executive and the Senate were to hold their offices during good behavior; the State Executives were to be appointed by the General Government; and the National and State Executives were to possess an unrestricted veto power. The speech was evidently a very elaborate and carefully prepared production; but unfortunately no full and accurate report of it is extant. It is principally upon the brief and imperfect notes which alone remain that Hamilton's enemies have based the well-known charge that he sought to establish a monarchy, and that his opinions and aims were alike hostile to republican institutions. This charge has been often brought forward by political partisans, and is reiterated by Mr. Randall in his recent Life of Jefferson. Yet it is without any solid foundation in fact, and is only supported by a distortion of the

language of a meagre report, unsustained by anything under his own hand. In theory Hamilton undoubtedly thought the English Constitution the best system of government which the wit or wisdom of man had devised. But when he expressed this opinion he was exhibiting the defects of the two plans then before the Convention, both of which differed in several important particulars from the system afterwards adopted; and he explicitly declared that a republican form of government was alone practicable in this country. The whole subject of Hamilton's alleged monarchical tendencies and designs is discussed with great ability by Mr. Curtis, in the text of his History and in an elaborate note. After remarking that he has collated Mr. Madison's report, "sentence by sentence, with the report in Judge Yates's Minutes, and with Hamilton's own brief," he gives the result of this comparison of all the known authorities: — "1. That Hamilton, in stating his views of the theoretical value of different systems of government, frankly expressed the opinion that the British Constitution was the best form which the world had then produced; — citing the praise bestowed upon it by Necker, that it is the only government 'which unites public strength with individual security.' 2. That, with equal clearness, he stated it as his opinion, that none but a republican form could be attempted in this country, or would be adapted to our situation. 3. That he proposed to look to the British Constitution for nothing but those elements of stability and permanency which a republican system requires, and which may be incorporated into it without changing its characteristic principles." * We fully concur with our author in maintaining that it is unjust to impute to Hamilton "any other than a sincere desire for the establishment and success of republican government." † To the establishment of a strong government upon a republican basis all his efforts were directed; and to him, as much as to any other man, are we indebted for the success of the experiment.

Hitherto the principal difficulty in the minds of many of the members had been that which regarded the right of suf-

* Vol. II. p. 113. † Vol. II. p. 114.

frage in the new Legislature, — whether the States should have an equal vote, or whether it should be "according to some equitable ratio of representation." But the moment the debates turned from general principles to questions of detail, new and formidable difficulties arose on every side. We have now to consider what were these difficulties, and by what compromises and concessions the differences of opinion which existed on almost every point were accommodated. It should be observed, however, that the Convention had adopted at one of its earliest sessions a rule which greatly facilitated the arrangement of difficult questions, and prepared the way for most of the subsequent compromises. On the 29th of May a rule was adopted, at the suggestion of Mr. Spaight of North Carolina, allowing a reconsideration of all questions to be moved at any stage in the discussions, upon one day's previous notice. The wisdom of this rule was repeatedly manifest during the debates; and under its operation the Convention was enabled to modify, and frequently to reverse, decisions already reached on matters of detail, and to bring all the parts of the new Constitution into harmony with each other. After a brief discussion, the Convention postponed the further consideration of Mr. Patterson's plan, and took up the report of the committee of the whole upon the Virginia plan. The debate lasted from the 19th of June until the 26th of July, and the resolutions reported by the committee were very fully and carefully examined. The result of this discussion was the introduction of some important changes in the plan, as originally drawn up by Mr. Randolph and as subsequently modified in the committee of the whole. Of these changes the most important in theory, and in the practical effects which were likely to follow its adoption, had reference to the manner in which the two branches of the Legislature should be constituted, and to the right of suffrage in them. The resolutions of the committee had provided that each branch should have the right of originating acts, and that the basis of representation in each should be the same. The only differences which they proposed to make between the two branches respected the manner of election, the tenure of office, and the age at which the

members of the second branch should be eligible. The members of the first branch, according to the plan reported, were to be chosen by the people of the several States for the term of three years. The members of the second branch were to be chosen by the State Legislatures for the term of seven years; and it was further provided that they should be at least thirty years of age. To this plan there were some real and weighty objections, in the fact that the difference in the constitution of the two branches was not sufficient to make one an effectual check upon the other. The need of some such difference was sufficiently obvious; but it was by no means clear how this difference could be established. It could not be founded upon differences of rank, because no such differences existed in the United States. Nor would it have been either desirable or practicable to have made the wealth of the several States a basis on which to found a right of representation, since slavery existed to a much greater extent in some of the States than it did in others, and this circumstance would have been a fruitful source of discord. Added to this difficulty, which would probably have proved insuperable, it would have been a matter requiring much time, and the most careful comparison, to fix upon any common standard as the measure of wealth in the different States; and in consequence of the unequal growth of the different sections of the country, a new valuation must have been made at least as often as each new census was taken. There was, indeed, one other way in which an essential difference between the two branches could be established; but that opened anew the question of the right of suffrage. If for any purpose each State was to be considered in its corporate capacity as entitled to an equal weight in the government, then the second branch might with propriety be regarded as representing the individual States, and each State would be entitled to an equal voice. The first branch, on the other hand, would represent the people divided into constituencies of nearly equal size, and each constituency would be entitled to an equal voice. By such a plan, a real distinction would be established between the two branches, and the strongest argument against the creation of two legislative bodies would be practically answered.

This plan was strongly supported by the delegates from the smaller States, and by all the members who were opposed to what was called the "national" system; and it was as stoutly resisted by the delegates from the larger States, and by the advocates of a "national" government. The debate lasted only a part of two days, but it was conducted with great earnestness and in an unyielding temper. On the division, five States voted in favor of an equal representation; five voted against it; and the delegation of one State was divided.* For a moment it seemed probable that the attempt to form a government must be given up, and the Convention be dissolved without accomplishing any part of its design. But this evil was happily averted by the adoption of a motion proposed by General Pinckney of South Carolina, for a committee of one member from each State to devise and report a compromise. This committee reported at the next session two propositions, which they desired should be considered as a whole. According to the first proposition, each State was to be allowed one representative in the first branch for every forty thousand inhabitants, and this branch was to possess the exclusive right of originating all money-bills, none of which should be altered or amended in the second branch. According to the second proposition, each State was to have an equal vote in the second branch. The acceptance of the report was resisted by Madison, Gouverneur Morris, and others; and finally the first part was referred to a new committee, to determine the exact number of members which each State should be allowed in the first branch. The debate was then resumed, and the members from the larger States, with much uniformity of opinion, maintained that the clause relating to money-bills was not a concession on the part of the smaller States, and that it was not in fact desirable that either branch of the legislature should possess the exclusive right of originating such bills. The debate was protracted over more than a week, and involved, in

* The States which voted *aye* were Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Those which voted *no*, were Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The vote of Georgia was equally divided; and the delegates from New Hampshire had not arrived. Rhode Island was not represented in the Convention.

addition to the general question of an equal or a proportional representation, some other topics of much importance, which were now prominently brought forward for the first time. Finally, after receiving some amendments, the plan of a proportional representation in the first branch, with the exclusive right of originating money-bills and a proviso that representation ought always to be proportioned to direct taxation, and of an equal representation in the second branch, was adopted by a vote of five States to four, — Massachusetts being divided, and the delegates from New York having returned home.* Such was the origin of the first great compromise of the Constitution; and such in brief is the history of the successive steps by which it was effected. The other changes and additions made by the Convention need not detain us here, since they will properly be discussed at a later stage in these remarks. On the 26th of July, the resolutions adopted by the Convention, to the number of twenty-three, and the propositions offered by Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Patterson, were referred to a committee of detail, consisting of Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, Ellsworth, and Wilson, to draft a Constitution conformable to the resolutions. The Convention then adjourned until the 6th of August.

On that day the committee reported the draft of a Constitution, in twenty-three articles, embodying the features which had already received the sanction of a majority of the Convention, and adding some new provisions designed to perfect the instrument and make it more generally acceptable. The Convention at once entered upon a careful examination of the proposed draft in all its particulars; and so protracted was the discussion, and so great the difference of opinion on many points, that it was not until the 8th of September that a final decision was reached in regard to all the provisions reported by the committee. The debates were often marked by great warmth; and more than once it seemed well-nigh impossible to settle upon any course in which the different parties would concur. More than once, indeed, failure seemed inevitable;

* Yates and Lansing had withdrawn from the Convention, in consequence of the adoption of the principle of popular representation. Hamilton was absent on private business.

and nothing but a settled conviction in the minds of a great majority of the members, that their adjournment without the adoption of some system would certainly produce a disruption of the existing Union, could have brought about an agreement. To these important debates, and to an examination of the various compromises by which the discordant views of different members were at length harmonized, Mr. Curtis has devoted about half of the volume before us. We would gladly follow him through these weighty chapters; but we can now only indicate a few of the points which were most warmly discussed in the Convention, and upon which he bestows most attention.

The first subject on which any marked difference of opinion was exhibited, was that much vexed question of the constitution of the Legislature. As this question now came before the Convention, it involved several subsidiary questions, which were not without difficulty, and in reference to which members divided upon various grounds. Among the most important of these questions were those relating to the persons who should have a right to vote for members of the popular branch; to the qualifications of the members themselves; to the exclusive control of the House of Representatives over money-bills; to the manner in which the Senators should vote; and to the payment of the members. On some of these points the plan of the committee was adopted; but in regard to others an entirely different system prevailed. After much discussion it was wisely determined to adhere to the plan proposed by the committee in regard to the qualifications of the electors of members of the new House of Representatives; and it was finally voted, without opposition, that "the qualifications of the electors shall be the same, from time to time, as those of the electors in the several States of the most numerous branch of their own legislatures." In regard to the members themselves, the Convention struck out of the proposed plan a clause authorizing the Legislature to establish a uniform property qualification, and extended the term of citizenship from three years to seven years. The exclusive power of the House of Representatives over money-bills was stricken out by a large majority; but subsequently a provision was inserted conferring upon that body the exclusive right of originating bills for raising

a revenue. The debate in regard to the qualifications of Senators reopened some of the questions previously discussed in regard to the qualifications of Representatives. The Convention accordingly extended the period of four years' citizenship, proposed by the committee, to a term of nine years. It sanctioned, however, the number of Senators which the committee proposed to allow to each State, and also adopted the proposed plan by which each Senator was allowed a single vote. The mode of payment was changed from a payment by the several States to a payment from the national treasury.

The next article in the proposed Constitution enumerated the powers granted to the Legislature, and gave rise to a still more animated discussion. The want of power to regulate commerce had been one of the most serious defects in the Articles of Confederation; and it was to the evils arising from the various enactments on the subject by the different States, as much as to any other cause, that the Convention owed its existence. But the interests of the several States were by no means the same, and the report of the committee in favor of granting commercial powers to the new government was warmly attacked from various quarters. No sooner had the first section of this article been taken up, than a motion was made to add to it a clause prohibiting the Legislature from laying any duty upon exports, although such a provision had been inserted in another place. From considerations of expediency, growing out of the great variety of agricultural products raised in the States and the limited space over which each was cultivated, it was undoubtedly judicious to withhold a power the exercise of which must have given rise to ceaseless sectional controversies. But in theory there was no valid reason why Congress should not be intrusted with this power, and on this question issue was taken. Before a vote was reached, the subject was postponed in order to take up some other clauses, most of which were adopted with but little opposition. Five days afterwards the subject again came up in course, when the prohibition was sustained by a vote of seven States to four; and the Convention passed to the next clause, which extended this prohibition to the levying of any tax "on the migration or importation of such persons as the several

States shall think proper to admit," and the passing of any law forbidding "such migration or importation." The effect of these provisions was to place the slave-trade entirely beyond the control of the new government. Accordingly they were strenuously resisted by most of the members who represented States in which few or no slaves were owned; and they were as zealously supported by most of the members from the great slaveholding States, several of whom distinctly and emphatically declared that their States would never assent to the Constitution if it prohibited the importation of slaves.* The difference of opinion became so apparently irreconcilable, that it was at length voted to refer this subject, and the clauses relative to the assessment of a capitation tax and the passage of a navigation act, to a committee consisting of one member from each State, to devise some compromise.

The report of this committee was the basis of what Mr. Curtis denominates "The Grand Compromises of the Constitution respecting Commerce, Exports, and the Slave-Trade." Two days after the subject was committed, they reported in favor of providing that "the migration or importation of such persons as the several States, now existing, shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited prior to the year 1800; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such migration or importation, thea rate not exceeding the average of the duties laid on imtirely"; — that the clause in regard to a capitation tax should was without alteration, and that there should be no restriccommittee in reg of Congress to pass a navigation act. The members of the new Hosideration on the following day, and finally voted, without oppositichers the first part was agreed to electors shall be the same, from tsubstituting "the year 1808" electors in the several States of the d establishing the tax on their own legislatures." In regard to tillars. The second part the Convention struck out of the proposed hird part was likethorizing the Legislature to establish a unifor
fication, and extended the term of citizenship ture having been to seven years. The exclusive power of the Hderation before sentatives over money-bills was stricken out by ke in favor of the ity; but subsequently a provision was inserted of Virginia spoke on that body the exclusive right of originating bi

providing for the executive and judicial departments. Most of these points had reference to the restraints which it might be thought desirable to impose upon Congress and the individual States. Accordingly a new clause was inserted in the proposed draft, prohibiting Congress from passing any *ex post facto* law, and a clause was also added, to the effect that no person in the employment of the United States should accept of any present, emolument, office, or title from any foreign power without the consent of the Legislature. The important provision in regard to the supremacy of the general government was verbally amended to make it still stronger, and then unanimously adopted. The effect of this provision was to render all State laws inoperative which were contrary to the Constitution of the United States, the laws made in pursuance thereof, and the treaties made under the authority of the United States. At a subsequent stage in the proceedings, other restraints were also imposed upon the States. In the Constitution reported by the committee of detail, only four acts were absolutely prohibited to the States. These were the coining of money; the granting of letters of marque and reprisal; the entering into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; and the granting of any title of nobility. To these the Convention added, the emission of bills of credit; the making of anything except gold and silver coin a legal tender in the payment of debts; and the passage of any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; and it also enlarged the list of acts which could only be operative with the consent of Congress.

In regard to the construction of the executive department there was scarcely any question in reference to which some member had not expressed an opinion at variance with that entertained upon the same subject by one or more of his associates; and several of the most important decisions of the Convention had been reversed from time to time. Among the decisions thus reversed were those determining the manner in which the President should be elected, the length of time during which he should hold office, and his eligibility for a second term. It is not necessary for our present purpose to trace the history of the various plans for the settlement of these

questions which were proposed or adopted, nor to consider the reasons which led to their final rejection. It will be sufficient to consider the principal features in the arrangement ultimately adopted, and the grounds upon which this adjustment rested. The whole subject had been thoroughly discussed, but without any satisfactory result, and its consideration was several times postponed in order to take up less difficult questions. At length, on the last day of August, it was referred to a committee of one from each State, together with some other provisions which had not yet been settled. On the 4th of September the committee made a report which presents the germ of the provisions in the Constitution as adopted, although their plan was modified in several respects. There had been a strong opposition to a direct election of the President by the people; but all the plans suggested were marked by serious difficulties. In order to obviate these difficulties, the committee recommended that the election should be vested in electors appointed in such a manner as the State legislatures might direct. If the electors failed to choose a President, he was to be chosen by the Senate; but in order to insure a greater degree of independence in the Executive, the Convention transferred this power of election to the House of Representatives.* After the rejection of numerous amendments, the plan was adopted, with this modification. It did not, however, prove satisfactory in its practical working; and some of its most characteristic features were afterwards changed by the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution. Provision was also made for the choice of a Vice-President, — though no such officer had been recognized in the draft prepared by the committee of detail, — and for the succession to the Presidency in the event of the death, absence, resignation, or inability of the President to discharge the duties of his office. The powers of the President were likewise carefully defined, after much consideration and frequent modifications of the original plan. His term of office was reduced to four years, and the clause rendering him ineligible for a second term was stricken out.

* The reason for this change was a fear that the Senate would exercise an undue influence in the government, if they were to be invested with the power of choosing a President, in addition to their power of rejecting his nominations to office, of ratifying or rejecting all treaties, and of trying all impeachments.

In organizing the Judiciary and defining its powers there were also considerable differences of opinion to be encountered; but the plan of the committee was adopted, with a few amendments designed to extend the jurisdiction of the new courts. It granted, as finally adopted, a full power in law and equity, extending to all cases which might arise under the Constitution, the laws, or the treaties of the United States; to cases affecting foreign states or their subjects; to all maritime questions; to all controversies affecting the United States; to all controversies between different States or the citizens thereof, and between citizens of the same State claiming lands under the grants of different States. And in order to secure the impartiality and independence of the judges of the United States, and to prevent them from ever becoming the victims of partisan rage, the Convention not only provided that they should hold office during good behavior, and that they should receive a stated compensation, which should not be diminished during their continuance in office, but it also provided that they should only be removable by impeachment. An amendment was indeed offered, providing for their removal on application by the Senate and House of Representatives, but it was opposed by Gouverneur Morris, Rutledge, Wilson, and Randolph, and was rejected with great unanimity, — Connecticut alone voting in its favor.

The most important provisions in the remaining articles of the proposed plan were designed to secure to the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States, and full faith to the laws of the States and the records of their various magistrates; to secure the delivery of fugitives from justice; to establish the manner in which new States might be admitted; to guarantee to the several States a republican form of government, and protection against foreign invasion and domestic violence; to prescribe the manner in which amendments to the Constitution might be made, and in which the Constitution should be ratified and the new government organized. These provisions were severally agreed to, with some modifications and additions which did not materially affect the original plan. Of the additions, the most important was the clause providing for the surrender of

fugitives from service, which was added to the clause for the surrender of fugitives from justice.

Having thus completed its examination of the proposed draft, the Convention on the 8th of September referred the amended plan to a committee of revision, consisting of Dr. Johnson, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Madison, and Rufus King. On the 12th, this committee reported the Constitution in a new draft, reducing the twenty-three articles of the original draft to seven, and making some changes in the arrangement of the several parts. The Constitution was then read article by article, and after receiving some verbal and other slight amendments, it was finally adopted by a unanimous vote of the States, on Monday, the 17th of September, and was signed by most of the members. Among those who did not sign it, and who held themselves at liberty to oppose its ratification, were Elbridge Gerry, Luther Martin, Edmund Randolph, George Mason, and George Wythe, some of whom subsequently opposed its adoption with great energy and ability.*

Mr. Curtis has devoted his last Book, covering a little more than a hundred pages, to an account of the adoption of the Constitution. The struggle between the friends of a strong government and the advocates of a mere revision of the Articles of Confederation, which had been so long waged in the Convention, was now renewed in the State Conventions, and through the public press. In this new contest Hamilton was the ablest and most conspicuous advocate of the Constitution. His exertions were ably seconded by Madison, Jay, Wilson, and others. In the opposition, Luther Martin, Patrick Henry, and George Mason labored with a zeal, energy, and wealth of resources, which for a time rendered the result doubtful. But the fabric, for good or for evil, was destined to rise triumphant over all opposition. The Conventions of Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, and Connecticut, ratified the Constitution unanimously, or by large majorities, before the close of January, 1788. On the 6th of the following Feb-

* Governor Randolph afterwards so far modified his opinions as to advocate the ratification, in a speech delivered in the Virginia Convention. A portion of this speech is printed in the first volume of Moore's American Eloquence.

ruary, Massachusetts also gave her assent, by a majority of 187 to 168; but she added a recommendation that certain amendments should be adopted. Within six months from that time, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, and New York followed, — all but Maryland proposing amendments. North Carolina and Rhode Island withheld their ratifications until after the organization of the government. It only remained, therefore, when the assent of nine States had been obtained, to put the machinery of the new government in operation, and to determine whether any of the amendments recommended by the State Conventions should be adopted as part of the fundamental law. Into that chapter of our history Mr. Curtis does not now enter; but we gather from his concluding paragraph that it is his intention to complete the survey of our early constitutional history by narrating the events of Washington's administration. To that period we must look for the first and most authentic interpretation of the instrument the history of which we have been considering; and in this view it is a fortunate circumstance that the men who were first called upon to administer the government were those who had taken part in framing the Constitution, or in defending it before the people and in the State Conventions.

Art. V. — MR. COMBE ON SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture. By George Combe. London. 1855.

Mr. Combe complains that the expositions of phrenology, in works claiming to represent the actual condition of knowledge, like the Encyclopædia Britannica, have been written by its opponents only, and asks what would be thought were its article on Christianity written by a Jew. We cannot think Mr. Combe would wish the work in question to be a collection of special pleas for its various departments. For a thorough believer to have written the article on Phrenology,

would not have been proper in a work intended for a community where disbelief is prevalent; not that such a work should cater to prevalent opinions, but that a person possessing the means of knowing what is claimed for phrenology, and having no bias in its favor, could best weigh its pretensions in accordance with the standard of knowledge then existing. To employ a Jew to write on Christianity for a public that is wholly Christian, Mr. Combe must see, is altogether another thing. To attack phrenology by ridicule, though that may be the only way of meeting a stubborn adherent, would not be wise in a reviewer for a dispassionate community. If the writer in the Encyclopædia was captious, he was unwise. But at this day, we are not surprised that such a standard should pronounce adversely to the claims of phrenology. Mr. Combe, in the work before us, has not written captiously himself, and we have no mind to find fault in return, but shall endeavor calmly to state his views, and the extent to which we can coincide with them.

Before the appearance of Ruskin, it must be acknowledged, English criticism of art partook largely of the nature of cant. It dealt largely in such pet phrases as *handling*, *chiaroscuro*, and the like. The sanguine author of "Modern Painters" went to work in a different spirit, and listened to his own feelings rather than to antecedent writers. He knew what his own sensations were, and could analyze them, never springing the arch of inference without first throwing forward a pier of reason to sustain the falling end. Mr. Combe refines upon this process. He *feels* himself incited to a scheme of calculation, which must end in a mathematical certainty. What originated in feeling, is used irrespective of feeling when once established to his satisfaction, and becomes a gauge to be applied to art by a very mechanical process. This gauge, he contends, is indispensable to the artist and his critic. He attaches great importance to rules. Titian and Turner colored well, but what their genius intuitively arrived at, the color-blind can also attain by observing the precepts derived from an analysis of their works. So, again, a so-called intuitive power is admissible. It is not that the eye of a bricklayer becomes in itself more exquisitely devel-

oped, but it is the growth of his faculties, his sense of weight and momentum, that enables him to lay a perpendicular wall. Moreover, if the artist has a large base of brain, it follows as a matter of course that he will sympathize with savageness and the like, and paint more naturally scenes of banditti and torture.

Mr. Combe does not deny the paramount power of genius, but genius without rules, he contends, relying solely upon impulse, may sometimes err. He claims, and perhaps rightly enough, that genius without knowing it, and by intuition, works itself into a position attainable by a process of reasoning on facts. When such a painter as Raphael, who lived when phrenology, as a so-called science, was not thought of, is found to depict the human figure in exact accordance with phrenological precepts, it is not only, to Mr. Combe's mind, a proof of his superior genius, but also, by a reversion of reasoning, an argument for the science itself.

It is not to the shape of the head alone that this science pertains. It is claimed that all those portions of the body worked upon by the brain are capable of showing the nature of the man in the same degree. The old Grecian painter, when he showed us the agonized father, hid his face in a robe, but he still left the impress of the emotions visible in the posture and figure. It is not the head and face alone that *express*, but also the limbs, in their proportions, attitudes, actions, and texture. To make general distinctions, a brain of large intellectual development is always accompanied (other things being equal) by firm, elastic, clearly defined limbs, of a quick, nervous surface; while smallness in that particular (as in an idiot) produces ungainly proportions, awkward motions, and flabby texture. In persons of moral pre-eminence, the forms are round and graceful, but the texture softer and less elastic. When the lower passions prevail, the limbs are coarse, the muscles covered with fat, and ropelike when visible. Now for a painter to derange these concomitants, is to commit a great incongruity, — such, for instance, as Raphael knew how to avoid, but David is guilty of. One who looks at *The School of Athens* will be struck with the weightiness of character in the picture, feeling that he sees

men of mark; while in most of the classical subjects by David (how one sickens of them in the Louvre!) he can but feel that the men are merely players; the personages are not equal to the scene. Mr. Combe's reason is, that, in the one case, we see large-headed, nobly-shaped men, all in the attitudes expressive of their minds; while, in the other, despite brilliant painting, and strong and earnest attitudes, there is a want of character perceptible in disproportionately small and meanly-shaped heads. Raphael is again brought to the test with Julio Romano. *The Crowning of the Virgin*, by the latter, in the Vatican, shows the Apostles standing around the sarcophagus, while Jesus crowns the Virgin in the sky. The arrangement in the group below, is only such as would result from small brains in intense activity, — staring eyes, raised hands, violent attitudes, and sharp, angular motions; "and on examining the head and features," says Mr. Combe, "I found the like correspondence in mental incapacity." This was truth, but in a less grand way than Raphael showed it. It was early in his career that he painted the same subject, and his treatment evinced youthful shortcomings; yet there was a calm strength of graceful wonderment in the Apostles, far more effective than Julio Romano's, and evincing larger minds, while it rendered all the more painful the smooth inanity of the cheeks, showing in that respect a want of mental life.

Another picture of Raphael's, *The Espousal of the Virgin*, shows the argument in a better light. The head of the Madonna is beautifully proportioned, very large in the moral regions, and by a happy chance so placed as to show by drawing and shading large adhesiveness and philoprogenitiveness, but small amativeness, — the figure exactly corresponding, — giving a correct embodiment of such immaculate holiness as was properly assigned to her. Shocking it was to Mr. Combe to see a hireling artist undertaking to copy this picture; for, by a slight and careless varying of the lines, he had made a head such as could only belong to a sensual person. It is significant, that, while other painters were wont to represent their mistresses with the holy accompaniments of the Madonna, in none of Raphael's can the slightest trace of the Fornarina be found. In his last picture, — *The Transfigura-*

tion, — Mr. Combe does not find the great painter so free from error as he would wish. Our critic could but acknowledge its masterly grouping and perfection of drawing, and all its technical excellences; but at the same time could not feel that he was looking at the first picture in the world, and for this reason, — the nervous flutter of the spectators, in look, attitude, and action, signifies commonplace minds with their mental equilibrium upset, whereas the artist should have given them the calm, deep expression of perplexity and wonder which signifies a great mind. At least, such should have been the case with the prominent disciples. Mr. Combe would shield his favorite painter, by supposing that the predisposition to disease, which soon produced death, was already upon him, enfeebling the mind.

That the mind can even inform the drapery of the figure, is another proposition of our phrenologist. And he is right. Everybody knows that the garments of a nervous, quick person hang differently from those of a person of grand, dignified demeanor; and in each case characteristically. The best portraitists know this, and will not willingly paint drapery from a lay figure, for this reason, — that in a picture (not representing action) the folds of a robe can be made to express what the individual's motions ordinarily are. Should any be inclined to doubt this, no less an authority than Sir Joshua Reynolds confronts them. It is not uncommon to find in all critics a tacit acknowledgment of it. Kugler, the German authority, in speaking of *The Transfiguration*, says: "In one respect the picture appears to fail; it wants the freer, purer beauty, *the simplicity and flow of line (in the drapery especially)*, which address themselves so directly to the feeling of the spectator." It is curious to compare this with Mr. Combe's criticism, where no mention is made of the drapery. The two start from opposite points. The phrenologist sees the agitated limbs, and knows that, as a matter of course, angular, jerking folds must follow in the garments. The other sees at once the disagreeable effect of the drapery, and wants more grace, without even perceiving that it could not consistently be had but by changing the style of action. We think Mr. Combe in this instance

sustains himself as the more thorough critic. In the cartoon of *The Charge to Peter*, still further derelictions on the part of the great Raphael are noted. In the head of Christ the brain is only of average size, with moderate intellectual faculties, well developed in benevolence and veneration, but deficient in ideality, (he also marks the correspondence of countenance with this combination,) making him nothing more than a sober, serious, good man taking leave of his friends; whereas if ideality and the moral attributes had been large, with corresponding lines of face, there would not have been this lack of weight and dignity of character, but a fine and exalted nature. Then again of Titian's *Tribute-Money*, after according great praise to the expression of the Jew, for his undue preponderance of the intellect over the moral powers, with his bilious temperament and corresponding coarseness of form and skin, he contrasts it with the figure of Christ, so opposite in form, texture, and expression. To those who urge that Titian has made the head of Christ too feeble and inexpressive, he replies thus:—

"The predominant elements in the character of Jesus are love, gentleness, and piety; and the head embodies all these qualities in its forms, while the countenance is in perfect accordance with them, with a remarkable addition. The question was an insidious one, designed to entrap him into sedition. He does not answer it directly. It was dictated by destructiveness and secretiveness, and he answers it by secretiveness and intellect. *Whose superscription is this?* baffles the enemy, without self-committal; and the expression of the eye, the mouth, and cheeks is that which accompanies the activity of secretiveness acting in combination with intellect and the moral sentiments. It does not amount to slyness or cunning, for these are low expressions of secretiveness, inconsistent with the character of Jesus; but there is the expression of a veiled consciousness of cunning in the interrogation, and of consciousness of foiling him with his own weapons. It is this veiling of the internal mental processes which many mistake for feebleness."

Mr. Combe's fault consists rather in his not discriminating between what would be the state in an ordinary human being, and in one charged with such a mission as Christ. He makes it still worse, when, in the next paragraph, he

recalls, by way of parallel, the manner of Napoleon the Great, who presented a blank face to such as he did not desire to read his thoughts. The whole view taken of the transaction is a false one. In fact there was no non-committalism or secrecy in that answer of our Lord.

Again when he comes to Michel Angelo's statue of *Christ holding the Cross*, he finds but a low character in the form of the head, with peevishness and anger expressed in the countenance; while the body and limbs, by their extraordinary life and energy, could not belong to such a head. He makes a similar criticism on the celebrated *Moses*.

"In short," says he, "M. Angelo, like Shakespeare, committed many sins against taste, nature, and reason, but communicated to his works such a vigorous character of genius, that it carries them triumphantly down the stream of criticism and time, with all their imperfections on their heads, provoking partial condemnation, yet ever carrying captive the sympathies of kindred spirits."

After the treatment of Titian's head of Christ, we were hardly prepared to find the one in the celebrated *Last Supper* of Leonardo da Vinci pronounced more human than divine, for the reason that its large intellectual and moral regions are duly balanced by lateral and basilar developments. This humanity of the head (and it is very impressive as such) is often remarked upon by writers. The tradition connected with it gives it a peculiar interest. The head of Christ, after repeated attempts to give it something more than a human air, Leonardo finally left in despair unfinished. Roscoe and others accredit this statement. If it be true, the head which brings out Combe's judgment was either by one of the many inferior artists to whom its restoration was afterwards committed, or else it was the original sketch by Da Vinci, now preserved on a torn and dirty piece of paper in the Brera at Milan, of which Kugler says, "It expresses the most devoted seriousness, together with divine gentleness, pain on account of the faithless disciple, a full presentiment of his own death, and resignation to the will of the Father; *it gives a faint idea of what the master may have accomplished in the finished picture.*" If tradition is to be believed, Leonardo could not go beyond this "faint idea." To think that an

inferior should have dared it! Assumption is always the accompaniment of inferiority. Those painters best fitted perhaps to appreciate Christ have the least confidence in their ideals of him. There are some of our modern artists (Weir, for instance) who hold it a profanation to portray him. Others despair of attaining that glance of Christ upon Pilate. Milton ventured to give only a vague expression;—

> "Man he seems
> In all his lineaments, though in his face
> The glimpses of his Father's glories shine."

There is a strong argument in favor of a pure and devotional tendency of the artist-mind to be found in the history of that type of head known as Christ's. The earliest Christians, after his personal appearance was forgotten, believed in the literal interpretation of the Scripture where reference is made to the meanness of his person. After a while, some one ventured to *feel* that such goodness would not manifest itself in a mean shape. In the fourth century a more general and greater devotional love arose, and we no longer find any of those debasing conceptions among the great writers of the Church. On the contrary, the majesty of his form is dwelt upon, and in art a corresponding type was created. There were, of course, exceptional retrogressions, and some obstinate monks, affecting to believe that beauty was carnal, imagined, we suppose, ugliness to be spiritual. There has been something of this in our modern art; and when we see the flat skulls and weak effeminacy of some of their Redeemers, we are prompted to think that the artists dared not be in the presence of a type nobler than themselves. Men are too prone to put the stamp of themselves upon what they idealize. Bayard Taylor says, in one of his poems,

> "Gods resemble whom they govern."

It has been often pointed out, how artists have impressed their own natures upon what they painted. This is nowhere more apparent than in their Christs. Those of Michel Angelo, says Fuseli, have the stern severity of his own character, while Raphael imparted his dignified mildness to the type of Church tradition.

We have no inclination to disparage the honest work of phrenologists and physiologists. If they would be content to call their work "Materials for the Understanding of the Nature of Man," without claiming the name of "Science," we believe they would impart knowledge more effectively, and conciliate, where they now repel, the investigating spirit which is sure to confront them.

Art. VI. — ORIENTAL CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAMISM.

Die religiöse Seite der Orientalischen Frage. Von C. C. Grafen Ficquelmont. Wien. 1855.

In the May number of the Christian Examiner, we discussed the general European aspects of the Oriental question, and we had intended to state in the present article the grounds of our faith in the ultimate regeneration of the Turkish empire as a Christian state. But the extent of the subject makes it quite impossible to examine it fully within the limits to which we must now confine ourselves, and we shall only attempt to prepare the reader for a better appreciation of conclusions to be presented on a future occasion, by sketching the moral, religious, and intellectual traits of the leading families which are gathered under the Ottoman sceptre, and by pointing out the most formidable obstacles to the Christianization of Turkey. For reasons which we shall presently give, our view of the relations of the Turkish populations to this great question will embrace the position of those races only which are best known to the Christian world, and which at the same time will exert the greatest immediate weight in the resolution of the problem. We must premise, that, in characterizing these races, we can here only give a rapid sketch of the leading features that mark the moral and intellectual constitution, and the social and political position, of each; and it must be borne in mind, that to all such general statements there must be numerous exceptions, both for good and for evil. We shall speak of each people as a whole, with-

out reference to particular localities, and partial qualifications must be omitted as unimportant, or supplied by the intelligent reader. The nations we shall consider are the Ottomans, as the embodiment of the Mohammedan element, the Armenians and the Greeks, as the representatives of the Christian. The Arabs, the Koords, and other minor Mussulman tribes of the empire, are of small importance in any view of the general interests of Christendom. They are accessible to the influences of civilization only through Ottoman channels, and as their religious and political position will in the end be determined by that of their Turkish rulers, we need not make them the subjects of special inquiry. The Armenian and Greek nations do not singly, or even collectively, constitute the most numerous portion of the Christian subjects of the Porte, nor is it by any means certain that they will long retain their relative importance; but, on the other hand, they are the races which, from local position, more developed intelligence, more active, and, so to speak, aggressive tendencies, occupy for the moment the most conspicuous ground, and wield the greatest present influence over the Mussulman population, while they also form the readiest channel of communication between Christianity and Islamism. The Danubian provinces, in any wise and proper distribution of political power and territorial jurisdiction among the states of the Old World, naturally and almost necessarily belong, in common with the entire basin of the Black Sea, to the power which controls the only outlet of the Danube and the Euxine, and therefore are justly regarded by the Ottomans as an integral part of the Turkish empire. But they seem at present much more likely to be severed from it, at least during its transition state, and for this reason, and because their influence is of comparatively little moment in determining the relations of Ottoman Turkey to Christianity and civilization, we shall not here present our views of the character, condition, or prospects of their people, the proper discussion of which would alone require a larger space than we propose to devote to our entire subject. We must, however, observe that it is a great error to assume that the Servians, the Wallachians, the Bulgarians, and the other provincial tribes in which

Slavic blood predominates and the creed of the Oriental Church is generally adopted, are either prepared to bow to the sceptre of Russia, or ready to submit to the arrogant claims of the Byzantine hierarchy to ecclesiastical supremacy. Of these nations, the Bulgarians — who, though generally ranked as slaves, are derived from a Tatar ancestry in a larger proportion than any other European subjects of Turkey — are the most important in their relations to the Mussulmans, both because they are more widely diffused among them, and because they are more accessible to liberal Christian influences, than any other of the so-called Slavic families. So far from habitually confounding themselves, either ecclesiastically or politically, with the Ottoman Greeks, their relations to that race are rather antagonistic; and, scattered as they are in their abodes, they have more of the consciousness of true nationality than the Greeks, who, as we shall show hereafter, are wholly deficient in a sentiment which constitutes an essential element in the character of a people. The Bulgarians, then, to say the least, are not to be regarded as in any sense an obstacle to the liberalization of the existing institutions of Turkey; on the contrary, there is reason to believe that they will be found as readily receptive of a true civilization, and a high moral and social culture, as any portion of the professors of Oriental Christianity.

We begin with the Greeks, not as possessing great numerical importance, or as enjoying any moral, social, or intellectual superiority over the Armenians, but because the relations of the ancient Greeks to literature and civilization have commended their supposed descendants to the warmest sympathies of enlightened Europe and America, while the commercial activity and the constant intercourse of the modern race with Western Christendom have made them familiarly known in Europe, and their clamorous demands for recognition as the only proper representatives of oppressed Christianity in the East, have obtained for them and their claims a degree of consideration to which they are by no means entitled. In describing the character and position of the Greeks, we shall embrace in our view both the Ottoman Greeks and the inhabitants of independent Greece, generally

known in the East by the ancient name of Hellenes. They are one in language, character, faith, and will be one in ultimate political destiny, as they are now one in subserviency to Russia, and in a common hatred of the religions of Western Europe, as well as of the political influences to whose generous intervention they are indebted for all the increased privileges they now enjoy. Most European speculations on the reconstruction of the Ottoman state look more or less directly to the restoration of the old Byzantine empire, and are founded on wholly mistaken impressions with regard to the numbers of the Greek population, and to the qualifications of that race as a governing people. These erroneous views it is important to rectify. In the native circles which cluster around the diplomacy of Constantinople, one is perpetually stunned with the vociferous pretensions of the "Greek element," and with complaints of the error of European statesmen in not having taken this element sufficiently into account. The Frank listener is always presumed to be ignorant of the actual statistics of population, and, though on all other occasions scorning the imputation of a relationship to the Slavic subjects of the Porte, the Greek intriguer boldly claims for his own nationality a plurality, if not an absolute majority, of the population of European Turkey, by embracing under the name of Greek all the communicants of the Oriental orthodox Church, of whatever race or language. By these and other similar means a very exaggerated estimate of the numbers of the Greek population has found currency in Europe, as well as in America. In point of fact, the Greek subjects of the Porte residing in the provinces of Continental Europe fall short of *one million*, and do not exceed six per cent of the population of those territories, while not more than another million are to be found in all Asiatic Turkey and the Mediterranean islands belonging to that power. Of the thirty-five millions of souls, then, subject to the Ottoman state, not more than two millions belong to that race, which, speaking the Greek language and professing the Greek faith, puts forth for itself the extravagant claims to which we have alluded. The other members of the Oriental Church in Turkey amount to something more than four mil-

lions, but, as we have already said, they have no hierarchical, no national sympathies with a people to whom they hold themselves alien in blood, as well as in speech and in political interests. There are small Romish communities in Syria, and elsewhere in Turkey, as well as in Greece proper, usually called by Franks Greek Catholics, amounting altogether to less than 100,000 souls, and who have at least as good a right as the orthodox Greeks to the claim of Hellenic descent. But they repudiate the Greek name; their only recognized bond of union with that people is community of language, and they sympathize so little with the political aims and aspirations of the latter, that during the war of the revolution not one of them joined the insurgents in their efforts to shake off the Turkish yoke.

In speaking of the Ottoman Greeks, we have used the word *nationality* in its common English sense, as indicating community of origin, language, and political organization, and we believe the European and American idea of the sense or feeling of nationality involves these three, and only these elements. If this sense exists anywhere in the East, it is certainly not among the Greeks, who reject the first and last of these ingredients (origin and political condition), and build their notion of nationality on community of language and religious creed alone. To the Ottoman and the independent Hellene alike, whoever speaks Romaic, bows down to *painted* images and abominates *gravên* ones, is a Greek; all others are strangers, outlaws, enemies. Through the entire Levant, Christians are classed by their creed, not by their blood, and it is impossible to make yourself understood by the mass of Greek Christians when you ask the *nationality* of an individual as distinguished from his religion. In this absolute want of a great idea, which is perhaps the most important element in the formation of national character, lies one cause of the inaptitude of the Greek for all the higher duties and loftier aims of civil government. To the notion of a commonwealth, a political state founded on common commercial, social, and governmental interests, cemented by community of blood and birthright, and sustained by common sacrifices and mutual concessions, no Greek statesman

of the present generation, whether in Greece or in Turkey, has proved himself capable of rising. An intense fanaticism forms in the Greek mind the only permanent bond of national association, and as nationality presents itself to the Greek in no other form than that of sectarianism, his highest notion of the state is but that of an ecclesiastical hierarchy invested with civil and political functions. It would, however, be an error to infer from this the existence of a deep religious sentiment among the Greeks. Religion is, with them, especially in the higher classes, the conventional symbol of clanship, the pass-word of a cabal, and their religious sympathies manifest themselves much more strongly in combination against strangers than in union among themselves. Social bonds of some sort are instinctively necessary to man as man. To most peoples the feeling of nationality, as we have above defined it, supplies this want; but the Greek, alone of all civilized men, has substituted for that feeling the mere outward token of conformity to the same confessional symbol. This explains, at once, both the tenacity with which he defends his creed when it is assailed by Christians of other communions, and the readiness with which he exchanges Christianity for Islamism, upon the tender of a very moderate consideration. If he renounces orthodoxy to embrace Romanism or Protestantism, he loses his only claim to be called a Greek, his only title to membership of a body politic, a confederate society; whereas upon abjuring Christianity, and acknowledging the divine mission of the Prophet, he is at once received into the bosom of the great family of Islam, and admitted to the enjoyment of what, as a Christian, he could never hope, — the pride of a true and proper nationality.

The want of a sentiment elsewhere so general strikingly distinguishes the Greeks from the Armenians and the Jews, who are remarkable for their strong national as well as their religious cohesion; and we cannot but regard it as possessing some importance as a psychological argument in support of Fallmerayer's theory, that the modern Greeks have little or no ethnological relation to the ancient Hellenes, but are a mixed race, in which the Slavic element is by much the most important. It is a tacit admission of a conscious want of kinship

the people, either directly with each other, or with those m whom they claim to be descended; and they feel themves linked together by bonds analogous rather to the *cogio spiritualis* of the Papal Church than to the ties of conguinity. We do not propose to discuss this interesting ι ιological question, which has been so ably debated in Germany, and we can here only profess our concurrence with those who believe that the ancient Greek blood is very nearly, if not altogether, extinct, in both peninsular and continental Greece. As Sandys said of Palestine that it was "Jewry without Jews," so we hold Greece to be Hellas without Hellenes. Various circumstances render it probable that there is a larger infusion of the Hellenic element in the Greeks of Constantinople than in any other fraction of those who now bear that name; but it must be remembered that the Byzantines never considered themselves as Greeks at all, and it is only since the fall of Constantinople that the claim of Hellenic parentage has, upon the suggestion of Western Europe, been set up by any portion of the modern Greek race. Now, indeed, the Greek ignores his barbarian cousins, and boasts himself a genuine γηγενής, a scion of the true grasshopper stock. Many an Athenian *petit maître*, whose Arnaout father knew no language but Shkipetar, fancies that he feels the blood of the elegant Alcibiades tingle in his veins, and the mixed Avar, Slavic, Albanian, Catalan, Italian, Gothic, and Gallic tribes, that have usurped the name and the place of the extinct Hellenes, plume themselves as much on the martial heroism and the intellectual triumphs of ancient Greece, as if they were the lawful inheritors of the glories of Sparta and of Athens. We would not lay too much stress, in an argument of this sort, on intellectual likeness or unlikeness, and we readily accord to the modern Greeks a liberal share of mental gifts. But no competent observer can fail to remark in them the absolute want of the æsthetic faculty, the sense of the beautiful, for which the Hellenic race was so justly renowned. The modern Greeks have produced neither an art-critic nor an artist, unless we are to honor with that name the ΡΑΠΤΗΣ whose sign hangs over almost every third door in Athens. But even in the sartorial department we cannot

allow them originality of design, for their truly gorgeous and graceful national costume is but a modification of the Albanian dress suggested by the English general, Church. Indeed, the Greek exhibits not the slightest trace of constructive power in any of its forms, and he no longer even copies the old Byzantine architecture at Constantinople, the Armenian builder having superseded him.

But to return. As would naturally be expected, a religion valued for such reasons as we have stated has but slender influence upon the morals of its professors, and indeed the ethics of the Greeks are as little to be traced to the precepts of their religion, as is the practical morality of Americans to the "platforms" of the parties with which they vote. Among the Greeks, education is controlled by the clergy, and both by this circumstance and their position as the authoritative teachers of religion they are the institutors of the people, the responsible moulders of the national character and heart. Although religious discourses are occasionally delivered in the churches, yet the pulpit, which elsewhere among Christians is the great organ of moral doctrine, is in general dumb, and preaching forms no part of the regular exercises of public worship. The teachings of the clergy are chiefly catechetical, and they are confined almost wholly to the positive dogmas and the formal observances of their Church. In the popular view, proper *sin* consists only in the denial of the former, or the disregard of the latter of these; transgressions of the moral law, however flagrant, being but human frailties, venial offences, requiring no atonement from the offender but a compliance with the external ordinances of the orthodox Church. With such teaching, we must not be surprised to find the voluntary wrecking of freight-ships for the sake of defrauding the shippers and the underwriters, a part of the regular course of Greek commerce, or to learn that among the most ardent devotees, the most pious worshippers, of the orthodox communion, are uniformly to be found the "free companions," whose trade is theft and piracy and blood.

To this deplorable state of feeling there are, we are abundantly aware, many, very many, most honorable exceptions; but they are too few to make themselves felt in the policy of

the government, in the administration of justice, or in the general tone of public morals. Nay, they are unhappily fewer than they were at the commencement of the revolutionary struggle. At, and for some time before, that period, the sons of opulent families were very generally sent to Europe for their education, and a large proportion of the really influential leaders in the insurrectionary movement had enjoyed that inestimable advantage. They had become thoroughly imbued with the liberalizing influences, which, in spite of the despotism of Napoleon and the blind tyranny of the other Continental monarchs, still pervaded Europe. They felt their need of Western sympathy, their dependence on Western aid. They therefore, from considerations both of feeling and of policy, repudiated the bigoted exclusiveness of the Oriental Church, made in their early constitutions provision for the most absolute and complete religious liberty, and taught that the bond of national unity should be found rather in the sentiment of a generous patriotism, than in devotion to a religious confession. So long as the war of revolution lasted, so long as the want of European moral and material aid was felt, so long as Occidental Christendom continued to shed her blood and spend her gold in their behalf, the whole Greek people continued to share in these liberal sentiments, and the allied powers, in the treaties of 1830 and 1832, adopted from the Greek constitution then in force the enlightened principles of religious freedom which marked that instrument; and they solemnly guaranteed, not the liberty of conscience merely, but a perfect religious equality, as a fundamental condition of the existence of the new state. The unfortunate selection of an absolute sovereign in the person of a Catholic prince known to have been designed for the Church, and, though not yet tonsured, educated accordingly, but now unfrocked for the occasion, powerfully excited the jealousy of the Greek clergy, and roused again the dormant fanaticism of the people. Elementary instruction was at once monopolized by the ecclesiastics, and since 1843 they have had the entire control of the higher seminaries also, and thus all direct channels through which more catholic views could reach the popular mind have long since been effectually closed. The Greek legisla-

ture has not hitherto ventured to set the allied powers at open defiance, by enacting laws directly infringing the rights of conscience, but the constitution of 1843–44 shows a tendency to depart from the spirit of the treaties, and the religious liberties of Greece have been practically annihilated by the subserviency and corruption of the courts, which have solemnly adjudged that the bare public expression of dissent from the doctrines of the Oriental Church is, in and of itself, an infraction of a statute which forbids "attacking by malevolent expressions" the dogmas of *any* Christian church existing in Greece. Protestant and Catholic clergymen do indeed live in Greece, and the former, while prudently abstaining from the discussion of disputed points of Christian theology, or the expression of dissent from the "orthodox" creed, are even permitted to preach; but they cannot safely deny any article of that creed, or publicly expound and maintain the distinguishing doctrines of their own. The Catholics enjoy somewhat greater liberty at present. The fear of incurring the resentment of France, Bavaria, and Austria has hitherto restrained the Greek courts and populace from direct attempts to put down the ministers of the Romish Church; but they are regarded by both clergy and people with a hatred even more rancorous than that felt towards Protestants. No one who knows the temper of the Greek ecclesiastics can doubt that, whenever they feel themselves strong enough, in the countenance of Russia, to adopt more vigorous measures, Catholicism in Greece will suffer a persecution as unrelenting and as lawless as that of which Protestantism has hitherto been the subject.

The European advocates of the restoration of the Byzantine empire may learn something from the experimental test which has been for some time trying, in Greece proper, upon the capacity of the Greek race for existence in the form of an independent, social polity. That this experiment has thus far proved a total failure, and that none of the ends proposed, either by the charity of Christendom, or by the allies, in compelling the Porte to recognize the independence of Greece, have been realized, few will be hardy enough to deny. No works of physical improvement have been executed. The internal

police of the land is less efficient, and the life and property of the traveller are less secure, than under the Turkish rule. There is no productive industry, no exportation, and no commerce but the carrying trade. It is very doubtful whether there has been any increase of the population. The excess of births over deaths scarcely makes up for the constant emigration to other countries, and the loss of numbers by the removal of the Turkish population has not been compensated by any counter-current of immigration. Indeed, the last country an Ottoman Greek would select for his residence would be Greece, while, on the other hand, the superior advantages of Turkey are so obvious and so attractive, that it is confidently affirmed that there is usually a larger number of Hellenic subjects permanently residing at Constantinople than in Athens itself. What Greece might do under an enlightened, honest, and severe government, and with able and incorruptible legal tribunals, is a problem not likely to be soon experimentally solved. Doubtless, much of the pervading corruption of the land is to be ascribed to unfavorable external influences, among which Russian intrigue is the chief, and something to the unlucky chance which dropped a crown upon a head trained for the cardinal's hat, and too imbecile to wear either with dignity or credit. But still Greece is legally a liberal, constitutional state, and it argues great inaptitude for self-government, great weakness, or great demoralization, in the people who framed the constitution of 1843–44, to have suffered it in five years to become a dead letter, furnishing indeed, by its limitations of executive power, an apology for all the short-comings of the crown, but opposing no barrier to any of its encroachments upon the liberty of the subject. That constitution did indeed answer the real purpose of the principal movers of the revolution, which was to oust the Bavarian incumbents of office, and, as we say in America, to rotate themselves into their places. Unhappily, they dismissed one Bavarian too few; and if they had taken order that the first of that dynasty should have been also the last, and filled the throne with a sovereign worthy to guide an infant, and to rule a free nation, the maintenance of the constitution in its purity would have merited, and might have

called forth, a solicitude which thus far has never been manifested.

While insisting that the governing classes in Greece are politically less liberal and enlightened than their fathers, — the generation which achieved the revolution, — we admit that there are tokens of a wide-spread and rapid improvement among the people at large. They are remarkable for their avidity for instruction, the popular schools are largely attended, and it is touching to witness the zeal with which knowledge is sought, in spite of very discouraging obstacles. There is danger, no doubt, that this zeal may take a wrong direction, and it must be confessed that it is too apt to be satisfied with a humble range of acquirement. But, after all, light is pouring in through a thousand channels, and if once the prestige of Russian influence is dispelled, and the people can be roused to shake off the yoke of a bigoted and self-seeking priesthood, which, both in Turkey and in Greece, is still, as an old traveller described it two hundred years ago, composed chiefly of "men ignorant in letters, studious for the belly, and ignominiously lazy," there is abundant room to hope for the true regeneration of the Greek people.

Though widely dispersed, the ancient Armenian nation still exists as a pure and unmixed race. The Armenians are more numerous in Turkey than the Greeks, and probably do not fall short of 2,500,000. Intellectually, the Armenian is in advance of all other Turkish subjects, Christian or Mussulman, and his moral capacities and sensibilities appear to be suited to the reception of a high degree of culture. But, until the late reforms, his condition has been unfavorable to the development of the nobler qualities of either head or heart, and, like the Ottoman Greek, he has long too well exemplified the truth of the Homeric sentiment:

> "Great Jove, upon the day
> That makes proud man a slave, takes half his worth away."

The greatest defect in the character of the Armenian is the want of a virtue which the Greek must be admitted to possess, — courage, moral and physical; and it is a remarkable fact, that, from the Moslem conquest to the present day, the

Armenians have never taken part in any of the insurrections by which other subject races have shown their impatience of the Turkish yoke. They are a temperate, industrious, eminently thoughtful people, readily accessible to argument and instruction, and in a considerable degree free from the arrogant pride of the Greek, which scorns all foreign teaching as implying the superiority of the instructor, and finds nothing worthy of imitation in European life and learning but its vices and its frivolities.

The Armenians are unfortunately too few to exercise the weight which justly belongs to them as the superior race, in moulding the future destinies of Turkey. They do not constitute more than a fifteenth part of the population of the empire, and though more numerous in Armenia proper, they are too scattered in their abodes to have much of the strength which results from concentration of force, and unity of action. The Armenian community at Constantinople is indeed large, and it exerts a constantly increasing power in the administration of the government; but it is here more exposed to the mischievous corruptions of European intrigue, and less open to better influences than in the provincial districts, and it is somewhat weakened by the inroads which Popery has made upon it. It must be remembered, too, that by the treaties of Turkmantschai and Adrianople Russia acquired from Persia and Turkey large territories inhabited principally by Armenians, and including Etschmiadzin, the ancient religious metropolis of the nation. The possession of these provinces, of so large an Armenian population, and of pious establishments hallowed by the oldest Christian recollections of the race, is, in the hands of Russia, a powerful means of operating upon the national Church, and conciliating the sympathies of the people. It might seem, therefore, that the best interests of Turkey have more to fear than to hope from the influence of the most highly gifted class of her population; but the jealousy between the Armenians and the Greeks will go far to prevent the former from amalgamating with the professors of the creed which claims to be the exclusive expression of Oriental orthodoxy, and, on the other hand, the progress which Protestantism has already made among the Armenians encourages the belief

that, as a people, they will hold out against the strenuous efforts which Rome is now making to win them to the fold of that church which declares that within its pale alone is there a possibility of salvation.

The Armenians have been the readiest of the Orientals to adopt more enlightened principles of religious belief, and more liberal and progressive views of political action. In Turkey, they habitually use the language and follow the general habits and modes of life of the Osmanlis. They are faithful subjects of the same government, and are not suspected of any treacherous alliance or secret sympathy with the enemies of Turkey, or any ambitious views of national aggrandizement. They stand, therefore, in no hostile relation to the dominant race, have no conflicting general interests, and the Turks accordingly regard them with no political jealousy. Their community of language, the close analogy of their domestic institutions, and the similarity of their habits and characters to those of the Ottomans, create a certain fellowship between the two peoples, while the general intelligence and business capacity of the Armenians make them indispensable to the Turks, as the most competent and reliable agents in all public and private affairs requiring clerkly skill and administrative capacity. Thus becoming possessed of the most intimate knowledge of all Turkish interests, and commanding the most ready channels of access to the mind and heart of the Turkish people, they are the most influential medium through which the light of Christianity and the progressive spirit of the West can be made operative on the obsolete ideas and petrified forms of the Eastern world. The ultimate national character of Turkey, the form of its future Christian social and religious institutions, will be more freely and independently developed, and will assume a more harmonious adaptation to the cardinal and indelible features of Oriental humanity, under the guidance of native reformers and teachers, than if imposed and dictated by alien instructors, however enlightened. The Armenians, then, are best fitted by character and condition to be the ministers of Providence for the complete civilization and Christianization of the Ottoman people; and the religious charity of America has adopted a wise policy in bestowing upon them a large share of its efforts and its bounty.

The traditional opinions of Europe and America with respect to the character of the Turks have been founded partly on the misrepresentations of their natural enemies, the Greeks, and partly on the distorted and prejudiced views of Frank travellers, who were generally ignorant of the languages of the country, and usually remained too short a time in Turkey to contract any personal familiarity with the people, or to learn anything more of Turkish life than could be gathered from intercourse with the rapacious Janizaries who attended them, or other inferior persons with whom they have been brought into contact. Opinions formed under such circumstances are about as accurate as would be the impressions of a Mexican who should derive his notions of our own *morale* from the conduct of a certain class of our troops during the late war between the two republics, or those of a Chinese who should ascribe to the best circles of New York the ethics and the manners of the Celtic hackmen and Fernando Wood police of that metropolis. Gentlemanly and intelligent Ottomans are rather chary of their confidence towards Christian strangers, and an admission to familiar intercourse with the better classes of native society at Constantinople is not so easily secured as at our national capital, where foreign adventurers require no other credentials than bad English, mustaches, and brass, to be received with open arms by the *élite* of fashionable life. If we consult those admirable old travellers, Busbequius and Belon and Della Valle and Sandys, we shall find that the Turks, even at the period when they were regarded as the irreconcilable and dangerous enemies of Christian Europe, were by no means the barbarous and inhuman savages that religious enmity has made them. Modern observers, who, like Hamilton and Fellowes, have spent any considerable length of time in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, express equally favorable opinions, and few intelligent foreigners reside long in any part of the empire without adopting similar conclusions. To Christendom generally the Osmanli is known only through enemies and strangers. The lion has not yet been the painter. Turkey is still to be heard in her own defence, and when her literary artists shall take the pencil, who can tell what a picture of Christian duplicity,

depravity, and crime they may hold up before us! If Turkey has often wronged the Christians, she has been often outraged by them. She has indeed used cruelty in suppressing insurrections, but let Poland and Hungary and Lombardy say whether the insurgent subjects of apostolic Cæsars have not, in our own times, been punished with equally remorseless severity. The atrocities committed by the Turkish troops during the war of the Greek Revolution have been the theme of well-merited execration; but if we condemn the Moslems for barbarities exercised in waging a recognized warfare, what shall we say of those Greek "sympathizers," who in 1854, at the personal instigation of the king and queen of Greece, entered the territory of a state with which their own government was at peace, attacked a village inhabited by Mussulmans and Christians, and burned a church of their own religion, a temple consecrated to the God of Peace, and with it two hundred unoffending Turkish men, women, and children, who had fled to it for refuge, in the vain hope that the sacredness of the house of the Christian God would protect them against the murderous violence of the worshippers of that God!

Various circumstances have in recent times contributed essentially to modify the objectionable features of the Turkish character. Independently of legal reforms, the most important of these circumstances are the suppression of the Janizaries, and the disbanding of the Arnaout or Albanian troops, two corps of bloody and brutal soldiery, to whose ferocity most of the violent excesses which have disgraced the Turkish name are chargeable. The Arnaouts, a large proportion of whom were nominal Christians of the Greek Church, were much more sanguinary and undisciplined than the Janizaries; but they are no longer employed in separate corps, and the Janizaries were suppressed — exterminated, we may say, — by Mahmoud, in 1826, as the Memlouks in Egypt, a very similar corps, had been by Mehemet Ali long before. The Janizaries, who formerly constituted the only proper standing army of the empire, and who were employed both as a police and as a technical soldiery, were composed, to a great extent, of men who had been taken from their families, Turkish and Christian, indiscriminately, in very early life, and trained up

to the military profession from the beginning. They were, like the Romish priesthood, completely detached from all the ties of family and of blood, and knew no home but the quarters of their regiment, no duties but those of military service and executive police. The dissolution of this turbulent body, which was as dangerous to the authority of the Sultan as to the personal rights of the subject, has removed the display of arbitrary violence which formerly accompanied almost every exercise of governmental authority, and the people of Constantinople are now much less under the dominion of physical force than the citizens of Paris. The Turk is habitually calm and unexcitable. He has no predisposition to violence, and, though it may be a startling proposition to many, we speak advisedly when we say that there is not in Europe or America a community of four hundred thousand souls among whom there is so little of crime, so little disregard of positive law, as among the four hundred thousand Mussulman inhabitants of Stamboul. While the suburbs of that city — inhabited in great part by so-called Christians, Greeks, Maltese, Ionian-Islanders, and European political refugees and fugitives from justice — are the theatre of more robberies, burglaries, assassinations, and forcible outrages of every description, than perhaps any other city in the world, the rights of person and property are nowhere more secure from lawless violence than in the Turkish quarters of the Ottoman capital. In virtue of old treaties with the European states, Franks residing or travelling in Turkey are in general exempt from the jurisdiction of the Turkish criminal tribunals. The Christian governments have provided no adequate means of repressing or punishing the crimes of their subjects and *protégés* at Constantinople, and of course it is quite impossible for the Porte to maintain any effective police in the suburbs inhabited by Franks. Thus neither the Ottoman people nor their government are in any way responsible for the perpetration or the impunity of the criminal violences so frequent in those parts of Constantinople with which foreign travellers are most familiar.

In their domestic relations, in their treatment of children, of their slaves and other servants, and of brute animals, the Turks are extremely gentle and indulgent. Towards each

other they very seldom use personal violence, or even abusive language. Ladies, women indeed of all classes, so far from being confined to what is called "the seclusion of the harem," are as free in all points except social intercourse with the other sex, and they practically make quite as great a use of their freedom, as the women of any Christian country; and polygamy, though sanctioned by the Koran, and therefore a legal relation, was never general, and is now so rare that it may fairly be said to be quite obsolete.

The relation of master and servant is one of the greatest mildness, and, the slave-trade being now forbidden by law, slavery will soon cease to exist in the Ottoman empire. The slave is treated as a child, and his prospects of rising in life are in no degree prejudiced by his dependent condition. Two of the brothers-in-law of the present Sultan were slaves, and a very aged and distinguished pacha, himself originally bought in the market, told the writer of this article, a few years since, that at his last preceding birthday he received visits from more than twenty pachas who had been his own slaves.

The Turk is naturally full of moral and physical courage, sober, temperate, eminently self-respecting, reverent, sincere in his devotion, no less to the spirit of his religion than to its outward forms; but these admirable qualities have been sadly alloyed by too much "evil communication" with the base morality of his Christian subjects, of whose superior practical intelligence his inaptitude for the acquirement of the liberal arts has constantly forced him to avail himself. While, therefore, he has lost some of his primitive virtues, he has contracted not a few of the vices which have always characterized the populations of Eastern Europe and Western Asia, and the inherent defects of his character have been rendered more palpable and conspicuous by the strong contrasts between his habits and institutions and those of the swiftly progressive Christian civilization with which he has been brought so closely in contact. The Ottomans, though of Asiatic origin, do not belong to the group of nations whose moral, intellectual, and social characteristics we have combined into an imaginary unity which we style the Oriental type, and in fact the Turk has nothing in common with the supposed Oriental

of European romance but the traits derived from the nomad habits of his Tatar ancestors, which correspond with the character that similar conditions have developed in the Beduin, and indeed in all pastoral tribes. The Arab, Persian, and Syrian races, from which our popular ideas of Oriental life and character have been derived, have been too little intermixed with the Turks to have much claim to consideration as important elements in Ottoman ethnology; and it must further be remembered, that very generally at Constantinople, and indeed among the wealthy classes everywhere in Turkey, the Tatar blood has been in a very considerable degree eliminated by constant intermarriage with women from Circassia, Georgia, and other Caucasian districts. But we go even further than this, and affirm that the mass of the present Mussulman population of Europe and Asia Minor has very little ethnological connection with the Tatar stock. The Moslems of European Turkey are in an immense proportion descended from the Greek, the Bulgarian, and the mixed tribes of the Danubian valley, in which the Slavic blood predominates; and it is equally true, that in Asia Minor the largest share of the Mohammedan population traces its origin to a Christian ancestry. Oriental, therefore, in the popular sense, the Turk is not, and it may safely be maintained that, in its ordinary acceptation, this epithet is at the present moment as justly applicable to the character and habits of the population of Southeastern Spain as to those of the Mussulmans of Turkey.

Mohammedanism, like Popery, makes no concessions, and, like it, demands complete conformity, without regard to difference of conditions, and that too at the cost, if need be, of every principle of spontaneous life and distinctive national character. Rigid Islamism is suited only to a patriarchal nomad existence, and its proper home is the desert. The civic splendors of the Khalifat of Bagdad, and the Ommeyade and Almoravide dynasties in Spain, were won, not by, but in spite of the tendencies of the Prophet's doctrines, and the greatest Mussulman princes have been those who suffered themselves to be least shackled by the restraints of an unsocial religion. The Turkish tribes adopted Islamism before they relinquished

their habits of wandering life, and when they established themselves in fixed abodes, and began to feel the want of a regular administrative and social organization, the creation of appropriate political and civil institutions was obstructed by a religious system which paralyzed their energies, and trammelled the free development of their native powers. Hence, instead of a social polity growing out of, and adapted to, the national character and condition of the Ottoman people, the Turks have adopted the institutions of the races they conquered, and contented themselves with the religious establishment of the Arabs, and the political organization of the Lower Empire. The conquest of Constantinople was but a change of dynasty. The court of the Byzantine emperors served as a model for that of the successors of Mohammed, and the eunuch and the bow-string, popularly supposed to be exclusively characteristic of the seraglio, played as important a part in the palace intrigues of Christian Constantinople as is those of Ottoman Stamboul. The municipal corporations of Turkey are organized and administered precisely as they were centuries before the conquest; the public revenue is levied and collected substantially in the ancient fashion, and even the traveller's firman, now indeed little else than a passport, was in its original and more efficient form but a copy of the old imperial diploma. Finding thus all — first religion, then forms of state, finance, municipal order, mechanical art — ready organized to his hands, it is not strange that the barbarian, suddenly emerging from nomad into stable life, and with no theological creed, no social institutions, of his own, should have accepted the establishments which the long experience of his newly won subjects had cemented. If, therefore, the conquest of Constantinople had preceded the triumphs of the Turks over a Mohammedan nation, when, as Fuller says, "having conquered the Saracens by their valor, they were themselves subdued by the Saracen superstition," there is little room for doubt, that, like the Bulgarian and Avar invaders of the Danubian valley, they would soon have adopted the faith, as they did the governmental forms, the vices, and the corruptions, of the great imperial capital.

It is natural that, under such circumstances, the construct-

ive faculty should never have been developed in the Ottoman Turk, and that, having taken the Arab and the Greek as the architects of his social fabric, he should employ them and other strangers as the builders of his material structures, and the engineers in his works of physical improvement. In politics, science, art, he has effected little, created nothing; and the deviations of his governmental and industrial establishments from the models after which they were fashioned, have been purely the fruit of accidental circumstances, not the results of conventional system or of any consciously recognized principle of action. Administrative talent, however, the Turks have never wanted, and since the introduction of the Tanzimat or reformed policy, it must be admitted that, in carrying out the scheme of centralization, which is a prominent feature of the Tanzimat, as a necessary preparation for the practical application of its beneficent principles, the Porte has shown a perseverance, a consistency, a capacity of adherence to a settled plan, a tendency to organization, in fact, which is quite a new trait in Ottoman social and intellectual development. So far, then, at least, Turkey has given proof of a power of assimilation to theoretically regular political system, and therefore of indefinite social improvement.

If the Turks are not a creative people, neither are they, as is so generally supposed, characterized especially by wantonly destructive propensities. That they habitually suffer existing constructions to dilapidate and perish for want of foresight in preventing decay, and of care in repairing the wear and tear which all things human necessarily undergo, is sufficiently true; but the dearth of ancient monuments at Constantinople, and the frequent demolition of heathen temples by Turks, are by no means sufficient to establish the charge of the love of ruin for ruin's sake. We know, historically, that a large proportion of the works of ancient art, in which Constantinople was once so rich, perished in the destructive fires that almost desolated the city in the sixth, seventh, and following centuries, and that those which remained were nearly all carried off, melted up, or shattered to fragments, by the Crusaders who, under "blind old Dandolo," sacked Constantinople in 1204. When, therefore, the Turks took possession of the imperial

capital, they found little to destroy. If, in their iconoclastic zeal, they sometimes mutilated a statue or a picture, they had good precedents, Protestant and Papal, for thus testifying their hatred of idolatry, and in pulling down a temple or a church to build a mosque with its materials, they were but imitating Justinian, who despoiled the temples of the Sun at Baalbec, and of Diana at Ephesus, to decorate the Church of Santa Sophia.

One of the most common, and perhaps well-grounded, charges against the Turks, is that of indolence. But this is more properly applicable to the inhabitants of Constantinople and its environs; and it is more or less true of the population of all political capitals. The soil of the borders of the Bosporus, and indeed of Turkey in general, offers little encouragement for agricultural labor, except to the very few who possess a sufficient amount of capital to command facilities for irrigation, which the long-continued droughts of summer render indispensable to successful husbandry. For commerce the Turk has little aptitude, being, as an old traveller observes, "a fool in that kind, and easily cozened." He leaves, therefore, the mystery of buying cheap and selling dear to the crafty Armenian, the cogging Jew, and in still larger measure to the Chiote sharper, to whom the shrewdest Yorkshireman or Yankee is but a tyro. Mechanical industry, once so flourishing in the Levant, is at a low ebb; but the cause of its decay lies less in the character of the people than in the commercial regulations into which Turkey has been duped by the cunning of European diplomacy. By the first commercial treaty between the Porte and a Christian sovereign, Francis the First of France, it was stipulated that no more than three per cent *ad valorem* should be levied on the importation of French wares into Turkey. To this is added a duty of two per cent when the goods are sent into the interior for sale, so that the total amount imposed upon them is five per cent. Other powers afterwards claimed the benefit of a similar arrangement, and no merchandise imported from any Christian country now pays more than five per cent. A tariff like this scarcely defrays the cost of collection, and the Porte has been compelled, in order to raise an adequate revenue, to impose

heavy taxes on real estate, and every branch of productive industry, and to levy export duties, amounting in all to twelve per cent, on all goods sent abroad from Turkey. With so little protection against foreign competition, and such heavy domestic burdens, no manufacturing industry, especially among a people little advanced in mechanical appliances, can possibly sustain itself, and the manufactures of Turkey have consequently almost ceased to exist. Like the poet Thomson, when urged at noonday to rise and bestir himself, the Turk may well reply that he has "no motive," and he quietly allows the restless energy and the comparatively abundant capital of the Greek and the Frank to monopolize the profits of the productive industry and the gainful traffic of the empire.

To all these causes of discouragement we must add the important fact that the Turks, as a people, have become hopeless with regard to the prospects of their country, their race, and their religion. They are conscious of a present inability to assimilate themselves to those forms of life in which alone great progress and high attainment in social excellence are possible. They are growing more and more aware that their system of social and political organization cannot long subsist, in contact with that restless and ever-advancing element of civilization which the Gothic and Germanic tribes have infused into the Romance, and even the Celtic and Slavic families, and they are half ready to admit themselves to be little better than intruders in Europe. Political hope is the pabulum of patriotism. Where hope has ceased to be cherished, we seek in vain the exalted sentiment of an expansive and comprehensive love of country, and we ought not, therefore, to be surprised to find among the Ottomans a political corruption, against which a generous and enlightened patriotism is the only safeguard.

The bane of Turkey is venality and corruption in office. Turkish judge may perhaps "sell justice" as freely as did British Lord Chancellor two hundred years ago, and Orientals who would scorn a fraud in weight or measure are sometimes quite ready to finger a bribe. But the difference between the Moslem and the Christian in this respect, we fear,

is rather in the name and objects of corruption than in substance. Bribe is an unsavory word to "Christian" ears, and, besides, liberal official emoluments and great private fortunes place the incumbents of important offices in European civil hierarchies above the temptation of such gratifications as private individuals can afford to pay. We accomplish equivocal ends by different appliances, and we excuse the little accommodations between the twofold conscience of the officer and the man, upon the ground of what is euphemistically styled a recognized and allowable distinction between public and private morality. "Convey the wise it call. Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!"

The pride and pelf of office have so benumbed what old ethical writers call the *synteresis* of Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, that they glory in the shame of opening private letters, betraying the correspondence to Continental despots, and sternly consigning the writers to an ignominious death; but if the baronet were unofficially intrusted, by a litigant in an English court, with a letter to his attorney, we do not suppose the offer of a shilling, though as "splendid" as Phillips's, would induce him to open the missive, or that, if he were unable to resist the temptation, Lord Aberdeen would volunteer to communicate its contents to the opposite party. Every nation has its pet mode of cheating its own conscience, and, corruption for corruption, we see no reason to believe that Turkey would at all suffer by comparison with that Northern neighbor of hers, to which Ledyard's characteristic epithet "unprincipled" will cling for centuries. At any rate, Turkish colonels do not receive pay, rations, and clothing for more thousands of soldiers than they can muster hundreds, nor do Turkish naval officers habitually eke out the deficiency of their pay by selling the Sultan's cables and anchors.

Although the Koran furnishes abundant evidence that its author was at least partially acquainted with the history and the principles of the Christian religion, yet we can by no means agree with those who think that Islamism is founded on the New Testament, and who in fact regard it as a species of Christianity *minus* Christ. It is far more nearly

allied to Judaism, or perhaps we should rather say to that earlier and more widely diffused form of Theism, which existed among the Semitic tribes before the Hebrew period, and may be considered as having been incorporated into the Jewish dispensation. The primeval religion of Arabia has left no record but the books of Genesis and Job and the other Scriptural notices of patriarchal life, and we know little of its ethical character, except as its moral precepts were recognized and embodied in the Mosaic law. Between these precepts and those of the Koran the accordance is so close, that Judaism and Islamism may be considered ethically identical, and the most important differences between the two religions are purely ritual. Considered as a policy, Mahommedanism is more available for the protection of the individual than is generally supposed. Turkey has had many violent and arbitrary princes, who would tolerate no claim of limitation to their power; but in theory, and at present in practice, the Sultan is by no means absolute. Although, therefore, he is regarded with great reverence and devotion, and his firmans are usually obeyed without question as to their binding authority, yet the loyalty of the Turk is not of so personally degrading a character as the abject, crawling submission with which the Muscovite receives the ukase of the Czar, nor does the Moslem, like the Russian, elevate his sovereign to the rank of God's representative and vicegerent upon earth. In many cases of a civil and political character, the formal assent of the highest ecclesiastical authority, which is at once the supreme judiciary and the head of the church, is required, and the arbitary will of a Sultan has more than once found a firm resistance on the part of the doctors of civil and religious law.

Without here entering into a more minute analysis of Islamism, or specially pointing out the inconsistency of its institutions with the spirit of modern society, or with any high degree of social culture, we may say that we do not consider the regeneration of Turkey, in the sense in which that phrase is commonly understood,—the restoration, namely, of the scimitar and the bow-string,—as either desirable or practicable. Nor do we believe that the Ottoman empire

can maintain its integrity and recover its political weight by any other means than the general adoption of Christianity by its people. A Jewish commonwealth, adhering strictly to the ordinances and observances of the Pentateuch, could, in the present state of the world, neither acquire political importance nor long maintain an independent existence, unless, like China, it were territorially widely separated from the European continent. There is the same impracticability in the re-establishment of the Osmanlis as a great political state, or a truly civilized and cultivated people. In fact, the Jews as a nation never rose to a condition of elevated general culture. They had no popular, perhaps no profane, literature; they patronized neither science nor liberal art; they exerted no wide-spread influence in the development of the higher powers of the human intellect; and they left behind them no monuments of material greatness. The Saracens, indeed, under the early Caliphs, and, at a later period, under the native Mussulman princes of Spain, perfected a civilization, and attained a moral and intellectual culture, whose great superiority over the contemporaneous social and mental life of Christendom is but just now beginning to be appreciated; but it was mainly through their self-emancipation from the more embarrassing restraints of rigid Islamism, that they were able to achieve these triumphs. While Papal Europe was sunk in the semi-barbarism of the Middle Ages, the religion and the civil institutions of Islam, as expounded and administered by the Arab and Moorish doctors and princes of Mesopotamia and Spain, were better suited to advance the great interests of humanity than the debased Christianity of the time, or than the grovelling feticism which at this day gathers King Bomba and his lazzaroni around the shrine of San Gennaro, and brings thousands to pay their oblations to the blinking Madonna of Rimini and the Holy Coat of Treves. But the progress of which the Reformation was the harbinger and the instrument has long since passed the utmost goal to which Mohammedan civilization could possibly attain, and neither the political nor the social institutions of Islamism can long subsist in contact with hostile influences of so aggressive and so mighty a character as those

which animate the political and social life of Christian Europe. In our time, to use a French phrase which Kossuth's quaint translation of it has made popular, "the solidarity of the peoples" — the doctrine that mankind compose a family, each member of which is bound to all the rest by sacred rights and duties, so that, without incurring the guilt of Cain, none can say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" — is too universally recognized long to permit the existence of commonwealths so exclusive and so independent as the Moslem and Jewish states.

The adoption of Christianity by Moslem nations is attended with great practical difficulties, because it involves, not only a change in their theology, but a complete revolution in the state, in the judiciary, in every branch of social, and almost every feature of domestic life. To the Mussulman the Koran is what the Pentateuch was to the Hebrew, — at once the gospel of his religion, the constitution of his government, the *magna charta* of his liberties, the statute which defines his civil and his personal rights, the code which prescribes and regulates his social and domestic duties. The patriotic Turk, therefore, though tolerant towards others, is himself almost necessarily a bigot, and this not so much from a blind and selfish partiality for the spiritual side of his religion, as from a belief that all his national institutions and all his temporal interests are founded on and bound up with it. Hence a conviction of the necessity of a radical change in the framework of the temporal commonwealth is an indispensable prerequisite to all preparation for the reception of a new spiritual dispensation, and Mohammedanism is destined to fall by blows directed against it as a civil polity, rather than as a theological system. There is no doubt that such a conviction is already widely entertained among the more enlightened orders of the Ottoman empire, and it promises to become, within a reasonable period, general among the people. The political considerations connected with the introduction of Christianity address themselves indeed almost exclusively to the governing class, which alone is sufficiently acquainted with foreign politics to comprehend the necessity of the assimilation of Turkish institutions to the European model, or sufficiently instructed

to appreciate the mutual interdependence of their religion and their social life; but other influences of a properly religious character are actively at work upon the mass of the people. In latter years, Christianity, which, judged by the apparent character of its rites in the Catholic and Oriental Churches, and by its practical influence on the lives of its professors in the East, has been, with too much reason, regarded as little better than a modern adaptation of old idolatries, is now presented to the Moslem in purer forms. The Bible has been translated into the Turkish language. It is publicly sold in the bazaars and streets of Constantinople, and it is read, to no inconsiderable extent, by Turkish men and Turkish women. The moral and intellectual tendencies of its doctrines have been exemplified, with powerful effect, in the superior intelligence and the higher morality of those Oriental Christians who have accepted the instruction of Western teachers, and a general spirit of liberalism and of inquiry has been awakened among the Ottoman people. Complete and absolute religious toleration, which, to the shame of Christianity, is denied in so many European and American states, has long existed in Turkey; but the change in the feeling of the Moslems is recent, and some of its most striking evidences have occurred since the conclusion of the peace with Russia. It is indeed a striking proof of the wisdom of that Providence which overrules the wickedness of man for purposes of moral and spiritual good, that a war, undertaken, in part at least, for the criminal purpose of checking the spread of a liberal and enlightened Christianity in the East, should have been made instrumental to the advancement of the very object it sought to defeat. It is a remarkable, though natural, feature of the spirit of inquiry now awakened in Turkey, that it is directed to the inherent character of the Christian religion, as soon as the attention of the observer is drawn to the superiority of the civil and domestic institutions of Western Europe. We say this is natural with a Mussulman, because with him religion is the substructure of the whole social edifice, and he is therefore prone to regard it as the necessary basis of every civil polity, to seek in it the ruling principle of all that appertains to associate, or to individual, moral, intellectual, and spiritual

life. Thus Christianity in Turkey appeals alike to the statesman, the political economist, the social reformer, the patriot who grieves over the decaying greatness of his country, the philosophic inquirer after spiritual truth, and the humbler and less reflecting Mussulman who seeks deliverance from social and material evils that threaten soon to become intolerable.

In spite, then, of the obstacles which oppose the Christianization of Turkey, we have an abiding faith, that this great object will ultimately be realized, and we are even convinced that, but for the active opposition of certain European powers, the change would be effected with comparative rapidity.

To those who have not studied the Oriental question at the sources, it may seem incredible and paradoxical that the spread of Christianity in Turkey should be obstructed by Christian intrigue, but the fact is, nevertheless, unquestionable; and it is certain that powerful European influences have, for half a century, been constantly arrayed against every plan of improvement in Turkey, whether material, social, moral, or religious; and the Ottoman reformers have found their most formidable obstacles, not in the obstinate prejudices of the Turkish people, but in the intrigues of Christian powers, which have preferred rather to sacrifice the best interests of even the Christian subjects of the Porte, than to allow the Ottoman government to strengthen itself in the affections of its people by a liberal, just, wise, and beneficent course of public policy. The European states whose territories lie contiguous to those of Turkey have several motives for resisting the progress of reform in that empire; but the great and leading one is to prevent such a strengthening and consolidation of the Ottoman commonwealth as would enable it to bid defiance to their schemes of partition and plunder. Every measure designed to harmonize the different races and religions of the empire, and especially those which tend to attach the Christian subjects of the Porte to their own government, or which, by diffusing a liberal and enlightened Christianity among the Turks themselves, would lead to a final amalgamation of the whole population, and the establishment of a great, free, Christian state under the rule of one independent national government, is of course dangerous to the ambitious

and rapacious schemes of the powers to which we have alluded, and is accordingly resisted by all the arts of political corruption and intrigue. The Greek Revolution, which once threatened, if not the overthrow of the Ottoman dynasty, the erection of a powerful democracy on the shores of the Mediterranean, was always discouraged by Austria, and by Russia also, until, in spite of their intrigues, the armed intervention of England became certain. Then, indeed, they interfered, but only for the purpose of securing a monarchical constitution, and a supple tool in the crowned weakling whom, after they had cunningly dissuaded Leopold from accepting the sovereignty, they placed upon a throne hardly more exalted than the three-legged stool on which King Alcinous

οἰνοποτάζεν ἐφήμενος ἀθάνατος ὥς.

In the same spirit, these powers have perseveringly opposed every reform calculated in any way to better the condition of the Christian subjects whom the severance of Greece left to the Porte, and thereby to rally them in support of a government to which both gratitude and self-interest would attach them. Nor have Russia and Austria been by any means without aid in these philanthropic efforts. Notwithstanding the bitter hostility between the Catholic and the Oriental Churches, there has always been a great deal of amiable coquetry between their respective heads, the successor of Peter and the Russian autocrat. If they sometimes scold, they as often bill and coo, and they are ever ready to lend each other a helping hand in any question of dynastic or pontifical interests.* Thus, when Clement XIV., in reluctant obedience to the voice of the Catholic Church itself, suppressed the Jesuits,

* So strong is the *esprit de corps* among despots, that the Turkish sultans themselves have never experienced any difficulty in effecting a reasonable arrangement with Majesties and Holinesses, whenever they have needed imperial or papal aid in the perpetration of great crimes on Christian soil. Thus Francis II. entrapped Rhigas, the first apostle of the liberties of Greece, and surrendered him to the Ottoman authorities. Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI. were successively hired by Bayezid II. to detain in captivity his accomplished brother and rival, Prince Zizim, who had fled to the Knights of Rhodes for sanctuary; and when Alexander sold his prisoner to Charles VIII., he, with exemplary and truly pontifical fidelity to the spirit of his engagement with the Sultan, administered to the prince a fatal poison, after the receipt of the price, but before the delivery of Zizim to the king.

whose political and moral corruption had rendered them the abomination of Western Europe, they were received by the Empress of Russia, and allowed to maintain their organization in the Russian dominions, until the overthrow of Napoleon and the general assent of the allied powers enabled Pius VII. openly to recognize and formally restore a society which constitutes the most powerful stay of the Papacy, and the most dangerous engine ever wielded by the enemies of civil and religious liberty. The important service which Russia thus rendered to the Papal cause was repaid, during the Polish insurrection and the troubles which preceded and caused it, by the zealous and efficient support which the functionaries of the Romish Church gave to the authority of the Czar, even when his forcible proselytism of Polish Catholics to the Greek Church was the cause of resistance to his tyranny. The Jesuits, and other emissaries of Catholicism in Greece and Turkey, are as zealous in opposing the progress of Protestantism among the Greeks and Armenians, and the toleration of the Protestant religion by the Turks, as they would be in resisting the conversion of native-born Catholics, and the Emperor of Russia finds a Jesuit missionary as devoted an agent as a Greek Pappas.

Such, then, are the mighty obstacles with which the spirit of Christian reform has to contend in the great work of the regeneration of Turkey. How they have been thus far met, and what ground there is for hope that they may yet be overcome, we shall endeavor to set forth in a future article.

Art. VII.—BANCROFT'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The American Revolution. By George Bancroft. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

The European political economists used to suppose that the pioneers in a new country of course chose the best land in it, as they had the first privilege. They supposed that

after-comers must necessarily work poorer soils. Our learned countryman, Mr. Carey, disproved this whole assumption, and, by doing so, upset half of the written science of political economy. He explains that pioneers choose the soil which is easiest reached and easiest cleared. And he shows that in fact, in almost all instances, the strongest and most productive land is that last brought under culture.

Very much the same thing is true in the cultivation of the domain of History. In regard to this, there is a vulgar prejudice that contemporaries are the best judges of the history of their time. This is quite a mistaken notion. They are, of course, the only authorities. But they are isolated authorities. And they cannot command so many different points of view, or so many threads of motive, as to state comprehensively what have been the really vital and organic movements of the transactions which they describe. Contemporaries are the best of annalists, as they are the only diarists. But they are not the best historians. The duty of surveying the whole body of events, and of assigning to each its proper place and dignity, is a duty for their successors of two or three generations following, or even of a more distant posterity. This statement will appear no paradox to the man who will apply it fairly to his own knowledge of his own times. Is there, for instance, any reader of these pages who will profess to tell the immediate arrangements and combinations which led to the nominations of Mr. Buchanan or Colonel Fremont as candidates for the Presidency? No, Mr. Manager! do not claim that you know the whole story! At another hotel in another street there was another Mr. Manager, who was making his combinations too; he does not know that you were his ally, more than you know that he was yours. A hundred years hence, however, if posterity cares enough for us, it will have the trunks of old letters and papers from which to spin out the whole story, and posterity will know what we do not know, why this king's pawn did not advance that day, and whose knight it was that held him idly fixed upon the board.

It happens that the original express despatch is still extant which roused the Colonies to a blaze after the battle of Lexington. It sped from point to point with all the rapidity

which those simple times knew how to give. It left Wallingford in Connecticut on the 24th of April; it was in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 11th of May. It is hard to read the little indorsements on that despatch without tears, — so intense is their exhibition of the eagerness of the country and of its dislocated weakness. "Night and day to be forwarded." "For God's sake send the man on without the least delay!" "I request, for the good of our country, and the welfare of our lives and liberties and fortune, you will not lose a moment's time." Such are a few of them. The fatal paper thus worked its way along. Day and night reeking horses bore men hoarse with shouting war, along those unfrequented bridle-paths which marked the route from Province to Province. Men left their ploughs in the furrows, as it saluted them. It found ten Colonies hoping for peace. It left ten States preparing for war. And then it rested. It lay in some pigeon-hole of Drayton's till the nation became curious as to the struggle of agony in which it was born, and then it came to light again.

Now, as we read that critical message to-day, it is to see that, strictly speaking, not one word of it is true! The fact is as completely overlaid by exaggeration and imagination, as the fact is in any first telegraphic announcement of a collision in Kanzas, by the time it reaches us upon the seaboard. The despatch is in these words: —

"Wallingford, Monday, April 24, 1775.

"DEAR SIR: — Colonel *Wadsworth* was over in this place most of yesterday, and has ordered twenty men out of each company in his regiment, some of which had already set off, and others go this morning. He brings accounts, which came to him authenticated, from *Thursday* in the afternoon. The King's troops being reinforced a second time, and joined, as I suppose, from what I can learn, by the party who were intercepted by Colonel *Gardner*, were then encamped on *Winter* Hill, and were surrounded by twenty thousand of our men who were intrenching. Colonel *Gardner's* ambush proved fatal to Lord Percy and another general officer, who were killed on the spot the first fire. To counterbalance this good news, the story is, that our first man in command (who he is I know not) is also killed. It seems they have lost many men on both sides; Colonel *Wadsworth* had the account in a letter from *Hartford*.

. . . . .

"I am, in the greatest haste, your entire friend and humble servant,
"JAMES LOCKWOOD."

"N. B. Colonel *Gardner* took nine prisoners, and twelve clubbed their firelocks, and came over to our party. Colonel *Gardner's* party consisted of seven hundred men, and the Regulars one thousand eight hundred, instead of one thousand two hundred, as we heard before. They have sent a vessel up *Mystick* River as far as *Temple's* farm, which is about half a mile from *Winter* Hill. These accounts being true, all the King's forces, except four or five hundred, must be encamped on *Winter* Hill."

That was the whole story. And it did its work. But we know now, that every statement here given as to the battle, unless we except the numbers of the English troops, was false. The king's troops were *not* reinforced a second time. Colonel Gardner (by whom is meant Isaac Gardner of Brookline) had *not* intercepted anybody. *None* of the king's troops encamped on Winter Hill, or even set foot upon it during the day. *None* of the Americans surrounded them there, — nor did any of them intrench anywhere all that day. Lord Percy was *not* killed, nor any other general officer. The first man in command on the American side (who he is *we* know not) was *not* killed either. Colonel Gardner did *not* take nine prisoners, nor did any English club their firelocks and come over to the Americans. Such is contemporary history, as recorded a hundred and fifty miles from the scene of action, and as it goes forth to kindle the fires of a war!

It is the business, as we have said, of the historian of the succeeding century, who can judge of the actors' characters, and — which is more important — of the characters of the men who leave the records of the actors, to go over the ground, to pick up the fragments and clean them, and to set up the temple anew. Mr. Bancroft has had this thing to do. He is the first historian of the Revolution who had anything like adequate material for doing it thoroughly. He has collected with diligence, putting both continents under contribution. His reputation is established, and he has received the voluntary tributes of special students or of local authorities. Any man in our generation can work in this field, with

a certain freedom from the personal prejudices which no man could escape in Ramsay's time or Judge Marshall's. Any American, again, can work in it as it is impossible for a foreigner, like Botta or Grahame, to do. And, with every year, the local histories and monographs, the choicest food for the general historian, multiply upon us, and fit distinctly so many little separate landmarks, all over the great chart; — so that with every year his work is the more certain, though all the more laborious. But, besides these general advantages, which Mr. Bancroft shares with other American students, he brings to his work all the affluence and wonderful vivacity of his style, — which seems to improve with every volume. To this he adds a rare gift for detecting real, though remote causes, — which shows him, when he comes upon a green, blossoming event, just where to look for the long, underground sucker which connects it with the parent stock from which it grew. Then there is his passion for bold reference to great principles as the sources of action, — which never permits him to rest satisfied with the vulgar solutions given to great problems in history, even by the most of the men who stand by, and see them in progress before their eyes.

The most striking of the novelties which are thus introduced into the systematic history of the country, is the view of King George as the prime mover of the English system of oppression. It was the policy of the American statesmen, at the opening of the war, to maintain always the constitutional salvo, and to charge on the ministry the decrees against which they rebelled, while they affected the greatest loyalty to the king. The English Constitution was still so new, and the old English Whig policy was in itself so popular, that they were specially tempted to try, in this way, to save their loyalty. We are disposed to believe that, at first, most of our statesmen really supposed the king an innocent puppet in the hands of his advisers. The war was well advanced, before his name was generally treated here with disrepect; and the habit of speaking of the English policy as the "ministerial policy," or as "North's policy," is not wholly abandoned to this day. But the last ten years have removed any obscurity which may have hung over this matter. It is certain now that

there was no Constable behind the throne, but that there was a king behind the minister. George the Third, young, popular, ignorant, and obstinate, was trying to govern his Colonies in an entirely unconstitutional way. It was his first experiment in autocracy. Fortunately for the constitution of Great Britain, it turned out very unsuccessfully, and was his last. While the Colonists were hanging Bute and North in effigy, while they were professing their undying loyalty to the king, it was the king himself who was driving now Bute and now North up to measures which they themselves distrusted. The king was trying to govern England as Alexander governs Russia. The attempt met with such indifferent success that it has not, on that scale, been repeated.

Mr. Bancroft, therefore, recasts all the history of the English causes of the outbreak, and with great gusto gives the king at last his due. Of course this view is far more picturesque and epigrammatic than that to which we are accustomed in modern history. The dulness of the history of constitutional nations comes from the exceeding difficulty of placing the responsibility anywhere. Mr. Bancroft, in this history of an unconstitutional monarch, is able to concentrate it on him; and he does not mince his words. "George the Third liked his pliant minister too well to give him up." "His heart was hardened." "He raved at the wise counsels of the greatest statesman of his dominions." "He never once harbored the thought of concession." "The inflexible king overruled Lord North." In Chapter XXIV., which is a very curious study of public opinion in England just before the beginning of war with America, the author shows us the general drift of the impression which had been given there. In speaking of Samuel Johnson, "the bravo who loves his trade," he says: "He echoed to the crowd the haughty rancor which passed down from the king and his court to the Council, to the ministers, to the aristocracy." In short, we believe we may justly say, that there is no place where he has an opportunity to speak of George the Third, in which he does not speak of him with contempt or with sarcasm.

The study of the French archives gave a great deal of curious illustration and information to the fifth and sixth

volumes of Mr. Bancroft's History. It does to the volume before us. We have already said, that it is curious to see how little the actors in history know of the facts which are most important. It is as curious to see how often the contemporary on-lookers have detected the secrets which the actors suppose they have kept safe. Mr. Bancroft has been admitted to the confidential correspondence of the French court, for all those years which were unloosing American loyalty. In his last volumes he showed us the amazing prophecies of Vergennes and Choiseul; in this volume are bits of their keen observation of that which was going on in England, which they understood so much more clearly than did Englishmen themselves. "It is plain enough," said Vergennes, in December, 1774, "that the king is puzzled between his desire of reducing the Colonies and his dread of driving them to a separation." To Louis the Sixteenth, then only seven months on his throne, whom the statesman was teaching the science of government from magnificent living specimens, he explained, —

"that the proceedings of the Continental Congress contained the germ of a rebellion; that while the Americans really desired a reconciliation with the mother country, the ministry, from their indifference, would prevent its taking place; that Lord North, no longer confident of having America at his feet, was disconcerted by the unanimity and vigor of the Colonies; and that France had nothing to fear but the return of Chatham to power." — Chap. XVII. p. 190.

April of 1775 came. "Vergennes saw things just as they were," which was more than anybody in power in England did. The battle of Lexington fixed the attention of the French government. The French embassy at London reported, with great accuracy, that the Americans would not be tired of the revolt; that they could provide for their own wants at home. They appreciated Franklin's ability even then. "All England," wrote the French embassy, "is in a position from which she can never extricate herself." This prophetic language shows us in that day the fine practical penetration which seems the constitutional trait of French statesmen; and as exactly does the blind, bulldog tenacity with which the English Parliament held on to the policy dic-

tated by the king mark English statesmanship, not only of that day, but of days since them. Nor was Vergennes satisfied with prophesying English discomfiture. In a paper of which we should be glad to see more, he says: —

"The spirit of revolt, wherever it breaks out, is always a troublesome example. Moral maladies, as well as those of the physical system, can become contagious. We must be on our guard, that the independence which produces so terrible an explosion in North America may not communicate itself to points that interest us in the hemispheres.* We long ago made up our own mind to the results which are now observed; we saw with regret that the crisis was drawing near; we have a presentiment that it may be followed by more extensive consequences. We do not disguise from ourselves the aberrations which enthusiasm can encourage, and which fanaticism can effectuate." — Chap. XXXIII. p. 351.

There is solemn prophecy, considering what enthusiasm and fanaticism came after it.

The greatest danger for the writer of American history is that he will write as if this nation were at any time a unit, and let his readers forget that at every moment it has been a composite, and often a scarcely organized federation. Men are tempted to write of the "Unum," and to forget the "E Pluribus." The annalists of the present moment fall into this error. Our newspapers give us the farrago of what passes at Washington, which is really only the resultant of what is passing in the various partisan centres of thirty or forty different sovereignties, — whose various lights and darknesses are simply reflected to us from the warped and stained metropolitan mirror. The same thing is very apt to happen in our Revolutionary history. Because the history of France for a year may be told in a chapter which tells of that year's battle, — of Marengo, Jena, or Austerlitz, — our historians pick out our little battles, and give us Lexington and Bunker Hill, as if they were the whole history of 1775; and Brooklyn, White Plains, and Trenton, as if they were the history of 1776. But this is a very superficial assumption. These battles were, so to speak, lost or won before they were

* Is this accurately translated?

fought. Why was there no powder at Bunker Hill? Why no generalship at Brooklyn? Why the necessity of the bold stroke at Trenton? Whoever plods through those narratives as almost every writer wants to guide him, — as if one nation, organized, accustomed to command and well commanded, were measuring strength against such another nation, — is constantly tumbling into pitfalls, from which his guides do not help him. His Washington of Brooklyn Heights has an army of some twenty thousand men. His Washington of Trenton, five months after, has a handful, of a few skeleton regiments. The change is to be found, not in the chances of war, but in the separate histories of thirteen sovereignties just adjusting the details of their affairs.

Mr. Bancroft has a passion, on the other hand, for bringing in, even from the most unexpected quarters, the different threads of influence which were woven into the history. It is not in his nature to be satisfied with the old homespun fabric, which had a warp of ministry and a woof of Washington, and out of the black and white make out such a little rectangular pattern as it could. He is at work rather on a great Gobelin picture. Where you think of it least, he brings in some backwoodsman's council, or the resolves of some Presbyterian prayer-meeting, or a little stroke of Canadian policy, in colors which you have not had in the picture before, which may not betray themselves on the surface again, but which give, just at that point, the life and flash which the picture demands. From the perfect chaos of material which he must have at command, he seems to have selected these various illustrations of the springs of public opinion very happily. It is, of course, impossible to introduce them all. The question with the historian is the same as the question of the landscape painter, always recurring, and just now, thanks to Mr. Ruskin, familiar to every one. Of the millions on millions of tints which every landscape paints on the retina, which palette-full will you select as those which shall best suggest that landscape to another? Of the millions on millions of fountains which ran together into brooks, united in larger torrents, and became the Mississippi of American Independence, which will you select, when you have seen them

all, as those which will best suggest your impression of the whole to your reader? It is in their decision of this question that historians differ from each other. Gibbon selects those details which are spicy and wicked; Hume, those which are on the surface, not often contradicted, and may be spoken of roundly and with ease; Lingard, always those which are dry, dull, and authenticated by official documents; Macaulay, those which are sparkling, amusing, and marked by personal impress of individual character. It is not so easy to say what is Mr. Bancroft's principle of selection. Only, as we have intimated, he meant to select enough. He had rather devote five pages to five incidents than to one. He had the birth of an empire to describe, and he did not mean to describe it as if it were the birth of a German principality; or, as Mr. Webster expresses it, of "a spot on the earth's surface."* Just as Washington brought together in Mount Vernon the evergreens of New England, the magnolias of Georgia, the buckeyes of Ohio, and the coffee-trees of Kentucky, Mr. Bancroft does not feel satisfied unless he can interlard the narrative which he is digesting from the state papers with scraps of pioneer life, of plantation life, and of camp-meeting life. The consequence, undoubtedly, is a want of uniformity. But this is not to be shunned by the historian of that nation to which God gave the mission of making unity out of diversity. It is not to be ascribed as the fault of the writer, that America was to be born out of the union of English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, and Spaniard, — even of the English Cavalier with the English Puritan, — even of the Irish Presbyterian with the Irish Catholic; — that, at the birth, you find even the French Huguenot joining with all the others to proclaim the religious emancipation of the French Catholic of Canada. That was the destiny of this country, — a destiny wrought in with all her early dangers, and with all her later triumphs. It is a destiny which she will have completely fulfilled, when she shall have solved the wider questions of race, as well as the narrower, and show, for the first time since the ark rested upon Ararat, how the European, the African, and the Asiatic threads are to be twisted three in one.

* Mr. Webster to the Chevalier Hülsemann.

Mr. Bancroft understands the magnitude of this problem, and it is charming to see how he plays with it and around it all along. He is never quite so happy as when he brings a French courtier and the moderator of a New England town-meeting into one paragraph; or as when, with dignity which rises to solemnity, he points the musket of a negro over the breastwork at Breed's Hill.

"Nor should history forget to record that, as in the army at Cambridge, so also in this gallant band, the free negroes of the Colony had their representatives. For the right of free negroes to bear arms in the public defence was, at that day, as little disputed in New England as their other rights. They took their place, not in a separate corps, but in the ranks with the white man, and their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country, side by side with those of other soldiers of the Revolution." — Chap. XXXIX. p. 421.

We acknowledge that, as we read, we have sometimes a fear that Mr. Bancroft has been tempted to estimate the importance of an authority by its rarity. In the rivalry which now prevails among different collectors and authors to seize for themselves the rare manuscripts and papers which are the material for history, that is a very natural temptation to which the author yields who quotes his unique tract as if it were really of more worth than the other tract published the same day which has been reprinted a dozen times. Of course, again, the unique tracts and the manuscripts just now recovered from oblivion give to history just that smack of novelty and freshness which every reader claims, however unreasonably, and which every author is so naturally desirous to give. As we have already intimated, however, such escapes from the ruts of the first explorers, if they are mistakes, are mistakes on the right side.

Mr. Bancroft gives to his thirty-seventh chapter the title "Massachusetts asks for George Washington as Commander-in-Chief." This does not simply allude to the motion, celebrated in all our histories, made by John Adams, and described by him in his Diary in the following words.

"Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and spoke. . . . . I concluded with a motion in form, that Congress would adopt the army at Cambridge and appoint a general; that,

though this was not the proper time to nominate a general, yet, as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia who was among us and very well known to all of us, — a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the Colonies better than any other person in the Union." — *Life and Works of John Adams*, Vol. II. p. 416.

It appears from Mr. Bancroft that the motion, when it was made, did not take Massachusetts by surprise. It had been first suggested here. President Adams distinctly says of it, that he consulted Samuel Adams, and that he said nothing. In another place he says that Samuel Adams was irresolute in regard to it. The impression generally conveyed by the passage has probably been, that John Adams, who "claims the credit," as Mr. Irving says, "of bringing the members to a decision," was also the original mover of the suggestion. But he does not himself make that claim. And Mr. Bancroft now states distinctly, what has not, we think, been publicly made known before, that the leading men in Massachusetts herself sent on from the camp the suggestion of the necessity of Washington's appointment to the Adamses and the other delegates at Philadelphia.

"To this end, the Congress of Massachusetts formally invited the General Congress 'to assume the regulation and direction of the army, then collecting from different Colonies for the defence of the rights of America.' At the same time Samuel Adams received a private letter from Joseph Warren, interpreting the words as a request that the continent should 'take the command of the army by appointing a generalissimo.' The generalissimo whom Joseph Warren, Warren of Plymouth, Gerry, and others desired, was Washington." — Chap. XXXVII. p. 369.

We may notice, in passing, that, in the midst of all the moderation and efforts at conciliation with which that Congress began, Washington, without speaking, had silently but impressively marked his sense of the crisis all along, by appearing at the daily sessions in military uniform. He was

the chairman of its military committee. It ought to be matter of no little pride to Massachusetts men, that from this State, where on the day of the battle of Lexington his name was scarcely known, the impulse was sent to Philadelphia which resulted in his appointment as generalissimo, on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill.

We suppose that the curious information here given regarding this wish of the leaders of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, is derived from the papers of Samuel Adams; and that, so far as this account differs from his kinsman's, the difference is to be ascribed to their varying recollections. When Mr. Bancroft publishes the collection of Revolutionary letters which he promises us, a discrepancy so curious will be fully illustrated.

At this point, however, we must express, once for all, our regret at Mr. Bancroft's determination to omit all reference to authorities as he goes on with his narrative. If in the first volumes of his book he gave too many references, as he supposes, and as we do not suppose, that is no reason why he should now counterbalance that defect by giving us none. Granting what he says in his Preface, that all the papers used could not be cited without burdening the pages with a disproportionate commentary, — granting again what Mr. Hildreth urges, in justifying his like omissions, that the notes may be arranged so as to make a parade, — it does not follow that, where an old problem is for the first time solved, the process of solution, or the postulates for it, should nowhere be alluded to. Every authority need not be cited. But where points of importance wholly new are raised, the reader has some rights, as well as the author. We are willing that a physician who is dealing with the commonplaces of his art shall go on without constantly alluding to the elementary authorities. But if his treatment becomes wholly new, we expect him to tell us how he arrives at it. We are willing that a clergyman shall preach without a perpetual reference to texts. But the moment he offers us a doctrine which he acknowledges is a new doctrine, we compel him to say where he got it. In the present state of astronomy, a man may say that the world moves round the sun, without referring to

Copernicus; but if Mr. Peirce chooses to say, what is equally true, that

$$\Sigma_i A_i^{[i]} = B\,(1 - c^{-kt}),$$

or, in other words, that the rotation area is proportional to $1 - c^{-kt}$, we expect him to prove it, though he should "encumber" a dozen pages in the process. We conceive this to be, in general, the rule for the introduction of authorities. The court — that is to say, the gentle readers — are "expected to know something." But the moment the author before them has arrived at a conclusion on which, in his own heart, he prides himself as an important novelty, he must give the court some clew as to the method by which he attained it.

Indeed, we may add, that the author himself is in need of the recurrence, even to the last instant of publication, to the sources of his information. If he is engaged, at the last, in adjusting his detailed references to them, he saves himself from mistake, while he relieves his readers' curiosity. We may take, as an instance, the following unintelligible passage, where Mr. Bancroft has fallen into error. He is preparing for his account of the Americans' seizure of Bunker Hill.

"But delay would have rendered even the attempt impossible. Gage, with the three major-generals, was forming a plan for extending his lines over Charlestown. To this end, Howe was to land troops on the Point, Clinton in the centre; while Burgoyne was to cannonade from the Causeway. The operations, it was conceived, would be very easy; and their execution was fixed for the 18th of June. This design became known in the American camp." — p. 407.

This statement is wholly new in our history, and is erroneous from end to end. It springs from a mistake in reading a letter of Burgoyne to Lord Stanley, in which he states that Gage and the generals had formed a plan for extending their lines, not "over Charlestown," but over *Dorchester* Neck. "Howe was to land on the Point (Dorchester Point), Clinton in the centre, and I to cannonade from the Causeway, or Neck," — that is, Boston Neck. The whole passage is perfectly clear; and Mr. Bancroft knows the ground so well, that he would himself have seen the error he made in mistaking Dorchester for Charlestown on his first reading, had he had on him that necessity for detailed super-

vision which the insertion of authorities for new points requires. We need not hesitate to allude to this little oversight, as it gives us the opportunity of saying, that, minute though it is, it is the most important of the few errors in detail which have arrested our attention.

We have no other fault to find with this brilliant and fascinating volume, unless that which is so easily pardoned, — that its tone is, perhaps, too uniformly the tone of panegyric of the Whigs and philippic on the Tories. Mr. Bancroft does full justice, it is true, to the moderates of the outbreak. None of our historians have shown us before what the real politics of the colonial side were. They were not a resistless tide. They had their compromises, and doubts, and mutual concessions, as all politics have. But we have some pity for the Tories, or Loyalists, — more than our author has. He falls quite into the humor of the popular press of the time as he deals with them. To our view, the grandeur of the popular victory is enhanced, and the real truth of history subserved, by the acknowledgment that these men had their weight of influence, and used it. We are sorry that we must add the confession, which we are afraid this volume does not make very distinctly, that they were sometimes shamefully handled by the successful side.

If, however, the author's enthusiasm in the good cause sometimes misleads him, he gives, all the way through, good reason for his enthusiasm. He shows, from the beginning of his book to the end, that the people were building better than they knew, that the cause which united so many diverse elements of strength was a divine cause, which had the providence of God himself for its ally, because it was a part of the advancing movement of the world. Mr. Bancroft does not write as if this were every-day narrative, because he knows it is a narrative of such events as very seldom cross the ages. We cannot but rejoice that the history is told by one who sees with his keen eye the infinite relations by which it is bound to all other history, and who works upon its details with the eagerness and perseverance which should be concentrated on so grand a theme. Of this insight, eagerness, and energy the result is a narrative of fascinating in-

terest. It is as exciting as were the times themselves. Once engaged with the picture, it is very hard to turn from it to meaner themes. It has the blush of novelty, even to readers who think themselves at home in that early struggle. And it so shows us how the corner-stones of our history were fixed, that the student of to-day feels that he understands their relations even better than his fathers did, by whose hands those stones were laid.

Art. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

We are very glad to see De Wette's Introduction to the New Testament* in our language. It is needless to say to readers of German, that it has long been considered the best work of the kind in a country where special attention has been given to this department of Biblical literature. We hope it will engage the attention of our American theologians, as well for whatever error as for whatever truth it contains on the important subjects of which it treats. The great merit of the work is, that by its very ample references, not only to original sources of information, but to the most distinguished writers on both sides of every questionable opinion or statement, the author enables the student to examine for himself, and form his own judgment. We hope it may be the means of exciting American scholars to attempt something in a branch of theological science, in which thus far they have done absolutely nothing.

In Germany, since the time of Semler, who may be regarded as the founder of this department of theological inquiry, it has employed the labor of a large number of eminent men, among whom are to be found the names of Michaelis, Eichhorn, Bertholdt, Jahn, Hug, Schott, Credner, Reuss. The work of the last, though more recent than that of De Wette, is in our view in several respects decidedly inferior to it.

In England, as well as this country, the clergy have relied chiefly on the heterogeneous compilation of Hartwell Horne, which, though it contains a good deal of valuable information, contains also a mass of worthless rubbish. Recently Dr. Davidson has published valuable introductions to the Old and New Testament, which we should recommend to all clergymen to own, as well as that of De Wette. But certainly Dr. Davidson is to be regarded as an industrious selector of

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* An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Canonical Books of the New Testament. By William Martin Lebebrecht De Wette. Translated from the Fifth, improved and enlarged Edition, by Frederick Frothingham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

views which, on the whole, strike him as worthy of reception, from the great mass of German writers, rather than as an independent historical critic, forming his own judgment from an examination of original sources.

For the present work, at least in this latest edition, the author's previous labors had been a very important preparation. More than fifty years ago, when quite young, he published a work on the Pentateuch and the Books of Chronicles,* evincing great originality and penetration, which deservedly attracted great attention throughout Germany. Since that time he has made a translation of the whole of the Old and New Testament, together with the Apocrypha, which, in our opinion, (which was also the opinion of the late Professor Stuart,) is the very best that exists in any language. He has also written a Commentary on the Psalms, of great excellence, of which five editions have been printed. His Introduction to the Old Testament has been translated in this country. The seventh edition of the original was published a short time before the author's death. Above all, he has written a Commentary on the whole of the New Testament, which, for compactness, learning, and critical ability, most scholars regard as the best that has been made. It is evident that a work on the New Testament, which has engaged the labors of such a man for more than twenty years, is *prima facie* entitled to great respect; especially when we know that ample testimony has been borne by his countrymen to his character for purity, truth, and fervent religious spirit.

We have said thus much to bespeak the favor of the reader for this work, because expressions and opinions occur in it which will grate harshly on the prevalent feeling of reverence for the Bible, which properly belongs to the great objects revealed in it. For though we have reason to believe that the Christian sentiment of religious devotion was characteristic of the author, yet he felt himself under obligation, in entering upon a critical history of the New Testament, to proceed in a rigidly scientific method, to guard against everything of an apologetic nature, and to examine the history of the books of the New Testament, their character, design, and claims to genuineness, in a purely literary spirit, and with as little deference to his own Christian feelings, or those of the Church, as if the subjects of his inquiries were the poems of Homer or Virgil. His intense and constant effort for conciseness of language, and for compressing his matter into the smallest possible compass, makes some of his critical remarks seem the more harsh and ungracious, to one unaccustomed to the freedom of German Biblical criticism and exposition.

It must also be allowed, we think, that not only has the author proceeded from what may be called a sceptical stand-point, but, with respect to matters of history, the tendency of his mind was rather a sceptical one; that is, a tendency to discern with great sharp-sightedness what is false, feigned, or unsupported, rather than to yield to authority of any kind in building up and establishing what is generally received.

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* His *Beiträge*, etc. Halle, 1806.

This should be kept in mind by the student of the work in cases where the author may seem to be hypercritical, or to express himself with caution and doubt where his own arguments would seem to authorize confidence. Still his own remark is a just one, that "nothing is gained by magisterial decisions and bold assertions."

The work is divided into two parts; the first containing in eighty-two pages information which relates to the books of the New Testament as a whole, treating of the original language in which they were written, the ancient versions of them, the principles of textual criticism, the history of the text, and the most important manuscripts and other authority on which it rests, and by which it is to be corrected. We think that all impartial scholars will agree with us in regard to this part of the work, that nowhere else can be found so large an amount of information relating to the subjects of which it treats, expressed in language of great precision, condensed into so small a compass.

The second part of the work relates to the origin, authorship, contents, and design of the particular books of the New Testament. It is the result of an immense amount of critical investigation, with copious references, in a smaller type than that of the text, not only to original authorities, but to the eminent writers of various opinions who have treated of the subject discussed. Thus, when he does not satisfy the student that his own opinion, modestly, we might almost say sceptically expressed, is correct, he furnishes him ample means for correcting it.

On the difficult problem of the origin and coincidences of the first three Gospels he has spent a vast amount of labor, and his criticisms evince a great deal of discrimination. As none of the multitudinous theories on this subject has yet given complete satisfaction to any careful inquirer, it would not be strange if that of De Wette should fail to satisfy. It may claim the merit of resting on a very minute comparison of the Gospels. It is certainly more satisfactory than the mere oral-tradition theory of Gieseler, which is the same with that which has been so ably illustrated in Mr. Norton's work on the Genuineness of the Gospels.

The introduction to the Gospel of John will be specially interesting at this time, on account of the author's criticisms on the arguments which have been urged by Baur against the genuineness and authenticity of this Gospel, with an imposing confidence which is in very striking contrast with the modesty and caution of De Wette. To a careful student of this introduction to John, De Wette supplies arguments which in our opinion go far to refute all that Baur has written on the subject. We regret that it was not consistent with the plan of his work to enter into a full discussion of the question, and illustrate his hints more at large. Having recently had occasion to make a careful examination of what Baur has written against the genuineness and authenticity of this Gospel, we have been astonished at the scanty foundation of fact on which, with logic worthy of a better cause, he has endeavored to establish the hypothesis that the author of the fourth Gospel was a forger of the second century, a manufacturer of the discourses and inventor of the miracles therein recorded. We should express the

result of our inquiries in regard to the fourth Gospel in accordance with those of De Wette, rather than with those of Baur, if the alternative lay between the two.

It is impossible within reasonable limits to state the many cases in which our judgment differs from that of De Wette. We will only advert to his decision, on subjective grounds, against the genuineness of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, and his opinion that it was an imitation of the Epistle to the Colossians by a later writer. But here, as in other cases, he has furnished the educated reader with the means of correcting the error, if it be one. He has given parallel columns of coincidences of thought and expression between the Colossians and Ephesians. We think it in accordance with familiar experience, that these coincidences should arise from the circumstance that both Epistles were written for different communities at about the same time, especially as we see in the Epistle to the Ephesians no motive for a forged imitation of that to the Colossians. It is also to be recollected, that there is no reason to suppose that Paul expected his letters to be brought together in one volume.

If the author of the work before us had studied conciseness and compression less, it would have been more interesting to the general reader. But there is at least a saving of expense to theological students, whose means are not usually very ample. The volume contains nearly as much information as the five volumes of Eichhorn, or the three of Davidson.

The translation by Mr. Frothingham, who by a residence of a few years in Germany found out how much the work was there valued, deserves great commendation. It is close, accurate, and clear. We have examined it very thoroughly, without being able to find a single mistake. If any one doubt the merit of a good translation from the German, especially of a work so difficult on account of the studied conciseness of expression, let him compare this of Mr. Frothingham with several which within a few years have been received from the other side of the water. We cannot close without expressing our thanks for the clear, accurate, and handsome manner in which the work has been printed.

A word from the "Translator's Preface" will indicate the precise position of this volume in the progress of critical inquiry: —

> "The translator at one time entertained the idea of adding to the notes, and filling out the list of works referred to, so as to show the changes and results of critical thought and inquiry during the past ten years, and thus, so far as possible, to bring the work into line with the most recent criticism. The prospect of being able to do this within any reasonable time was, however, rendered too uncertain, by the pressure of other engagements, to warrant the attempt. The work is therefore presented in the form which De Wette gave it, — a monument in the history of New Testament criticism."

Confessionalism, and the reactionary spirit now prevalent in German theology, are not so advanced in their occupation of the national mind as entirely to extinguish the ancient and hereditary freedom in that native land of the Reformation. An independent activity con-

tinues to manifest itself within the domain of theology, as well in efforts of destructive criticism, as in works of a liberal and progressive, but also earnest and constructive faith.

We have before us two recent publications, which severally and characteristically illustrate both these tendencies. The first is a critical attack on the popular faith, by J. W. Rumpf of Basle.* The author addresses himself to the unlearned ("Nichttheologen"), and aims to present in a popular form the negative results of the recent antagonistic criticism applied to the Church and the Bible, — to do for the German public what Hennell, Foxton, Greg, and others, have done for the English. He brings a good deal of ability, industry, thoroughness, and — we would fain believe — an honest purpose, to a questionable and ungracious task.

Herr Rumpf apparently writes from a lower plane of intellectual and moral life than Mr. Greg, and though the decencies, moral and literary, are for the most part duly respected, there fails not here and there a fling and a sneer, betraying a wounded spirit whose quarrel with the Church may not be altogether a theological one.

The work is one of very unequal merit. We have been particularly interested in that portion which speaks of the doubts that are likely to be engendered, and that have been engendered in the minds of many wise and good, by the popular creed. The argument drawn from the discrepancies between the traditional doctrine of the Church and the doctrine of the New Testament is sound and well put. On the other hand, the portion to which the author in his Preface invites particular attention, as containing matter peculiar to himself, — the chapters on the miracles of Christ,† — strikes us as one of the weakest in the book. What are we to think of the dialectic of a man who regards this sophism of Cicero as decisive on the question of the New Testament miracles? Cicero (De Divinatione, Lib. II. 28) says that nothing happens but what was possible, and if that only happens which could happen, it is not to be regarded as a miracle. This, Herr Rumpf thinks, settles the question.

The other publication to which we have referred — very unlike, in purpose and spirit, the one just discussed — is Bunsen's "Bibelwerk,"‡ of which the first half-volume has just been issued by Brockhaus. This work aims also to bring the results of modern criticism, so far as they are fixed and demonstrable, before the people. But with a difference. The purpose here is not negative, but positive; it is not to destroy, but to fulfil; not to alienate or repel from the Bible and from Bible-Christendom, but to strengthen the interest in them and to win men to them. The aim is "to make the Book of books actually accessible to the German people, to the *Congregation* of his country."

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* Bibel und Christus. Beleuchtung der Gründe für den Kirchenglauben. Von Johann Wilhelm Rumpf. Strassburg. 1858.

† See Vorrede, p. iv.; also Haupttheil IV. C. 2 – 6.

‡ Bunsen's Bibelwerk. Vollständiges Bibelwerk, für die Gemeinde. In drei Abtheilungen. Von Christian Carl Josias Bunsen. Erste Abtheilungen. Die Bibel. Uebersetzung und Ezklärung. Erster Theil. Das Gesetz. Erster Habband. Einleitung und Genesis 1 – 11. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

It is no hasty undertaking of which Chevalier Bunsen here gives us the first-fruits. It is a life-long work, now approaching its completion. For forty years it has constituted the central object of the author's studies and labors. Whatever learning, wisdom, experience, Christian zeal, and Christian candor may contribute, to illustrate, interpret, and recommend the Bible, is here concentrated on that task. The name of Bunsen is a guaranty for these, and a pledge of the success of the most important contribution to Biblical literature and Christian instruction attempted in this age.

The work is to consist of three divisions, in eight volumes. The first division will contain the translation and interpretation of the Old and New Testament, in four parts. The translation will adopt the Lutheran idiom, long consecrated by congregational use. The second division will be a critical investigation of the origin and history of the text. The third will be an historical exhibition of the great events and personalities of the Bible, in two sections, — "The Bible in the World's History," and "The World's History in the Bible." The present publication gives the first half of the first volume. It contains the "Preliminary Address to the Congregation" (*Vorwort an die Gemeinde*); a general Introduction (*Vorerinnerungen*), discussing the necessity, propriety, and method of the work; an historical and critical view of the canon, of previous translations and expositions; thirty proof specimens of translations; chronological tables of Biblical history, synchronically adjusted to universal history, and embodying the results of recent investigations, to which Bunsen himself, in his work on Egypt, has largely contributed; and, finally, the beginning of the Translation, to the twelfth chapter of Genesis.

The author addresses himself to the "Congregation," that is, to the *Ecclesia*, the Church in the eldest and largest sense of the word, — to the Christendom of Germany. "Whoso says Bible, says Congregation. For the congregation of Christ's disciples, the world over, possesses the spirit of God which Christ promised. It is and will remain to the end of all things the supreme bearer and interpreter of this Word of God, by according or dissenting conscience."

This opening address exhibits in an eminent degree that mixture of sobriety and freedom, of science and devotion, of piety and candor, — that progressive-conservative spirit which marks the enterprise and the man. "So then to the glory and honor of God and Christ, united in faith and love with all apostles and confessors, with the Bible in the hand, we oppose ourselves to all heathenism as to all Judaism, to all secularization of the Christian God-consciousness, as leading to idolatry; and equally to all stark outwardness of the letter, as erecting a new Judaism."

Of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel he speaks emphatically and with heat. Many who agree with him in his critical conclusion, will scarcely accompany him in his practical corollary. "It is frivolous blindness or bitter mockery when now, with us and elsewhere, men arise, who would persuade themselves and us, that with that supposition [the spuriousness of John's Gospel] a communal Christendom can any

longer subsist. If the Gospel of John is no historical report of an eyewitness, but a myth, then there is no historical Christ, and without an historical Christ all communal Christian faith is an illusion, all Christian confession hypocrisy or deception, the Christian worship of God a mummery, the Reformation finally a crime or a madness."

We are compelled to postpone to another number the notice of several recent publications, including the new volume of Selections from Martineau's writings, Mr. Bartol's "Church and Congregation," and sundry pamphlets suggested (in part) by the late "Revival."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

In this new volume of the Historical Collections,* we have an unusual variety of subjects and of interest. More than half the volume is required for the publication of the letter-books of the Relief Committee, appointed by the Town of Boston, to take charge of the donations sent from all parts of the country for the sufferers by the Boston Port Bill. This correspondence covers a period of nearly a year, and one or two closing letters which belong to a subsequent period. The books have been already gleaned by Mr. Frothingham and Mr. Bancroft for their Histories. The original documents, however, are, in all such cases, more interesting than any abridgment or digest. Indeed, we can conceive of no documents which more completely show the tone of public opinion for the year before the outbreak, than these very curious papers. They show, on the one hand, how completely the quarrel of Boston was taken up as a national quarrel, and, on the other hand, the nature of the home difficulties which were met by the patriots here. They also illustrate, in a very striking way, that essential characteristic of our whole system, the individuality, or independent sovereignty, of the several towns of New England.

The contributions were most generous, some of the smallest towns in very distant places sending gifts very large in proportion to their ability. At the same time it is evident, from the tone of the letters to and from some of the distant points, that communication was not frequent, and that these were the gifts of new allies, rather than those who had long felt themselves fellow-citizens. Historical characters appear here in new relations. Old General Putnam seems himself to have driven down the flock of sheep which the town of Pomfret sent, and Augustine Washington is requested to assist Mr. Tileston in the sale of hoes and axes manufactured by the destitute workmen of Boston in the employ of the Committee. Better than this, however, is the glimpse which the letters give us of those who are not historical characters, the All-Saints of the Revolution, unknown to fame. In this revelation they show what the real power of the popular cause was. We can conceive of nothing more discouraging to a man of General Gage's temper, than the daily witnessing of such arrivals as Mr. Cleveland's beef-

* Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Volume Fourth of the Fourth Series.

car, the New-Market men's seven cattle, the Providence flock of one hundred and thirty-five sheep, and the trains of wagons from Salem and Marblehead, where the Port Bill compelled the large Southern donations of provisions to be landed. Such gifts were arriving, literally, every day. Such a method of warfare must have shown him more of the power and spirit of the Colonies, than any message which "Old Put" sent him the next year from the "Congress" iron mortar. He was more used to these missiles than to those.

Scottow's narrative of the planting of the Massachusetts Colony, a very rare old tract, originally printed in 1694, is reprinted as the second contribution to this volume. There follows a very curious and interesting paper by Governor Washburn on the extinction of Slavery in Massachusetts. This must become the standard authority on that critical and remarkable victory of human right.

There follow some unprinted letters of Thomas Cushing's, — some curious memoranda of General Gage, with regard to the opening of hostilities, — three contemporary accounts of the destruction of the tea, transcribed by Dr. Sparks from the originals in England, — a letter of Samuel Adams's, and one of Joseph Hawley's, before unpublished, and all the originals of Andrew Eliot's letters to Hollis, so often alluded to by Hollis in his Memoirs. All of these are very properly published in the same volume with the letters of the Committee on Relief, for they furnish valuable illustration of the feelings of the Colonists in the ten years preceding the war.

Any reader of sense goes back to the original authorities as often as he can. They are of course not so comprehensive as later history, but they are always more racy. This volume is exactly the companion which Mr. Bancroft would desire to have read by the side of his new volume, which we have noticed elsewhere. While he gives the complete view of the beginning of the war, these letters supply thousands of illustrations, where he is obliged to content himself with one or two.

Dr. Jenks has furnished, from a French work in the Historical Library, a notice of the Sieur d'Aulnay, that almost mythical personage of the early New England historians. An original narrative by Phineas Pratt, one of Weston's men, who came over in 1622, himself one of the mythical men of Massachusetts, closes the older histories in the volume. To these are added memoirs of Messrs. Davis, Lawrence, and Hunt, members of the Society recently deceased.

EVERY great step in the progress of mankind is appointed to have its hero, — a man born for the work and identified with it, — a man with whom the *cause* is a greater and more absorbing thing than any gain or fame that comes of his connection with it. George Stephenson was precisely such a hero. His Life * is the history of the greatest industrial enterprise of modern times. Nothing since the Protestant Reformation, thinks Mr. Smiles, is equal in grandeur and importance to the railway

* Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. By SAMUEL SMILES. From the Fourth London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

system, inaugurated, championed, and triumphantly established by his single brain and hand. He was just such a man as the enterprise demanded, — as if expressly born, bred, and foreappointed to it. Of the finest physical type of the Northumbrian Briton, tall, athletic, of untiring fibre and undaunted will, — bred to toil, so that at eight he earned his twopence a day as herd-boy, and his shilling at fourteen, — a born engineer, making his clay models of engines when a child, and ten years later taking his machine to pieces every week, and making over those parts that refused to work, — restless in his hungering for knowledge, learning to read first at eighteen, and choosing night-work that he may have the day for study, — struggling with poverty, spending his leisure in the repair of shoes and clocks, and only kept from emigrating by the lack of means, — so intensely practical, that, with his rude appliances and fragments of chemical lore, he fairly anticipates Sir Humphrey Davy in his great invention of the Safety-Lamp, — doing battle for the locomotive and iron road as one should do battle for a kingdom or a flag, — fighting never for himself, but always for the indomitable instinct that masters him and the cause of mechanical progress which makes his vehement faith, — as modest as he is brave, and as honorable in dealing as he is skilful in contrivance, — here is a man who stands at last, untitled, in the front rank of modern nobility, the champion of the people and the counsellor of kings. Truly it is a good thing to watch a career so bravely entered on, so calmly and magnanimously followed out.

We need not enlarge on a story which almost every one has read. It is well told, — with enough enthusiasm in the narrator, and a sufficient sense of its importance as a chapter in universal history. One or two points it is pleasant to call to mind, which show the personal quality of the man. Amidst the mockery of those who thought him mad, the bullying and abuse of Parliament-men, the civil sneers of men of science and engineers, the distrust of the company he serves, the malignant opposition of vested interests, and wild rumors, such as that "hundreds of men and horses had sunk in Chat Moss, and railways were at an end for ever," — we find the same resolute courage, and faith in himself compelling the faith of others. Amidst the mania of speculation and extravagance of schemes started by his own amazing success, we find the same simple, high-minded honesty, the same cool and steady common sense. "Though it would put £500 in my pocket to specify my own patent rails, I cannot do so after the experience I have had; if you take my advice, you will not lay down a single cast-iron rail." That is the temper of the man. He never bought a railway share on speculation, and never sold a share, though he might gain or save whole fortunes. His point of honor was to fulfil his contract faithfully, and to breed a school of honest engineers.* Tender and true in his

* "The identical engines constructed by Mr. Stephenson in 1816 are to this day to be seen in regular useful work upon the Killingworth railway, conveying heavy coal-trains at the speed of between five and six miles an hour, probably as economically as any of the more perfect locomotives now in use." (p. 136.)

affections, his early love has the savor of a rustic romance; he toils and spares to give his boy the book culture he has learned to value by his own want of it; in mature years his hand is open in many an act of timely charity, and he pleads, "with the tears streaming down his cheeks," with some backslider who is ruining himself by strong drink.

A good many incidental matters make this biography very interesting, apart from its main subject: — the early story of the railway system; the invention and value of the "steam-blast"; the grand trial-day and triumph of the "Rocket"; the rise and characteristics of the class of "Navvies"; the tale of the railway mania; "fast engineers" and schemes of atmospheric traction; and the great battle in the dark with the Demon of the Mine. We copy, for its curious and pathetic interest, an anecdote which shows how the world had to wait more than two centuries for the hour and the man to meet.

"We were crossing the court [of the Bicêtre], and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.' 'What has he discovered?' asked our guide. 'O,' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man,' continued the keeper, 'is named Solomon de Caus; he came from Normandy four years ago to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine that, with steam, you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end to the miracles which (he insists upon it) could be performed. The Cardinal (Richelieu) sent the madman away without listening to him. Solomon de Caus, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went, with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him for ever in his path, and annoyed at his folly, shut him up in the Bicêtre.' He has even written a book about it, which I have here." (Letter from Marion de Lorme to Cinq-Mars, Feb. 1641.) — p. 71.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE mines of Siberia and the wild Steppes of Tartary make the scene of one of our best new volumes of travel.* The Oural and the Altai, bleakest of mountain regions, have had the fascination to attract and hold for seven years an artist-traveller, who reports their mineral splendors and the rude glories of their landscape with fidelity and enthusiasm. Mr. Atkinson is an enterprising Englishman, who set out with rifle and portfolio, and the "sole object to sketch the scenery of Siberia," and returns rich with 560 colored drawings and an entertaining journal of adventures. He has all the personal qualities needful for the enterprise; — a stature of near six feet; a head, as experience proves, "well-nigh bullet-proof"; a hunter's, as well as an artist's, hand and eye; is tough in the saddle and a sure shot; and braves with equal intrepidity the wild robber-hordes of the Altai, or the wilder rapids of storm-swollen rivers. Nothing but personal hardihood and a

* Oriental and Western Siberia. By T. W. ATKINSON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo.

natural aptness of command saves him, in a score of emergencies, from plunder or death. Armed with the best of weapons and artist's tools, and with a pass from the Emperor that unlocks every ward of that intricate frontier system of locks and guards, he sets out from Moscow in March, 1847, in "a sort of half-grown omnibus" on runners; is shockingly rocked in the cradle-holes of the imperial highway, getting dangerous now towards spring; and spends a good many months in a pretty thorough exploration of the precious mines and quarries of the Oural. A journey of some four months, among the mountain ranges and steppes of Tartary, gives a picture, which to most readers must be quite new, both of the scenery and mineral wealth of that extraordinary region, and of the wild tribes, Kalmuck, Kirghi, and Cossack, among whom our author dwells. These scenes fill the largest part of the volume, some 350 pages. Returning upon the great government road, he journeys eastward as far as Irkutsk on Lake Baikal, where we take leave of him. Apparently, he spends some four or five years in forming a more intimate acquaintance with Siberia, particularly its various mining districts, and returns to Britain about 1854.

Where the adventure is genuine and fresh, we need not be captious as to style. We do not blame a man for not holding the pen of Kinglake or Dr. Kane. Yet this volume is needlessly cumbersome with many diaristic details, with episodes rather awkwardly narrated, with many labored descriptions of sky and cloud, with a traveller's scorn (quite needlessly obtruded) of the tamer landscape of the Alps and Rhine, and with occasionally such platitudes as the following (p. 312): "Had Ruskin been here, he must have acknowledged that Dame Nature was as a colorist more Turneresque than Turner himself." But these are small defects, amply compensated by the wholesome mountain air of the book, and by the groups and natural scenes given in the generous supply of woodcuts. The land and the people, — these are the essential thing in all traveller's stories; and these are exhibited in the most full, faithful, and interesting way.

The world first began to understand the wealth of barbaric gems and gold belonging to these drear appendages of the Russian crown, at the Exhibition of 1851. But the native splendors of these regions, and the prodigious scale on which materials most gorgeous and costly are lavished, require the full setting forth, and the somewhat imaginative handling, of such a report as this. Whole districts seem to be made up of the rarest and most splendid varieties of porphyry, jasper, marble, or agate; coal and iron are found, of the finest quality, in vaster deposits than in all England (p. 302); while the gold-mines were the wonder of the world for wealth until the discoveries of the last ten years. "The jaspers are found in a great variety of colors, — the most beautiful a deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray, and cream-color; also a ribbon-jasper, with stripes of reddish-brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied, some of most brilliant colors. Oölite is also a splendid stone of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black; when made into vases, it is semi-transparent. Malachite is also used in making tables and various other articles. I have frequently found and painted huge masses of these splendid rocks, of

which I have now seventy-two varieties." (p. 95.) Amethyst, topaz, tourmaline, beryl, aquamarine, are the material familiar to the handling of the peasant-craftsman at fourpence a day. "Columns of jasper fourteen feet in length," vases and bas-reliefs graceful in design and perfect in workmanship as any antique, gems, seals, tables, paper-weights, inlaid perhaps with clusters of grapes in amethyst, and foliage, or figures of birds and flowers, are wrought in prodigious quantities among these remote mountain ranges, and find their way — by what means of transport is not made clear — to the imperial treasuries in St. Petersburg; for all this vast mineral wealth is the private property of the Emperor. To illustrate the system, a story is told of some uncommonly splendid jewels of emerald, which found their way to some German princess, who appeared, radiant in their stolen splendor, at the Russian court. The rare beauty of the gems led to inquiry, and suspicion fell on the director of the "Fabric," who, "without any investigation, was sent to prison, and after many years' confinement died there; nor is it known to this day by whom these emeralds were stolen. In Siberia it is still believed that the man was innocent, but that, for the safety of persons of more consideration, it was absolutely necessary he should be imprisoned; in short, it has been hinted that the offence was committed by parties much nearer his imperial Majesty." (p. 100.) We have also (pp. 118–123) a very dramatic account of the murder of an English agent at the gold-mines, and the bold stratagem by which the criminals were detected, and the system of gold-robbing checked.

Of the Russian mining-engineers it is said that "no class of men in the empire can approach them in scientific knowledge and intelligence." (p. 278.) Among the most interesting results of their skill, we are told (pp. 110–112) of the experiments by which General Anossoff succeeded in restoring the long-lost art of making true Damascus steel, "perhaps unequalled even in ancient, certainly never approached in modern times," an art which, in its perfection, seems unhappily to have since perished with its restorer. "The general fault of European blades is, that, being forged of shear-steel for the sake of elasticity, they are scarcely perceptible of the keen edge that cast-steel will assume. The genius of Anossoff has triumphed over this objection, not in hardening soft steel, but in giving elasticity to the hard." Certain condemned blades "were bent double, and back again, several times, ere they could be divided." The Russian peasants are a race at least equally remarkable. "Men are brought from a village, never having seen any mechanical operations before, and are taken into the Zavod. One is told he must be a blacksmith: he goes to his anvil without the least hesitation, and begins his work; another is ordered to be a fitter in a machine-shop: he seats himself at his bench, looks at the work his neighbor is doing, takes up his file, commences his new and to him wonderful occupation; so they go on through many branches." (p. 99.) "Here wages are almost nothing. I have seen a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe," whose wages were less than a dollar a month, besides "36 pounds of rye-flour to make into bread; meat he is supposed never to eat." Another, at the same rate of pay, was "cutting a head of Ajax,

after the antique, in jasper of two colors, — the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream-color, — a splendid production of art, which would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia." (p. 95.)

Aside from the splendors of mountain-scenery which we have hinted at, we have in Northern Asia a weary and monotonous expanse of pine-covered sand-plains and birch-covered swamp (p. 499), with perils of bears and wolves, and dire torment of mosquitos. The prowess of the peasantry, men and women, in conflict with mighty bears, is told in many a tale of thrilling venture. Farther south, the mountain region opens now and then in "park-like scenes" of great natural beauty (p. 169), and we have glimpses of pines and larches, "some one hundred and fifty feet in height: what splendid masts they would have made!" (p. 357.) Among the pictures of savage nature there, we have an eagle (bearcoote) of prodigious strength, able to kill a deer with a stroke or two of his beak, hooded and trained to serve in hunting (p. 416); and tarantulas, living in little dens under ground, ugly and venomous, yet "the sheep eat them with impunity and relish" (p. 423); boars, wolves, and snakes, with which our author has formidable encounters; and robber-bands, no less savage and stealthy than they. The habits of the Tartar tribes, in their native haunts, — "the steppe over which Genghis Khan had marched his savage hordes more than six hundred years ago," — we have never seen portrayed with so much vivacity and minuteness. Considerably tamed they are from the wild Scythian manners which Herodotus relates, yet still in some particulars recall them.

As incidental features of the book, we refer to the account given of the Siberian convict-gangs and stations, with their barracks and stockades (p. 147); the gambling passion, so strong where no books and newspapers, or public interests, relieve the weariness of "unused powers" (p. 98); the gorgeous August display of meteors (p. 438); the figures cut on rocks (p. 193) and tumuli (p. 201), memorials of some perished and unknown races, and recalling the favorite old fancy of an ante-historic civilization in the uplands of Central Asia; the wild traditions respecting the red and white belts of quartz-rock (p. 215); the Cossack dance and song (p. 270); the night of thunder-storms (p. 327); the marvellous fish-spearing of the Kalmucks (p. 304); the hunting adventures here and there; and the robber-bands of the Altai (p. 431). These, with the specimens we have quoted before, will give a fair notion of the interest of this volume, which we have looked at wishfully in its English dress, and are glad to find in so accessible a shape.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the plan and execution of Appleton's "New American Cyclopædia," * we have already spoken in general terms, which we find no

* The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

occasion to alter on the appearance of the second volume. One leading characteristic of the work has to be borne in mind in judging it, — that its main merit and aim are *literary*, as distinct from the scientific fulness, or what we may call the *working* qualities, of some similar works. It does not supersede, any more than it is superseded by, such special dictionaries as Brande's, Loudon's, or Guillett's. What can be given by essays, written descriptions, or paragraphs of information, seems to be as fully, admirably, and exactly given as we could wish. But, using tabular statements very sparingly, and pictorial illustrations not at all, such topics as architecture, mechanics, natural history, and many of the exacter sciences, can be but very imperfectly presented. This, the only radical defect of the present plan, we cannot help hoping will be in some way remedied in time. The neat and compact illustrations in the forthcoming quarto edition of Worcester's Dictionary show that we express no unreasonable regret on this point.

Bating these qualifications, we are struck again with the great freshness, amplitude, and general accuracy * of treatment apparent throughout the work. To a degree which at first sight seems hardly possible, its material is strictly new. As an example, of thirteen columns on the history of the *Austrian Empire*, eight are occupied with the events of the last twelve years, bringing its diplomacy down to January, 1858. We also find references (as under the head *Basques*) to works published within the last twelvemonth. Events hardly yet crystallized into history from their state of solution and dispersion in newspapers, despatches, and debates, are most serviceably condensed into a permanent and readable shape. Let the promise of these two volumes be fulfilled, and this one feature alone will make the work invaluable and unique.

For the clear, fresh, brilliant style of many of these papers, we wish again to express our sense of obligation, — an excellence so universal that we find it difficult to particularize. The longest paper is that on *Athens*, — forty-eight columns, — dealing perhaps a little disproportionately in details, which, however, one is glad not to spare. In this, as in the other more extended articles, the chief fault is the difficulty of finding at once the special point, of history, topography, or statistics, which one may be in search of. Among the most thorough in their information, and of chief general interest in this volume, are the papers on *Arctic Discovery*, *Asia*, *Atlantic Ocean*, *Australia*, *Bank*; very interesting in a biographical view are *Eugene Aram*, *Arnold*, *Athanasius*, *Attila*, *Augustine*, *Bacon*, *Bancroft*, *Bach*, *Barneveldt*; *Argot*, *Autobiography*, *Autograph*, *Bacchanalian*, are among the pleasant curiosities of literature; *Arboriculture*, and an excellent dissertation on *Barns*, show that the wants of our farmers are not forgotten; *Atmospheric Engine and Railway*, *Astronomy*, *Barometer*, with a score of lesser

* But here is a blunder not easy to account for: the *Cloaca Maxima*, "the first arched monument on record, consisted of a small dome supported by a few pillars, under which stood the augurs; the object was to protect the priest against the sun and rain, and at the same time allow him to study the horizon and be seen by the people"! — p. 20.

articles, note for us the progress of the arts and sciences; while *Archery, Armor, Arms, Army, Artillery, Attack, Battalion, Battle,* with *Arbela, Armada, Austerlitz, Bannockburn, Balaklava,* etc., make this volume by itself a pretty full encyclopædia of military affairs. We give these as hints of the variety to be found under these two thousand titles, not at all by way of invidious distinction; and to show that the work, though not in every point everything that could be wished, is to a very extraordinary degree such a companion as the general reader needs and will value, quite as much as the literary man.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Longman & Co., of London, have lately published: —

The sixth volume of Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire," bringing the narrative down to the Destruction of Jerusalem;

Capgrove's Chronicle of England, and three Lives of Edward the Confessor, in old English, Norman-French, and Latin, with translations, fac-similes, &c., — a beautiful addition to our antiquarian libraries;

A very full and entertaining biography of Cardinal Mezzafanti, prepared by the President of the Catholic College at Maynooth;

The fourth volume of Humboldt's Kosmos. Part I. Translated by General Sabine.

A Life of Shelley, in four volumes, by Thomas Jefferson Hogg (Moxon), two large octavo volumes of Indian Antiquities, by James Prinsep (Murray), and the second volume of Rawlinson's Herodotus, are among the more noteworthy recent productions of the English press. A notice of Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age" will appear in our next number.

A literary curiosity is a volume of New Zealand Proverbs and Apologues, with a running interpretation, which bears the unfamiliar mark of the Cape Town press. At Little, Brown, & Co.'s.

The first number of the Stereographic Magazine (to be illustrated with stereographic illustrations) will be published in London, July 1.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Evil not from God; or, The Mystery: being an Inquiry into the Origin of Evil. By John Young, LL. D., Edinburgh. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 343.

The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858. A Memorial Volume of Sermons. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 395. (Twenty-five Sermons, by as many preachers.)

Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London. Fourth Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 445.

The Happy Home. By Kirwan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 206.

Glimpses of Jesus; or, Christ exalted in the Affections of his People. By

W. C. Balfern. From the Second London Edition. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 16mo. pp. 259.

The True Glory of Woman, as portrayed in the beautiful Life of the Virgin Mary, Mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By Rev. H. Harbaugh. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 263.

Select Discourses, by Adolphe Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Julius Müller: translated from the French and German. By Rev. H. C. Fish and D. W. Poor. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 408.

An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Canonical Books of the New Testament. By W. M. L. De Wette. Translated from the Fifth, improved and enlarged Edition, by Frederick Frothingham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 8vo. pp. 388.

The Character and Work of Christ. By William B. Hayden. Third Edition. Boston: Otis Clapp. 12mo. pp. 83. (Paper.)

Studies of Christianity: or, Timely Thoughts for Religious Thinkers. A Series of Papers by James Martineau. Edited by William R. Alger. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 12mo. pp. 494.

Portrait of a Christian, drawn from Life; a Memoir of Maria Elizabeth Clapp, by her Pastor, Chandler Robbins. Boston: Sunday School Society. 16mo. pp. 134.

Plain Words to Young Men. By Augustus Woodbury. Concord: E. C. Eastman. 12mo. pp. 250.

Rays of Light. Second Series. Otis Clapp. 32mo. pp. 128.

Immersion not Baptism. By Rev. John H. Beckwith. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 24mo. pp. 47.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in MDCCCXV. to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in MDCCCLII. By Sir Archibald Alison. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 449. (Closing with the disasters in Afghanistan, in 1842.).

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States: with Notices of its Principal Framers. By George Ticknor Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 653.

Wyoming: its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By George Peck. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 430.

Truth Stranger than Fiction. Father Henson's Story of his own Life. With an Introduction, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Handy Book on Property Law; in a Series of Letters. By Lord St. Leonards. From the Fifth London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 216.

The White Mountain Guide-Book. Concord: Edson C. Eastman. 12mo. pp. 152.

Hymns and Tunes for Vestry and Conference Meetings, by Edwin M. Stone. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 116.

A Practical Grammar of the Latin Language, with Perpetual Exercises in Speaking and Writing. For the use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Learners. By G. J. Adler. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, Bazin, & Co. 12mo. pp. 706.

Handbook of German Literature, with Critical Introductions and Explanatory Notes; to which is added an Appendix of Specimens of German Prose. By G. J. Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 550. (Consisting chiefly of a few masterpieces of the German Drama.)

A Compendium of American Literature chronologically arranged, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. By Charles D. Cleveland. Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle. 12mo. pp. 740.

The Reason Why: a careful Collection of many Hundreds of Reasons for Things which, though generally believed, are imperfectly understood. A Book of condensed Scientific Knowledge for the Million. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 346.

The Anniversary and Sunday School Music-Book. New York: Horace Waters. pp. 31.

The Golden Harp: a Collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses, for the use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Picnics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson. Boston: O. Ditson & Co. pp. 168.

PAMPHLETS.

Christian Citizenship and Honest Legislation. A Sermon delivered at the Annual Election, Wednesday, June 6, 1858. By F. D. Huntington, D. D. Boston: William White. pp. 44.

Truths for the Times. 1. The Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment. 2. Instantaneous Conversion, and its Connection with Piety. 3. Justification and its Consequences. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. pp. 35.

The Twenty-Fourth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. Presented March 21, 1858. Boston: John Wilson & Co. pp. 33.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum. Transmitted to the Senate, February 7, 1858. Albany: C. Van Benthuysen. pp. 61.

Letters to the Members of the American Tract Society, on the Tract Controversy. By the Boston Secretary. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. pp. 112.

The Young Men of America, considered in their several Responsible Relations. By Samuel Batchelder, Jr. New York: N. A. Calkins. pp. 32. (A Prize Essay.)

The Southern Platform; a Manual of Southern Sentiment on the Subject of Slavery. By Daniel R. Goodloe. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. pp. 96. (Double columns.)

Report of the Ministry at Large in Charlestown. April, 1858. By Rev. O. C. Everett. Charlestown: W. W. Wheldon. pp. 28.

The Reaction of a Revival upon Religion: a Sermon preached before the Convention of the Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, May 27, 1858. By George E. Ellis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 38.

The Doctrine of Endless Punishment for the Sins of this Life, Unchristian and Unreasonable. Two Discourses, delivered in Hollis Street Church, by T. S. King. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 66.

The Question of Priesthood and Clergy. By Compaginator. pp. 96.

Service, the End of Living. By Andrew L. Stone. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 48.

Remarks on Social Prayer-Meetings. By the late Bishop A. V. Griswold, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 99.

To Subscribers. — *Two or three Articles exceeding the limits appropriated to them, the Review of Current Literature in this number of the Examiner has been unavoidably abridged. Hereafter, as heretofore, the endeavor will be to give this department due space and prominence.*

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

Art. I. — LIFE AND ART.

1. *Why and What am I? The Confessions of an Inquirer.* In three Parts. Part I. *Heart-Experience; or, The Education of the Emotions.* By James Jackson Jarves, Author of "Art-Hints," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857.
2. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting.* By John Ruskin. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1856.
3. *The Way towards the Blessed Life.* By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. London: John Chapman. 1849.
4. *A Memorial of Horatio Greenough.* By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853.

These books on Art and Life, however diverse the subjects may appear at first, suggest the same great lesson, that life is the very substance of all art. The "Confessions" of Mr. Jarves, though true only "to him who believes," have perhaps a more central and artistic unity than if they were an exact literal record of external events; just as the artist, in order to portray the landscape, must reject all unrelated and foreign objects, and subordinate the parts to the one presiding principle. His book is full of suggestive statements, and may be truly said to be alive. It ends with the acknowledgment that there has been a failure in everything that the world calls "life," — health, fortune, marriage, ambition, friendship, &c., — and yet there is the one success that is a compensation for all.

"In respect to my *inner self*," says the writer, "it has not proved a failure. A superficial view is indeed unsatisfactory; and, if I now clung tenaciously to the objects on which my head and heart, during their unsophisticated state, set their desires, as the sole realities of existence, I should indeed of all men be the most miserable. But I do not. Most of them were but self-begotten illusions. The best were but shadows of deeper, more distant, but finally realizable truths, — truths that shall eventually fill heart and mind, and expand both with ever-increasing knowledge and happiness. Neither events nor individuals can now disturb the serenity of this faith."

The work of Fichte unfolds the same truth from the metaphysical or transcendental point of view, and is a truly noble and heroic Christian statement of the law and conditions of "life." He rightly considers the word "blessed" superfluous; for blessedness and life are one and the same thing. The works on art suggest to us, in their peculiar sphere, those illustrations of the relation of art and life upon which we wish to dwell.

It is now half a century since Fichte expressed the wish that some man could be found, who, "by actual analysis and comprehension of existing works of art, should rekindle in young minds the almost extinguished sense of art." To fulfil this office has been the attempt of Mr. Ruskin; how successful he has been, it is not now our place to consider. Art seems now an exotic in the age, something divorced from the life, — a knack, an embellishment, and not the embodiment of those feelings and tendencies which *must* be expressed under that particular form. We cannot deny the merit of a higher ideal of art, and a higher estimate of the qualifications necessary to constitute the artist; but this evidences critical acumen, and not positive productive power. In fact, the life of the age has not yet reached that positive state in which the process of crystallization, called Art, *can* take place. Art is essentially creative, and though all the past must mingle in the product, every birth of the spirit is a new embodiment. As no one can tell whence that spirit comes, so no one can predict its manifestation. The sculpture, painting, and architecture of to-day are imitative, and are not the product of a joyous ecstasy, when the overshadowing spirit of

life seeks to realize itself in material creations. There must be the inner, spiritual life before there can be genuine art. "Good itself," says Swedenborg, "when it flows in from the internal man into the external, constitutes the beautiful; it is the spiritual in the natural which affects, and not the natural without the spiritual." Art is genuine only as it represents the vital consciousness of humanity; whatever is other than this is either lawless fancy, or tame copying, or tasteful repetition of the past. There is ornament, elegance, *recherché* variety, but not beautiful creation.

In our age, art is regarded as an ornamental appendage to life, and not as its representative. Even Mr. Ruskin seems to look upon art as but ornament and superfluity, when he says, in giving a definition of architecture: "No one would call the laws architectural which determine the height of a breastwork or the position of a bastion. But if to the stone facing be added an *unnecessary* feature, as a cable moulding, *that* is architecture." This is a sad surrender of the position of art. The truth is, that all mere embellishment, as such, is a confession of weakness and incompleteness, of an inability to embody the true life of the spirit. Is a poem a work of art only as it is embellished by words and images which are added as unnecessary features, and which are unessential to convey the literal meaning of the writer? From the true poem no image can be spared, no word is there introduced as ornamental; the figures are all essential, as alone adequate to express the meaning; and being the product of a vital fusion of mind and matter, of idea and expression, of soul and body, they not only live, but impart their life. Not thought and the sensuous fancy alone are addressed, but the soul itself is moved to its depths, and drinks of the very fountain of life.

Among the remarkable Essays of Greenough there is one entitled "Relative and Independent Beauty," which touches this point.

"Man is an ideal being; standing, himself inchoate and incomplete, amid the concrete manifestations of Nature, his first observation recognizes defect; his first action is an effort to complete his being. Now, his best efforts at organization falling short of the need that is in his heart, and therefore infinite, he has sought to compensate for the defect

in his plan by a charm of execution. He thus mirrors but darkly God's world. By the sense of incompleteness in his plan, he shows the divine yearning that is in him; by the effort to compensate for defect in plan by any make-shift whatever, he forbids, or at least checks, further effort. I understand, therefore, by embellishment, THE INSTINCTIVE EFFORT OF INFANT CIVILIZATION TO DISGUISE ITS INCOMPLETENESS. Finding in God's world a sensuous beauty, not organically demonstrated to us, the hierarchies call on us to shut our eyes, and kneel to an æsthetical utterance of the Divinity. I refuse. Finding here an apparent embellishment, I consider the appearance of embellishment an accusation of *ignorance and incompleteness in my science.*"

If a true principle is here enunciated, may we not extend its application to the whole of the present pursuit of art, and say it is regarded too much as a mere embellishment, a separate and positive ornamental thing, a fringe and appendage to life, rather than as an expression of what is innermost, divine, and vital, which *must* have an embodiment in the outer sphere, and a form, in order to hold any communion with the sons of men? All the great works of art in poetry, painting, music, and sculpture possess this feature in common, that they are the expressions of a concrete, actual life in the time which gave them birth. They are the growth of human states of holiness, aspiration, joy, and love. They are not produced out of a set purpose to compensate, by some embodiment of ideal beauty, the meanness, nothingness, triviality, and imperfection of common life and every-day pursuits. The Middle-Age cathedrals were not built, and could not have been built, by those who wished to make up in wood and stone for the baseness of their lives and their grovelling affections. It was holy and devout reverence and worship which formed this fitting body and representative of itself upon the earth. So sculpture and painting, in their purest forms, have been real things, expressing actual life, not artistic attempts to ornament and fill out the baldness of the present by an outward representation and reproduction of past forms of beauty and grace.

"In the great works of the Roman and Florentine schools," says Greenough, "we behold the highest development of thought and feeling in the pictorial form. These great masters always based their creations upon tangible, palpable, every-day truth. The mother bears

her babe, the Saviour embraces his cross. The heavens, as they open, reflect earth, and worship the Deity with words of human speech. Titian, in his color, is not less true to the concrete. As art declined, we find the process to be one of separating the sensuously pleasing from its organic relation."

Art, at present, is too much separated from this organic relation with life. It is not inspiration, but a seeking after forms, sights, colors, and sounds, which, having once been used to express the inner life of the individual and the age, have become embalmed in the traditional reverence of the world. It is a worship of idols, Grecian, Roman, mediæval, and Egyptian. It is the highwayman going forth to fill his empty pockets from such travellers as he may fall in with, not the industrious citizen pursuing his useful calling. It believes that beauty exists somewhere, in something, and can be taken home, when found, as the geologist can appropriate the fragment of a rock, or the sportsman bag his game. In a word, it is an embellishment, a superadded grace, a pretty ornament, an independent and arbitrary attainment, not a phase of human development springing from infinite, spiritual deeps, and using the outer material only as a means of manifesting itself to man.

In another aspect, besides this intimate relation of art, when genuine, to the life of the age, we see the connection of art and life. He who truly lives, — who attains to "the blessed life," — becomes in all essential respects an artist; he embodies in his action those characteristic qualities of mind and heart which distinguish the artist-calling from other pursuits. Life itself is thus the art of all arts. In order to make this clear, it will be necessary to specify more particularly what are the characteristics of a real work of art. These characteristics, according to Schelling, are the following: — 1. An Infinite, not proceeding from any plan or conscious design, but over and above the private thought, will, or contrivance. 2. An external expression of repose, the result of an equilibrated and rightly-balanced action of all the parts. 3. A finite form in which is embodied an infinite sentiment, and that form always characterized by beauty. 4. An end within itself; that is, with no regard to extrinsic inducements of

pleasure, interest, utility, or preceptive morality. 5. Genius, which realizes the sudden and immediate coincidence of an unconscious with a conscious activity, and thus reconciles an infinite contradiction, mastering details, not as separate parts, but in vital dependence upon the whole.

Now these are conditions of a true life, as well as of a work of art. Such a life interpenetrates the earthly with the heavenly, matter with spirit, fact with idea, the human with the divine. To it there is no worth in formal acts, no sanctity in conventional observances, no holiness in importation of foreign excellences, adoption of established creeds, or imitation of past forms of goodness. To it all things appear in some relation of dependence upon the One Spirit of Truth and Love; there is an endeavor to conform to the pattern of things invisible, a feeling of the Infinite and the Divine, a striving after perfectness in each act, and a reconciliation of a higher inspiration and guidance with a willing and individual choice and activity. We all, in our best and sanest moments, feel the possibility of life on a true spiritual plane, where the actual is ennobled and sanctified by inflowing hope and ever-expanding trust, — where earnest purpose and pure love exalt the trivial, the necessary, and the common, revealing beneath their lowly disguise the features of angelic visitants, even as art takes mother and child, and crowns them, as Madonna and Saviour, with ineffable and supernal grace and glory. "I learned the other day," says the biographer of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, "that, in a copy of Mrs. Jameson's Italian Painters, — against a passage describing Correggio as a true servant of God in his art, above sordid ambition, devoted to truth, 'one of those superior beings of whom there are so few,' — Margaret wrote on the margin, 'And yet all might be such.'" In life all may have an art in which to serve God, and may be artists in the truest sense of that term.

One essential element of life is aspiration, — a striving after perfection. No known examples entirely satisfy. No actual individual life completely fills out our ideal, or furnishes that infinite which the soul demands. It is the idea of perfection which ennobles existence, and gives that "seem-

ingly infinite and distant space," of which Mr. Ruskin speaks "as so attractive to all" in a picture. No specific, outlined object so affects the imagination. The actual virtues embodied in particular characters may have fulness of color, finely-traced outlines, proper gradations of light and shade; but we need, besides, this "type of God." This may explain, in part, why we so obstinately turn away from pattern characters and specific models held up for our copying. We resent, unconsciously, the attempt to take away the background of mysterious, unfathomable light. We reject as an impertinence the limiting of the vision to some mere finite and foreground object. There must be, in art or life, boundless aspiration after the Perfect. Every true artist is the lover of ideal beauty, and every true work of art fails to justify itself, unless when it awaken within us the forefeeling of immortality, and give a sense of citizenship in the sphere of imperishable beauty and never-failing power. So life justifies itself only when it gilds the passing years with golden light from the upper sphere, hangs the frowning, dark walls of existence with glittering pearl and crystal, and studs the firmament above with brightly gleaming stars. Life never ceases to charm, so long as it unfolds new depths, and awakens the feeling of mystery, awe, and hopeful aspiration. But if we mistake the outward means of living for life itself, the conduit-pipes for the fountain, — if we measure, gauge, and exhaust them, repeating the process again and again, — we may well declaim against life as a hollow mockery and a "thrice-told tale." In the Scandinavian myth, the old God Thor scarcely made any impression upon the drinking-cup out of which he took such copious draughts, for it was supplied from the inexhaustible ocean itself. Only as the element of mystery, the feeling of infinite relations and tendencies, of connection with water which is not in any sea, light which is not in any earthly sun, and joy which is not in any sensuous fruition, — only as this is preserved is there any relief from the weariness of dull routine. When life is taken as the satisfaction of personal and finite wants alone, it seems to be easily comprehended, read through and through, backward and forward, from right to left, and from left to

right, until there is thorough ennui and disgust. That which gives nature and art their charm can alone invest life with unfading beauty.

Life, then, derives its charm from its mystery, and its mystery from its containing that one effervescing drop of the immortal elixir, that residuum which no analysis can decompose, and whose equivalents no formula can ever express. It has been justly said of that character always interesting and always inexplicable, Hamlet, that "the mystery of his character is but the type and shadow of the still greater mystery and perplexity of existence itself. Could Hamlet have dulled the edge of that apprehension that makes him 'like a god,' could he have been contented with the outward shows and most obvious consequences of things, instead of endeavoring to exhaust all their remote and possible relations, all might have been well, — for then the power of free action might have remained to him, and in freedom of action he would have been happy." But would not this happiness be too dearly purchased, if one must pay for it such a price? Is it meant that we should be satisfied with the "outward shows and most obvious consequences of things," and so reduce life to a mere commonplace round of phenomenal changes, a successive series of sensations, whose whole meaning is extracted when the fleeting joy is pressed out of them, and all whose essential potency is evaporated when that escaping aroma has once been taken up by the senses, held for an instant in contact with the sentient nerves, and then diffused into the vast ether, and for ever gone? If this were life, it would be no infinite, ever-enticing mystery, but that which the preacher of old pronounced it to be, "vanity of vanities." If we will accept the ready-made pattern theories of system-builders, we can dispose very easily of life. It may become a monk's cell, a purgatorial prison, a police court, a mechanically arranged phalanx, a game of chess with the Evil One, or any other limited and well-defined figure whose sides and angles can all be determined, calculated, and set down in accurate formulas. But, after all, there is that portion which so stubbornly refuses to be run into the mould; there is that small globule, which, however it may be divided and subdivided, obstinately

retains its spherical shape, and always represents the great globe itself, "that world which is set in the heart," that infinite which is "without beginning of days or end of years," the creation and the image of Him who makes all.

Only when there is an embodiment in some one material expression of this infinite or ideal element, is there what we may rightly call art. Mere imitation of sounds, colors, movements, or states is not art. Art is a vital and spontaneous creation out of a very law of the being, not according to any code of external rules, but according to a pattern inscribed in the soul itself, which in all ages has been termed a divine inspiration. The indwelling tendency to create beautiful forms, to body forth the soul of wisdom, holiness, and love, is an inspiration of the One Spirit of Truth and Goodness that is over all and in all. Hence he is most essentially the artist who lives a true, pure, and holy life. For the life itself is the thing, and all that we call art, so far as it succeeds, only represents life under some one phase of its manifestation. That which exists in us all in a fragmentary and unconscious manner, the artist combines into some perfect whole; the electric spark of a creative power fuses the entire mass of scattered and desultory tendencies or shapeless materials, and that which was an ideal of the spirit becomes a realized form in the world of sense.

Thus, so far as it is the carrying out of an ideal principle of love, holiness, and wisdom, each human life comes into the domain of art, that realm where man, the creature, approaches nearest to God, the Creator. Out of this great quarry of surrounding circumstance, character, and event, — out of the materials furnished by day and night, seed-time and harvest, birth and death, — out of the infinite variety of external things, is formed that product which we call a human life. Is it the true work of art? Has it any perfectness of form? Does it express something infinite, immeasurable, and suggest anything of a divine spirit which can be wholly confined by no mere material embodiment? Is there flung across it some "golden exhalation of the dawn"? Does it excite the dreaming hopes of youth, and send a thrill of joy, or a great aspiration, through the soul? If not, it is but a dreary, mechanical

piece of habit, a successive train of experienced sensations, a work of some hewer of wood or drawer of water, a slavish subjection to some outward and foreign influences, over which there is no central control, no energic influence of a moulding, spiritual force.

In all true life there is found also the creative element. This is needed in order to form the internal character, and perfect the external embodiment of life. When the idea of intellectual and moral progress has once presented itself as a reality, and the growth and perfection of character become prime ends of effort, then outward things begin to range themselves according to eternal principles of relationship and laws of affinity, as surely as filings of steel arrange themselves in regular form about the attractive magnet. The dreary waste of routine gradually disappears; great, eternal bounds of the world and its encompassing sphere of spirit are discerned, while the soul's position of a free, central, living power of reception and assimilation is perceived with a thrill of joy that never grows old. Then there is illustrated the truth, that life, just as it is here and in the circumstances assigned by Providence, is as grand, as significant, and as full of weighty issues to him who is in the humblest, as to him who is in the most exalted position. The sphere continually enlarges as the capacity to fill it is enlarged. The essential requisite is the inner life ultimated in the real character, and giving a consciousness of personality, which, based upon the participation in common with all men of a universal humanity, will be free from all egotism and conceit, while it is immovably convinced of its own essential worth and potency. Such a personality presses all events into its own service, uses all circumstances according to its own need, enters into all surrounding individualities without being swayed by them hither and thither, and assimilates to itself that only which belongs to its own peculiar state. There is deep truth, applicable to all, in what Niebuhr, the scholar of his time, says of himself concerning this need of the creative element in life.

"No man," he writes, "can have a more vivid perception that *creating* is the true essence of life, than I have derived from my internal experience. If I am altogether restricted to a passive state of mind,

the whole machine comes to a stop, and my inward discomfort brings on an unhealthy condition of body. Now, if it stood in our power, when outward circumstances are unfavorable to our activity, to choose at once a field of intellectual labor, and to transport our whole faculties into its sphere, this evil would be easily overcome; and I have often thought that in this manner one might almost make one's self immortal. And is education valuable, any further than as it is a true approximation to that free, spiritual life, where the soul dwells in a world of ideas, in which the world of sense is transmuted, and on which it becomes dependent?"

We are specially glad to avail ourselves of this testimony from Niebuhr, because, in its exhibition of the basis of his philosophy of life, it arrays him where he ought to stand. It shows that, in any allusion of detail, where he seems to lend his support to a sentiment less comprehensive, — such as we shall have occasion in another connection to allude to, — we have only a feverish impulse, and not the regular heart-beat of the man.

In whatever way we may view life, therefore, we see that, as in art, there must be this element, which we may call by different names, as it appears under different phases, of the ideal, the infinite, the creative, the divine; but which is always the same thing in reality, the attestant and pledge of man's greatness and great destiny. The true life recognizes these ideal ends and universal laws, these hopes of progress and this desire of perfection, wherein time is resolved into the timeless eternity, matter is seen as the embodiment of spirit, and existence is rendered rich, free, and noble through a creative, all-vitalizing energy. To attain to this essentially artist-power, the means are abundantly furnished. Each one may become an artist in life, working from the purest impulse and with spontaneous force, correcting his mistakes, bringing details into subjection to the one great, unifying plan, — the inner eye open to revelations of beauty, and the heart responsive to each glance of love. Few can be portrayers of beauty in marble or upon canvas, but all may exert the plastic moulding power of the soul, striving to embody in the life that which the creative imagination has pictured as the highest and the best. Love, holiness, all-confiding trust,

meekness, faith, moral victories, — these are the realities which art represents in senseless matter, but which can also be embodied in living deeds, in the warm, throbbing flesh, in the relations of existence, and in the very life of the world.

And we may affirm, furthermore, that the successful realization of life requires, in its practical conduct, those precepts and hints which are of so much significance in art. If we were asked what is the great lesson needed every moment, we should say, "Behold the great in the little, the all-embracing principle in the humblest detail; call no duty small, and see the whole spiritual universe mirrored in the yes and no." There is nothing great to him who cannot find the greatness in himself. The truly poetic genius can make a song out of the commonest fact in life and nature; can write an epic about one man's "direful wrath," or an immortal ode upon a dusty chariot-race. The counsel of Goethe, so full of good sense, addressed to the poetic aspirant, will apply at every step here. He says: "Beware of attempting too large a work, for that is what prevents fine talents and earnest efforts from accomplishing adequate results. In this does the poet prove his vocation, to win from a common subject an interesting side." This is no more true of all art, technically so called, than it is of the art of arts, — life. Take what the present moment offers, and work it up in the best way you can; put soul into it, and it will at once stand forth as something great and real. Let it slip quietly by, and ten thousand other moments apparently like it slip by, and the great poem will never be written, nor the one immortal painting ever appear upon the waiting canvas.

To the same purport, in the sphere of art, is Mr. Ruskin's account of Turner's earlier years.

"He did not shut himself up in a garret, to produce unsalable works of 'high art,' and starve or lose his senses. He hired himself out every evening, to wash in skies in Indian ink, on other people's drawings, as many as he could, at half a crown a night, getting his supper into the bargain. 'What could I have done better?' he said afterwards; 'it was first-rate practice.' Then he took to illustrating guide-books and almanacs, and anything that wanted cheap frontispieces. In doing these drawings for the commonest publications of the day, and

for a remuneration altogether contemptible, he never did his work badly because he thought it beneath him, or because he was ill-paid. He took a poor price that he might live; but he made noble drawings that he might learn. He never let a drawing leave his hands without having made a step in advance, and having done it better than he had ever done before; and there is no important drawing of the period, which is not executed with a total disregard of time and price."

Each particular here is a hint in living, a lesson of life. The "first-rate practice" to be got every day and every hour, even if there is no immediate grand result and no seemingly adequate pay; the recognition of laws of artistic perfection, and obedience thereto; the living to learn; the acceptance of humblest work; — what have we here but an unfolding of the art of life, and the secret of its successful pursuit? The ethical statement of Fichte in regard to the moral-religious man, in which the same element is unfolded as characteristic of him, is expressed thus: —

"Everything which he wills and incessantly urges forward has, *in* and *for itself*, no value whatever to him; as indeed it has none in itself, and is not in itself the most perfect, but only that which is most perfect in this moment of time, to be superseded in a future time by something still more perfect; but it has value for him only because it is the immediate manifestation of God."

There is also an illustration to the same purport, in the essentially internal nature and source of satisfaction in art and in life. Art, striving towards the embodiment of ideal perfection, gives representative life to the rough canvas and the unpliant stone, by its forms and colors of transcendent loveliness and power, — or it imprisons the slumbering air that it may give forth its melodious song, — or marshals words in the procession of rhythmic power, — and what was not comes forth obedient to the enchanter's spell. But does the artist worship the work, and go there for his own joy and blessedness? While he was embodying therein his creative power, his whole soul went forth upon them, and he lived in them as they grew up under his hand. They were dear to him as the means by which he was brought nearer to God and made conscious of his indwelling power. But while the spectator is gazing upon them with a speechless joy, because they open

to him also the window of heaven, and draw aside, for an instant, the veil that obscures the infinite glory, the artist himself is worshipping the celestial spirit of beauty as it has dawned afresh in some higher and more entrancing form. He thus lives, not in his work, but in working; he rejoices in doing, and not in what he has done; he has his real blessedness in being a partaker of an infinite joy of reception, and feeling that the forms he creates are the inspiration of that Spirit which dwells in the heavens, pictures forth the splendors of the firmament, and whatever it creates stamps with its own seal of beauty. The created form, to him whose joy is in beholding the countenance of this celestial beauty, shrinks away into insignificance as an external source of satisfaction and delight. Strange and glorious dissatisfaction of noblest genius, true to its higher calling! This also is the law of all true life, as enunciated by Fichte.

"The *Idea* is independent, and has its being for its own sake alone, scorning every outward and adventitious purpose which may be proposed for its existence. It strives constantly towards absolute worth, not mere welfare, — worth in itself, not mere deserving. No idle brooding over its own image, no contemplation of its own excellence; — for reflection is swallowed up in Life. The uncertainty of results can never cloud its inward brightness, nor the actual want of them cause it grief."

Thus, then, we use language which shall characterize equally well the artist in matter or the artist in life, depicting his life in the ideal and creative element which throws over the external an orient glow; his acceptance of the conditional and finite as the raw material with which the formative power shall pass out into manifestation; and his fidelity to the inner standard of the true, the beautiful, and the good. But that particular form of art which most nearly represents life is the drama. And because he has been so true in his delineations of our mysterious human life in its infinity of aspects, he whom we name the great poet of humanity holds his place in the venerations of the heart; and were there to be but two books spared of all the countless hosts, we should at once name the Bible and Shakespeare. There is life in its divine and human relations; life as a revelation of everlasting

laws of order; life as from God, and as pervaded everywhere by a Providence, large, just, and divine. "To me," says Humboldt, "it is natural to view life as a drama. Whether obliged to take an active part in it myself, or not, I never failed to find the same pleasure in observing the unravelling of the plot, whether in regard to circumstances or character. In great affairs, this view of things gives the conviction, that, even when they take a turn which does not satisfy us, they follow a course which lies deep in the eternal plan of Providence."

The mystery of each human life is seen, not only in this, that each, however humble, has for its factors the infinite and the finite; but each presents the phenomena of Providence and self-determination, — law and freedom. And our view of life takes its peculiar tone, its special direction and tendency, from the mode in which these elements are combined, so as to give a greater or less degree of predominance to one or the other. Once there was only one factor, a stern fate, a relentless, objective destiny, standing over man, and directing the issues of his life. The irresistible power swept over, swept by, and swept through man, who must obey its irresistible behests. Though in a grim majesty of self-determining volition he might defy this power, yet he must externally submit and be borne along by it like the flying dust before the tempest. In such a view as this, life is necessarily limited in its range, and the finite is crushed and crumpled up by the overpowering, infinite fate. A few great protests and struggles, an aspiration and a wail, and all is over, — destiny triumphs, and all-conquering necessity rides rough-shod over the prostrate and helpless form.

On the other hand, we may regard life in its purely human and finite side, as but the outbirth of subjective thought and individual will; as purely capricious, and dependent upon personal energies and concurrent or opposing forces of character; as subject to no higher will, and regulated by no disposing plan. This view gives us an infinite multiplicity of fragments and details, of changes and chances, as the other gives an exclusive unity and an absorbing simplicity of purpose. But each of these views is fatal to that highest consideration

of life as *the* art;—life as the product of a creative spirit, acting with spontaneous energy, and working as it may with the materials that are furnished and the conditions that are imposed by its relations to the external universe.

Between these two extremes the whole problem of life is contained. And only so far as there is a real reconciliation of them effected in the inmost being, and, flowing from that, in the practical conduct, is there any approximation towards a successful solution of this great problem of life. No demonstration of this reconciliation can be made which shall satisfy the mere logical understanding. Each formal statement in words seems now to include too much, now too little; now it leans to one extreme, and now to another; so that through the understanding alone it seems as impossible to know life as it is to know God. Words cannot embody in any purely absolute statement this spiritual truth. Yet still there *is* a reconciliation possible in the life itself,—there is a discernment of its reality in the intuitions of the soul itself, when that has entered into the way of life, and become truly conscious of its own powers in the recognition of the power of God; rejoicing to work out its own salvation, for this very reason, that it is "God that worketh" within and without, according to his own essential laws of wisdom and of love. This is pre-eminently the Christian view, in which there is an implied reconciliation of Providence and free will, of destiny and character. There both are resolved into one spiritual unity upon the plane of life,—each interpenetrating the other, and true only when seen as mutually dependent;—man free in God, and God willing in man; man paramount within his own sphere, and that sphere itself touched at every point of its circumference by a higher and controlling Power. The Christian view thus recognizes both human character and providential care; the reality of good and evil, of right and wrong; the fact of human personality and of divine potency; the mingled littleness and greatness of life; the need of man's action, and the existence of an all-encompassing active influence, directing that action so as to subserve its own purposes of justice and love; the reality of man's divine calling to think, to will, and to act in obedience to the eternal

laws of reason and of right, and also of that "Divinity which shapes his ends."

But, further, the view of life from this stand-point of art demands that it should possess an organic unity; that there should be some central and pervading idea or law, — some universal principle which possesses an attractive and assimilating power. A chance succession of events, and random, disconnected actions, may amuse for a moment, and produce some thoughtless merriment as they are strung one by one in novel changes upon the long thread of time. But nothing comes into the domain of art which has not some common, uniting bond of relation, by which each part belongs to the whole; which has not some living idea that flows through all parts, and subordinates and moulds them to one great wholeness of expression, and so constitutes the perfection of the formal embodiment. Life is, with most men, fragmentary, and a disconnected series of passages from point to point, because they have not attained to the discernment of its true nature and meaning. He only has mastered its secret, and comprehended something of its worth, who has brought the details into harmony, and made them all subservient to the law inscribed upon his own being, — that special divine idea which he was created to represent and to stand for; — he, the person individualized among the uncounted millions of human beings, to each one of whom too there is a place, a nature, and a work. The dramatic poet creates with words upon paper, to be represented in scenic illusion, that which each man may accomplish in the more real sphere of his own life, in fact, in deed, and in actual experience. He subordinates all the details of speech and event to the one central and controlling thought. There is, in the drama of the true artist, one spirit, one idea immanent in the whole, from the beginning to the end. So it is in life itself, when regarded from the right point of view. Existence is no longer an isolated period of time, or a passing play of delusive appearances. It becomes a portion of the one divine life, and the man is a maker, a creator, in the sphere of life. Herein he most truly images forth that One whose essential attribute is creative power, — who "in the beginning created the heavens and

the earth," — and who, when he created man in his own image, did not withhold from him this attribute, of being in his own sphere a creator too. And because, in possessing this attribute, the human most nearly represents the divine, all true works of art live through all ages. That which they have freely received they freely give, — life. Only thus does life become something more than the plaintive lament of the poet:

> "Life is but a day;
> A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way
> From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep,
> While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
> Of Montmorenci."

Nor any nearer does he give the true image of life, when he changes his strain, and sings:

> "Why so sad a moan?
> Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
> The reading of an ever-changing tale;
> The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
> A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
> A laughing school-boy without grief or care,
> Riding the springy branches of an elm."

These are all disconnected, though beautiful, images of the fancy, but they give us no sense of life in its immortality and permanence of being; life as the fulness of that participation in the everlasting "Word," without which nothing was ever created, and which enabled Jesus to say, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"; and, "Inasmuch as I live, ye shall live also."

But with this unity of purpose there is no bald simplicity or monotony in the true life. Human life is a whole made up of complex and various phases, infinite in their combinations, their action, their reaction and interaction. There nothing can be at once labelled as purely good or purely evil; there weaknesses combine into strength, and defects soften and melt into the highest results; there unexpected qualities of good germinate in a seemingly sterile and unpromising soil. And as the mystery of life unfolds itself to the prepared state, new insight is given into what before seemed dark and inexplica-

ble. As new interpretations are put upon those passages and characters in a book which we first read when it was beyond our years, so life is interpreted anew, from a higher point and with a wider horizon. Deep central laws are seen to work out their steady course, now aided by those who oppose themselves to them, and now unwittingly retarded by those who would most gladly help them on. Purpose ripens into action, action generates purpose anew; thought becomes fact, and fact multiplies itself into new and more fertile thoughts; ripened fruits drop their countless seeds for new harvests, and all the seasons blend together their overlapping products. There is no lumping in the mass, no finality which can be laid hold of, and laid bare, once for all. A deeper view of life reveals more and more of the complexity of events, circumstances, and character, and their never-ending relations, connections, gradations, shadings, and involvements. To the immature and undeveloped state, whether of early or later years, there is no such variety or complexity; and they who are thus inexperienced remain to the end of life blind to the infinite mystery of this wonderful drama, and transfer their own limitations and their own individualities to the world itself, and to its mingled scenes of good and evil, of joy and grief, of hope and fear, of triumph and defeat. They think that they know all about life. It seems to them as easy to produce the Madonna of Raphael, as to paint some figure upon the sign-board of the village inn. Real experience in living alone enables us to judge of and to criticise life.

In the method, too, by which art works, it gives us an analogy of the method of the true life. It creates from a central principle, working with a definite knowledge of its means and instruments, with a conscious perception of ends, and a concentration of diverging tendencies and scattered impulsions. It involves self-command, self-limiting, direct choice and determination between different suggestions, as well as loyal fidelity to the purest and best spontaneities of the inspiring genius. Cooper says: "Travelling is an art; and the experienced traveller has some such advantage over him who is setting up the business, as the true connoisseur has over the mere tyro in the fine arts. He ceases to hunt for

mere accessories, and looks more for expression and thought." So with true life. It is not something rude, chaotic, impulsive, driving hither and thither, caught by surface shows and "mere accessories," but it has an instinctive fore-feeling of its end and purpose, and strives intelligently to accomplish that, working towards the infinite, unmastered mystery with calm self-poise, using what is needful, and rejecting all unimportant and unrelated details.

Herein is the true artist-life the opposite pole to that of the uneducated savage. His life is merely from need to need, from impulse to impulse, from moment to moment, from hand to mouth, with eyes looking neither before to what shall come on the morrow, nor behind to what has been in the past. To him there is an ever-present now; but it is only the isolated point of his present, passing sensation. To the true, cultivated life there is also an ever-present now; but it is the embodiment, the crystallization, so to speak, of the past and the future in the present, — all embraced and held together by a law of the divine order which was set up "before ever time was, in the beginning." In laboring in this vast studio of the world, and perfecting this work of highest art, — life, — there is no exclusive privilege for the favored and technically instructed few, who have acquired some peculiar skill or some mere conventional knowledge. Life is the work and the heritage of all, and so too, in the broadest sense, is art. "The real patronage of art," says the most eloquent of art-critics, "is not that which seeks for the pleasures of sentiment in a vague ideality, nor for beauty of form in a marble image, but that which educates children into living heroes, and binds down the flights and fondnesses of the heart into practical duty and faithful devotion."

Art. II. — THE CHINESE.

1. *London Times: Correspondent in China*, February and March, 1858.
2. *Melanges Posthumes Orientales.* Par Abel-Rémusat. Paris. 1843.
3. *Easy Lessons in Chinese.* By S. Wells Williams. Macao. 1842.
4. *Chrestomathy in the Canton Dialect.* By E. C. Bridgman. Macao. 1841.
5. *Vocabulary of the Hokien Dialect, as spoken in Tsheang-Tshew.* 1838.
6. *The Four Books* [*Confucius and Mencius*]. Translated by D. Collie. 1828.
7. *Journey through China.* By Le Comte. From the French. London. 1698. Second Edition.
8. *Journey through the Chinese Empire.* By M. Huc. 2 vols. 1856.

Though this list of writers goes back into the seventeenth century, yet the earliest is as fresh as the latest. Father Le Comte, the Jesuit, is as instructive to us as he was in 1698 to the men of London and Hampton Court. Great as is the distance in time and things from Le Comte to the London Times, — great enough for the civilization of Europe to have changed wonderfully, and for that of America to have been created, its founders, Washington and Franklin, not being yet born in those old days of King William, — Chinese civilization has undergone in the interval no perceptible change. To measure its rate of change requires resort to periods of geology rather than of man. Since the beginning of what we call history, the Nile and the Euphrates seem to have changed as much as China, the Ganges and Vesuvius more.

The correspondent of the Times, writing from Hong Kong and from on board the Inflexible on its way to Calcutta with Yek, the late Governor of Canton, has "improved the opportunity to study the character of a caged Mandarin." The results are curious and worth reading, but scarcely so much so as the writer seems to suppose. Because Yek is coarse, brutal, and ignorant, it does not follow that the same is true of his countrymen generally. Yek had passed the repeated literary examinations required of Chinese officials, and success in these linguistic tests, even in so poor a lan-

guage as that of China, would certainly imply higher mental ability and refinement, if not more knowledge, than this gross Mandarin manifests. The legitimate conclusion is, not that the Chinese system of examinations is all sham or mistake, but that Yek *bought* his way through, and upward to high station. It is well known that the purchase of office in China has become common, even more so, probably, than the elevation of improper men to office in America.

It is not easy to understand the Chinese, nor easy to suspend our opinion till we do understand them; it is more pleasant to jump to conclusions. We are quick to see how much, how absurdly they misunderstand us, but slow in learning our own short-comings of the same kind. Misunderstanding on both sides has had much to do in producing the present and former difficulties and wars with China. Little by little these mutual misunderstandings are being removed. By frequently returning to the subject, and looking at it from as many different points of view as we can command, we may hope at length to bring this unknown people within the circle of our sympathies and systems. We have paid back their ignorance and contempt of us, by our contempt and ignorance of them, quite long enough. We begin our misunderstanding of the Chinese by placing all Asiatic nations in the same category, giving them all the name of Orientals, and attributing to all peculiarities which belong only to a part. We find the Arabians a very poetic people; proceeding eastward, we meet with a still more marked poetic development among the Persians; in India we notice that the rich and ancient literature of the Hindoos is almost exclusively poetic. Hence we infer that the Orientals are very imaginative. But from this conclusion the Chinese must be entirely excepted. A more prosaic people the world has never seen. During their long period of civilization they have not produced a single poet of any considerable merit,—none to be compared with the poets of India and Persia. Most of the Hindoo races and all the Arab tribes are very warlike; the reverse is true of the Chinese. The Hindoos and Arabs are very enthusiastic, very religious, easily roused to fanaticism. Not so the Chinese; they are Orientals in

position only, not in mind and character. It is better then to restrict the term Oriental, and not apply it to the Chinese at all. Using the term in a definite and unambiguous sense, the Arabs, the Persians, the Hindoos, are the true Orientals. If, from our European point of view, we consider these races as possessing an excess of imagination, and place them on one side of Europeans, we should place the Chinese on the other side, and distinguish them by their deficiency of imagination. Whether this deficiency goes back to the origin of the Chinese race, or has been induced by peculiarities of circumstance and development, we shall not here inquire; but to pass over the fact of the deficiency, as is generally done, only increases the puzzle presented by Chinese character. Starting from this fact that they are prosaic, we find them also practical, peaceable, industrious, thrifty, good-natured, contented. They seldom seek great things, but devote themselves very faithfully to ordinary concerns. There is a want of originality in Chinese intellect, and an absence of the heroic element in Chinese life. They lack the extent and variety and fineness of faculty which we find in the Persians, the Arabians, and the Hindoos. They move in a narrower sphere, but they cultivate it well. They succeed in all things within the compass of plain rules and plain sense. They are equal to inventions also, provided the steps to be taken are few at a time, and near the point already reached. Though they love the beaten track, yet when the old road is very circuitous they can cut across. They adhere to things and ways near at hand, the feasible, the available; they turn away from things floating far off in the possible, over the sea or in the clouds. No castle-building for them, except when they make a business of it by calling in the help of opium. In a word, there is a sad want of subjective development in Chinese culture. Those who love to see life move on in straight lines, in level paths, towards objects of utility directed always by common sense, undisturbed by romance, enthusiasm, rashness, may find in China all they desire. It is not a land of theory, nor of moonshine, nor of mysticisms, eccentricities, crusades, French revolutions, socialisms, transcendentalisms, philanthropies; but a land of fact and work

and trade, of the real, the substantial, the abundant, of cheap living, cheap everything, even to cheap books. The practical before all things; the simplest contrivance, though it be the rudest; the shortest road to the useful, however poor; the visible, the tangible, the thing that pays, the way that prospers; — such is the method of China. This aversion to the complex and refined is very apparent in the Chinese language, — the easiest of all languages to invent, the poorest of all languages when invented, and the most difficult and obscure of all languages when applied to the higher purposes of civilization. Though a most difficult language, so that few Europeans ever thoroughly master it, (we refer more particularly to the spoken language,) the difficulty does not consist in intricacy, as the Times asserts, but in the attempt to make excessive simplicity do a work for which simplicity is not fitted.* It is easy to look into the structure of this language,

* M. Huc says: "With respect to the spoken language, Chinese does not present as many impediments and difficulties as many of the languages of Europe." (I. 329.) *Leaving out of consideration the tones*, this is true, but is far from conveying the right impression. If one wishes only for language enough to convey obvious ideas about common things, the Chinese spoken language is not difficult; but the difficulty becomes great when we attempt nicer distinctions and higher subjects. The difficulty consists in the poverty of the language, and in the imperfection and obscurity of the contrivances adopted by the Chinese to overcome that poverty.

Here we may say, once for all, that M. Huc is an entertaining writer, and instructive also, if not relied on as an accurate authority; and if the reader will make himself familiar with other and more careful writers. Davis and Rémusat are among the best of recent authorities, Du Halde and Le Comte among the old writers. From De Guignes, Staunton, Barrow, Grosier, Medhurst, Williams, The Chinese Repository, *Lettres Edifiantes*, and *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, much may be learned. Ibn Batuta, Marco Polo, and Wahab and Abu Zeid, the two Arab writers of the ninth century, may be referred to as showing that Chinese civilization has been much the same for at least a thousand years. The books of Confucius, whose language is by no means obsolete in China and whose ideas seem only to gather strength with age, carry back this remarkable civilization to the remotest past; for though he is believed to have lived not earlier than the sixth century before Christ, yet Chinese society even then must have had time to reach very considerable maturity, or his books could not have been understood or written.

This article is based mainly on several years of personal experience of the writer among the Chinese, in studying their dialects, morals, customs, religions, and character, corroborated by the experience of two very successful students (long since dead) of the Chinese language, especially the colloquial. If all writers on these topics would be careful to speak more from their own point of view, without copying so much from traditionary notions, we might in time accumulate knowledge enough of Chinese matters to reach reliable conclusions.

and such inspection will greatly facilitate the understanding of Chinese peculiarities of all sorts. An examination sufficient for our present purposes we think can be made interesting. Most of our books confine their explanations to the written language, but in all languages it is the *spoken* language which is most closely associated with character and life.

We call attention, then, to the colloquial language, or rather languages, for there are a dozen or more different languages or dialects, and almost innumerable sub-dialects, — two hundred, according to Medhurst. All of these are quite distinct from the written character, and bear to it somewhat the same relation that the European languages and varieties of *patois* formerly did to the Latin. The languages of China, wedded to the idea of simplicity, started with the plan of monosyllabic words, and used only such syllables as were easiest of pronunciation. The Chinese confined themselves, not only to the fewest and easiest enunciations, but to the narrowest range of sound, just as in their work they used the fewest and cheapest tools. They fixed upon some four hundred syllables, which answered well enough in the infancy of language and of thought. When ideas and wants increased, and each word became oppressed with the number of ideas it had to carry, instead of launching forth into polysyllabic words, they surmounted the difficulty in a more simple and economical, but far less effectual way, by giving each of their single-syllable words two or three, and at last (in some of the dialects) seven different *tones*, or accents as the French missionaries call them; thus multiplying, or rather splitting up, the four hundred original words into nearly two thousand. These tones are those changes of sound which we call changes of *pitch*, as high or low; changes of *stress*, as strong or weak; and changes of *inflection*, as rising or falling or circumflex. All these changes the polysyllabic languages hold as a body of reserve to be used on occasion, in order to give the speech variety, refinement, intensity, beauty, music; they are the supernumerary forces of our poets, and still more of our orators. The elocutionist would in China find his occupation gone. In their excessive economy of means, the Chinese used up all these supernumerary sounds, these important reserves; thus

leaving their speech nothing to fall back upon, — nothing for vitality, soul, expression. It is consequently poor, bald, stiff, monotonous, unmusical; worst of all, it is difficult to enunciate, and obscure to the ear. Hence poetry and oratory that deserve the name are unknown, because impossible. Such beauty and force as the Chinese admits of are confined to the written character, and addressed to the eye rather than the ear. The Chinese tones are so indistinct to ordinary European ears, that some students of the language never pretend to learn them. We have known Sinologues of distinction of whom this was true. Of those who attempt the task, the greater number fail either partially or wholly. The conditions of success are these: first, the student must have a remarkably nice and discriminating ear; second, his articulation must be equally perfect; third, he must live exclusively among the Chinese, so as seldom to hear any European language, in order that his ear and his articulation may be cultivated to the utmost. Some of the Catholic missionaries have had all these advantages, and they are almost the only persons who have truly mastered the *spoken* languages. But it will be said it matters little, since the written language is the main thing. Not so; all language, strictly speaking, is a thing of the ear and the tongue, a thing of sound, not of sight. The office of written language is to recall the sounds of speech. Even in learning those languages we call dead, the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, we use both tongue and ear, though the sounds we make would doubtless be barbarous in the ears of Cicero, Pericles, and Solomon; still these barbarous sounds are better than none. Let one attempt to learn French or German without a teacher, and without the use of his tongue and ear, and he will find in himself a sort of internal ear and tongue which his imagination will use, consciously or unconsciously. Now the written language of China, unlike all others, is in part a *pictorial* contrivance for suggesting ideas, and as such has some merit, but the inferior merit of pictures. As an instrument for recalling speech, the true office of written language, it is poorer than the very poorest of written European languages. The very fact that it is adjusted to so many different languages and dialects, shows that it is not very closely

incorporated with any of them, though its relation to the court dialect is more close than to the others. This pictorial writing, so simple in its structure, addressed so much to the eye and so imperfectly to the ear, might be the best of languages to be taught in institutions for the deaf and dumb; but to say that the written character is the great thing in communicating with the Chinese, is equivalent to saying that missionaries and interpreters might almost as well be deaf and dumb. Speech, not writing, is the great thing in language, and a thorough knowledge of the spoken languages of China will continue to be confined mostly to the Romish missionaries who live in the interior, shut out from European society and speech. No one is to be blamed for not making this sacrifice, which is nothing less than a sacrifice of European civilization, since the young Sinologue (young he must be when he begins or he will not succeed) buries himself in the interior, resigns himself to monotony and dreariness, and turns away from all further European improvement. This requires a degree of attachment to the Church amounting to fanaticism, more to be censured than commended; it deserves, however, the praise of consistency and thoroughness.

We have not yet pointed out all the defects and poverties of the spoken languages of China. These are so great, that the Chinese themselves do not understand each other with the ease with which Europeans understand one another. It is not unusual for the literary Chinese, when conversing together, and especially when the subject is beyond the circle of common things, to make strokes and signs in the air to indicate some written character, and thereby help themselves out of the ambiguities of speech. All this shows how inadequate their language is to the requirements of thought. Their thoughts are impeded and cramped, like the feet of their women. This is one reason why Chinese civilization long ago came to a stand, and now inflexibly refuses to move forward. We have said that by means of tones the Chinese have considerably increased the number and the obscurity of their words. Partly to extend still further the number of words, and partly to remedy somewhat their obscurity, they have a way of adding a second syllable (sometimes a third),

which means the same thing, and thus forms a dissyllabic word. This doubling of words is both help and hinderance. It is a partial yet cumbrous help in conversation, but a positive hinderance when the written character comes to be fitted to the lengthened word, while there remains the original blunder of using up in tones the reserved force of language, its elasticity and spirit, which we employ so freely and efficiently in our varieties of inflection and pitch, interrogation and exclamation. The very soul of speech is thus lost beyond remedy among the Chinese. Speech is both soul and body of language, writing is its garment, or, better, its portrait. Hence we very properly call the Latin and Greek and Sanscrit dead languages, though we have admirable pictures of them remaining in the cartoons and colors of Cicero, Sophocles, and Calidas, more valuable to civilization than even the Cartoons and Madonnas of Raphael and the Assumption of Titian, — yet not language, strictly speaking.

Readers not familiar with this branch of the philosophy of language may call in question our right to draw the line of distinction so broadly between writing and speech. Doubt on this point may be removed by reference to the instances of Homer, Mohammed, Milton, and Wordsworth. The poems of Homer were at first unwritten, but were they not poems, and more admirable when recited in the ears of the early Greeks than when read by us? Mohammed could not write, but was he not the author of the Koran? Who was the author of Paradise Lost, — Milton in his blindness, or his daughters who did the writing? Wordsworth composed his Tintern Abbey while on a long walk, and wrote it down afterward. Most of his poetry he composed in the open air, and published it first to the mountains and lakes of Westmoreland, or if perchance some young traveller came along, like our own Emerson, he would step out, in simple schoolboy fashion, and give him a taste of poetry in its true form, that of speech. How many have smiled and wondered at the poet's simplicity when reading this anecdote in the "English Traits"! but Wordsworth showed in this way his profound knowledge and *feeling* of the philosophy of language and poetry. Language is speech, writing is its painted echo.

It has often been said that the Chinese has no grammar; and this is true so far as any language can be without grammar. The words undergo no changes whatever; the only way to tell whether a word is used as noun, verb, adjective, adverb, participle, is by its position, and the demands of the sentence. A common way of indicating the plural is by repeating the word; *man man* means *men*. Case, gender, mood, and tense are indicated by position or by particles. None but the more simple tenses and moods *can be* indicated in any way. The order of the words is always as simple as possible, that there may be no unnecessary obscurity. For the same reason, the sentences are commonly short. But notwithstanding all this, it would often puzzle Champollion to find out the meaning.*

* Here is the first sentence of Williams's "Easy Lessons in Chinese," translated word for word in the exact order of the original: "Lu Po no principle its man not can trust truly." The meaning is this: "Lu Po, a man of no principle, cannot be trusted."

Here is another sentence: "Cheuk raise glass ask say green spring many how." This means: "Cheuk, raising his glass, inquired, how old are you?" [how many green springs].

Another specimen, and longer, word for word: "Hu city outside have river water fast rush near bank deep dark full summer time have man enter bathe suddenly as by sword axe corpse cut float." The following is the meaning, as given by Williams: "Beyond the city Hu, there was a rapid-flowing river, and near by a deep, dark, overhanging bank. In the midst of summer a man entered there to bathe, when suddenly a corpse, looking as if it had been cut with a knife, floated out."

It should be observed, that these three examples are *easy*, and that the Chinese characters printed with the English would afford little additional clew to the meaning even to the student of Chinese, whose advantage over the beginner consists only in his longer experience and greater skill in guessing. We have here been speaking of the written Chinese, the only part of the language any one pretends to speak well of. This part of the language can be studied as successfully in Europe or America as in China. None have more thoroughly mastered the written language than Julien, and Abel-Rémusat, of Paris. Rémusat's Chinese Grammar is the best we have. The European student of the Chinese writing has the advantage of being free from the vexation of learning or attempting to learn one or more of the spoken languages. There has been considerable discussion of the question, whether the Chinese character is *ideographic* or *phonetic*. It is both. Only to a small extent, however, is it possible for a written language to be ideographic, and to that small extent the Chinese has succeeded; in its phonetic design it greatly fails, especially in some of the dialects, from its loose adjustment to the colloquial, and also from its want of an alphabet. On this point see Du Ponceau on Chinese Writing, 8vo, Philadelphia, 1840; also Two Letters on Chinese Writing, by Gutzlaff and Du Ponceau, in Vol. VII. (New Series) of American Philosophical Society's Transactions.

When one sits down by the side of his long-tailed teacher, to learn the colloquial Chinese, he gets on bravely for the first three months. No matter that the teacher cannot speak a word of English; all the better; — the best way, indeed, to learn to speak and understand any language is to have a teacher who knows only his own tongue. There being no grammar to trouble the student, no declensions or conjugations, he has only to learn words and phrases. There are no perplexing idioms, no intricate sentences. At the end of a week he can ask his teacher many simple questions, and with the help of signs and shrewd guessing he can make out the meaning of the replies he receives. At the end of a month he can go to the market and shops and buy whatever he wants. He falls into the child's habit of making a few words go a great way. Verbal economy has its charms; he wonders that Europeans should indulge themselves in so many words; he is learning wisdom of these Chinese. At the end of a month he knows the words for all common things, and by the hour can talk small-talk with his teacher, — very small talk. He is now ready to begin upon the tones. He has come to the conclusion that either the Chinese is less difficult than it has been represented to be, or else he is an uncommonly clever linguist, perhaps something of both. With great zeal he enters upon the tones, and if he has a good ear, good articulation, a good teacher, and youth on his side, and works on hopefully eight or ten hours a day, he still makes progress, though much less rapidly than at first. At the year's end he no longer suspects himself of being clever, and when five years of hard work have gone by, he knows something of the written language, but can talk only a little better than he could at the end of the first year. With his teacher he can converse easily about all common things, for they have become accustomed to each other's tones and peculiarities of articulation, but with strangers he has difficulty. The grand difficulty, however, lies in talking about *uncommon* things, and in conveying nice shades of thought. In fact, the Chinese themselves who converse about uncommon things therein give evidence that they are uncommon men. As for nice shades of thought, unusual refinements, new discrimina-

tions, the Chinese nation has long since yielded to the necessity of being very sparing in such things. The moderate capabilities of the language are exhausted. New expressions are obscure. When one thinks, he must go back to the classics of China for the garment of his thought, and the result is, that he gets his supply of thoughts, as well as expressions, from the past. New thought in such a language is too difficult to be encouraged.

The absence of an alphabet in the written language has at first its advantages. Here also simplicity has full play. Each character is a complete word. And very pleasant it is to the learner at the outset. Instead of thirty or more unmeaning letters and marks, so repulsive for the first week, the learner is cheered at once with words, words too that are unvexed with declensions and conjugations, genders and numbers. All so easy and encouraging! it is like the bright sunny days of the tropics. A young ensign just from England called on his colonel and made this inappropriate remark: "It is a bright day, colonel!" (inappropriate in India, though very proper in England). "Ah, my young friend!" replied the withered colonel, "you will have a superabundance of these bright days before you are done with them." So it is with the young Sinologue. The first two or three hundred characters are inviting, easy, so picturesque, so beautiful almost; but when it comes to two or three thousand, O the monotony! and then to five or ten thousand, O the weary memory! Yet the Chinese written language can be learned by almost any one. It requires only time and perseverance. No genius is wanted, except a genius for receiving lumber into the mind without end. The less of poetic or philosophic genius, the better. Of this endless learning of new characters Le Comte says: —

"It is, in my opinion, the source of the Chinese ignorance, because they employ all their days in this study, and have no leisure so much as to think of other sciences, fancying themselves learned enough if they can but read. . . . . As for strangers, it is scarce credible how much this study disgusts them; it is a heavy cross to be forced all a man's life long (for commonly it is not too long for it) to stuff his head with this horrible multitude of figures; there is not the least charm in

this, as in the sciences of Europe, which in fatiguing do not cease to recompense the weary mind with delight." — p. 183.

Chinese literature is what we might expect from their language and their faculties: it is abundant, but poor. A few of their books are valuable and influential, but the mass of them seem to be as inert as their medicines, of which (with a few exceptions) one might take a drug-shop full with safety. The art of printing, in the invention of which the Chinese preceded Europeans, does not seem to have done much for their civilization.

If not admirers, neither are we despisers of the Chinese. Of late years it has been too much the fashion to underrate them. Considering the restraints of their language, which so imprisons the mind in commonplace things, and discourages high aspiration and original thought, they have done well, and made the most of their means. They are good cultivators, respectable mechanics, excellent traders and merchants, good fathers and mothers, the most dutiful of sons. It is a pleasant sight to see them at their cheerful labors. They are quiet and orderly citizens, except the occasional quarrels between clans, which are to them the tides of existence to prevent stagnation, serving instead of our crusades and revolutions, our theologic strifes and political campaigns. In grace of manners and in cleanliness they are inferior to the Hindoos, but superior to them in most of the other departments of every-day life. Their climate is more invigorating, and therefore they are more energetic, save when the Hindoos are elevated into heroism. Chinese heroism is rare; chivalry could never find place among such a people. The Hindoos have an eye for beauty, and in some things have achieved it. The Chinese have an eye for the odd and the curious, and have achieved the grotesque. The Hindoos have their villages, which are to them instead of kingdoms and empires. The Chinese also have their villages, with this difference, that they elect their own head men, and with this further difference, that they understand the whole art of government, from constable to emperor, better than any other Asiatic people, better indeed than some of the nations of Europe. If the art of war be considered a part of the art of

government, then an exception must be made in this department for the Chinese, than whom no people are less warlike. The value of Chinese ideas and habits in matters of government cannot be judged of in the present exceptional state of things in China. The rebellion is not an attempt to throw off their ancient and well-tried system of government, but to *preserve* it, by ridding themselves of a foreign dynasty which has been weighed and found wanting. The statesmen of Europe do not show sagacity in withholding their sympathy from the rebels. Nor do the religious sects manifest wisdom in standing aloof from their crude Christianity. With a little encouragement the rebels would succeed; with even strict non-intervention, they would probably succeed in time; they may possibly succeed, notwithstanding the countenance of foreigners to the Tartars. They are certainly very strange Christians, but not more strange than some of the barbarous tribes of Europe when first received into the Church. They are as good, probably, in all but outward show, as the native converts, Catholic or Protestant, who live under the eye of the missionaries, and try to seem to be what they are told to be, but in fact, so far as they are anything but mere milk-and-water people, are the same in morality and spiritual life as their countrymen around them. Asiatics will continue to be Asiatics, whatever form of European religion they may put on. The essential character of the converts, with rare exceptions, will remain unchanged, until the whole mass of society shall be slowly elevated by the united working of various ameliorating influences. The crude Christianism of the rebels seems to have this advantage over that of the missionary converts; it is a natural, and probably a healthy, development from within, not a theological application from without, and is more likely therefore to live and come to something, especially if encouraged, without being overshadowed and overhelped, by European fostering. Too much help, dogmatic dictation, only benumbs the faculties. With children and savages dogmatism is often the only method open; towards the Chinese there is a better course. They will approach Christianity in their own strange way if at all. The value of theology lies mainly in the discipline it affords to the facul-

ties, and this discipline, though it may be encouraged and stimulated, and even inoculated from abroad, must grow out of the previous discipline and civilization of the people. Religion also, in order to be more than a superstition, must be a development; passively received, it is of little or no value; yet propagandists expect passivity, and will hardly tolerate anything else. How much of the superiority of Christianity over other religions and theologies consists in the more vigorous development, the more abundant nourishment, it has afforded to the human faculties! Whenever or wherever it has been merely an ecclesiasticism, a church, — or mainly a dogmatism, a creed, — it has either been a clog or a nullity. Just in proportion as it has been a growth, a fermentation, a life, it has been a blessing. When sympathizing and tolerant, it has been a gospel; but a malediction, when imperious and exclusive. By recognizing and honoring and working with the other agencies of civilization, — science, literature, art, commerce, industry, liberty, law, manners, government, — it has been the salt of the earth; but the salt has often lost its savor by standing aside and saying, "I am holier than thou." Our Christian statesmen and missionaries are too dogmatic, too much given to their one way and one idea for all nations and races; they do not sufficiently study the previous history of the systems and minds they undertake to mould; they are blind to the stubbornness they may encounter in one direction, the pliability they may find in another, and the real excellence they may lay open in another. In the Sepoy mutiny and the Oude rebellion the English are possibly now paying the penalty of this narrowness of view. Politicians and religionists may have been over-anxious to hurry forward English government and English religion among races not yet prepared for either, perhaps not destined ever to receive either; though, with aid from English justice and moderation, there may grow up in India at last new and undreamed of forms of government and religion and society, with which Europe and America shall delight to hold fellowship. We may be sure that the Hindoo political constitution, which as yet has gone no further than the village system, will, if it ever completes itself, be very different from the constitution of

England; and that Hindoo Christianity, if ever developed, will be quite different from the Christianity of England, — different also from French or German or American or Italian Christianity; yet, however different, we may still hope it will be good. Of the Chinese we are less hopeful than of the Hindoos, because Chinese nature seems to be more limited and less fertile than Hindoo nature, and because the languages of China are certainly inferior to those of India, and seem to have reached their utmost point of improvement. Caste and conquest arrested the civilization of the Hindoos; that of the Chinese seems to have been arrested by faculty and language. Still, when we consider how much the Chinese have accomplished with their stinted means and their coarse instruments, we do not utterly despair of them; we only despair of the methods of those political and religious dogmatists who, arrogating to themselves superior righteousness and sanctity, insist on impossibilities and cultivate hinderances.

Not only does the Hindoo future seem more promising, but the Hindoo life of the present has, in our Occidental eyes, a better aspect than Chinese life. Chinese skill in government is good, but Hindoo poetry is better; just as Shakespeare and Milton are worth more than the English constitution. Energetic and cheerful labor, spreading prosperity far and wide among so many millions, is a good thing; but a still better thing is language of boundless capability, soliciting the mind for ever upward, and so making life noble and great, not tying it to the common, and making life little. We must remember, however, that in language and in mental structure we are more closely allied to the Hindoos, and are consequently not so well qualified to sit in judgment on the Chinese.

Besides nature and language, there are other phases of Chinese civilization which we should take into account in order to understand this peculiar people. We refer to their religion and their morality, and the relations of these to each other and to government and common life. A striking peculiarity of Chinese religion in all its forms is, that it stands by itself more distinctly than religion has ever done among any other people. In India religion connects itself with every-

thing, and more or less controls everything. In China religion is isolated, and controls nothing; it is recognized and protected, but not dictatorial; like literature, philosophy, art, the theatre, it exerts such influence as it can. In Christendom, religion, theology, and morality are closely associated, so much so that in the popular mind they are generally confounded. In China all this is different. Religion, piety, worship, they place in a separate department. Theology they commonly assign to the department of speculative philosophy. Morality they associate with education and government. They have no church. In Europe, religion, theology, morality, education, are placed in various ways and proportions under the control of church and state. In America we have divorced church and state, and, to a considerable extent, religion and the state; our schools acknowledge allegiance chiefly to the state; but religion and morals are closely united. Theology also, among all our dogmatic sects, is inseparably connected with religion, and in theory at least with morality. The idea of church we are fast translating into sect, which often strives to be a sort of vertical caste, as if to take the place of the horizontal divisions of Hindoo society. Many of our theologians are fond of making their theology the basis of both religion and morality; hence their exclusiveness, and the arrogance of their claims. Our philosophers readily distinguish in *idea* between religion, theology, and morality; the Chinese distinguish between them in practice; to make the distinction is a part of their daily life, going back to Confucius, and how much farther we know not. In order, then, to do them justice, we must leave behind our popular impressions, and apply to the subject the discriminations of our philosophy. While large portions of American society make theology the foundation of almost all that is valuable, let us remember that the Chinese place virtue at the foundation of society; that, while Americans generally make morality a secondary principle, growing out of theology and religion, the Chinese make morality a *primary principle*, growing directly out of the nature of man.

The books tell us there are three religions in China; and if we inquire of the Chinese themselves, we receive the

same answer. These three religions are:—1. Taoism, or Rationalism, as some have translated it, the religion of Lao-tze, a philosopher contemporary with Confucius. 2. Confucianism, which is a system of morals and politics rather than a religion. 3. Buddhism, which draws to itself a large portion of the worship of China, and is in fact the popular religion of all China. Most of the temples and priests, and both are sufficiently numerous, are Buddhistic. It is not, however, pure Buddhism as it came from India, and as it is set forth in recent books and treatises on the subject, built on Buddhistic manuscripts discovered in Nepaul, Thibet, and Ceylon. It is a mixture — natural and unavoidable — of Buddhism with the primeval polytheism of China. As the records of that old polytheism, if it ever had any, are doubtless lost, we cannot tell what it was from an inspection of the present popular religion of the country, any more than we could now learn what was the polytheism of Greece and Rome from a mere inspection of Romish Christianity, into which, with an admixture of Judaism, the old Paganism, refined by art and made attractive by demigods, was so abundantly transfused; — one of the advantages of Romanism as a popular religion, though a scandal in Protestant eyes. The horror of idolatry, and the consequent jealousy of art, in which most Protestants and Mohammedans are educated, is in part prejudice. Idolatry has its evils, and if by banishing visible idols we could get rid of all idolatry, we would join the iconoclasts; but so long as we persistently retain in Protestantism an amount of refined idolatry proportioned to our degree of intelligence, it scarcely becomes us to be very severe on the idolatry of others. Idolatry, anthropomorphism in some form, visible or invisible, is, or at least has hitherto been, an essential element of all popular religion. It can be outgrown, gradually educated out, but not baptized out by Rome nor catechized out by Geneva. Still, let baptisms, extreme unctions, confirmations, ordinations, catechisms, creeds, holy water, even idolatries, remain among those who use them, so long as they find help in them; and then their gradual removal by discussions, reforms, philanthropic labors and sufferings, will afford still further help and discipline for human beings made for endless

movement, action and reaction. These allusions are made to our own necessary weaknesses, in order that we may learn to judge with more patience and candor of Chinese weaknesses in religion. He that enters the temple of Chinese worship, to understand it, must leave his prejudices at the door.

Father Huc says: "The Chinese of the present day are entirely absorbed in material interests and the enjoyments of the present life, and totally indifferent to religion in every form; but their annals attest that at various epochs they have been deeply interested in certain religious systems." (II. 168.) Not so; the Chinese, as we have before stated, are less religious, poetic, enthusiastic, than other races, but by no means "totally indifferent." Nor is there proof that they have formerly been more religious than now. Doubtless there have been tides in Chinese religion, as in other departments of their civilization; but it is not easy to determine whether it is now high, or low, or mid-tide. Davis says, though in another connection, they are "the most steady, considerate, matter-of-fact people in the world," (I. 254,) and this is the best key for unlocking to our comprehension their whole system of civilization. The present rebellion, its having so much to do with religion, the general revolutionary state of Chinese mind,— all these facts indicate high rather than low tide. We should bear it in mind, however, that tides in China are less easily measured than in other countries, especially by those Occidental standards we persist in applying as rules, though only useful as illustrations. Mr. Williams, in his Middle Kingdom (II. 231 – 233), comparing the Chinese religion with the religions of the Hindoos and the Greeks, commends the former for the absence of indecency and licentious rites. This also is a further manifestation of Chinese nature. As they are less enthusiastic and religious than the Hindoos and the Greeks, so also are they less extravagant, less prone to extremes and abominations,—are more uniform and decorous. It is one of the compensations we find in the whole system of things. Mr. Williams, however, makes too much of Chinese decency, when he finds in it a main cause for "the permanence of their institutions." "One Pagan nation," he says, "has come

down from ancient times, and this alone is distinguished for its absence [freedom?] from religious slaughter of innocent blood, and the sanctified license of unblushing lust." He concludes that the Hindoos, the Greeks and Romans, and also the Jews, were judicially destroyed by an avenging Deity for their "pollution and cruelty," while the Chinese have been preserved; "the means made use of to perpetuate them" being "general education and morality, a code of laws, a well-ordered civil magistracy, regard for life and property, equality of social privileges." There is logical confusion here which we cannot stop to set right, but, in passing, we must correct a single misapprehension of fact; it is a mistake to think that the people and institutions of India have been less permanent than those of China.

The early Catholic missionaries, finding in the ancient writings of the Chinese very noble religious conceptions, — conceptions resembling considerably, often identical with, those of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, — unwilling to admit the idea that these elevated conceptions were originated by the Chinese themselves, invented another theory, which has given color, in one form or another, to Catholic speculations ever since, even down to Father Huc. The theory, in the language of Father Le Comte, is this: —

"China, happier in its foundation than any other nation under the sun, drew in the chief of the holy maxims of their ancient religion from the Fountain-Head. The children of Noah, who were scattered all over the eastern parts of Asia, and in all probability founded this empire, being themselves in the time of the deluge witnesses of the omnipotence of their Creator, transmitted the knowledge of him and instilled the fear of him into all their descendants; the footsteps which we find in their histories will not let us doubt this." — p. 310.*

* In Grosier, Book VI. Chapter I., this theory is stated and argued at length, with numerous quotations from Chinese books, proving at least this, — that the Chinese have thought and written more and better on religion than they have had credit for. See also Du Halde, Vol. III. p. 15. Lest our estimate of the missionaries should be misunderstood, we quote and adopt the words of De Guignes, applying them to Protestants as well as Catholics: "Je parle ici sans préjugés, je rapporte ce que j'ai vu; je ne suis pas ici l'admirateur aveugle des missionaires, mais j'en ai connu plusieurs dont les connoissance étoient très-etendues; leurs écrits d'ailleurs le prouvent assez, et l'on ne peut disconvenir que nous ne devions beaucoup à

Their idea was, that all true religion comes by revelation; that from Adam to Noah this revelation came down by tradition in a united stream, and was then divided into two great channels, with several smaller and less important ones; that one of these two grand channels was through Abraham, the Jews, and the Catholic Church, and the other through the emperors and sages of China; that this last stream had become weakened and corrupted by Taoism, Buddhism, and other causes, and was now to be restored from the living waters of Rome. This is ingenious, and evinces a strong inclination to be liberal, but of course within the limits of their church and creed. Among the other curiosities of the Romish theory is the distinct discovery of the doctrine of the Trinity in the old Chinese books. It appears that lofty religious conceptions are found in the books of the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Persians, the Arabs, the Hebrews; and all bear marks of vigorous indigenous development. Thoughts have occasionally been transferred from one people to another, doubtless with more or less of modification; but in the case of the Chinese, owing to their geographical separation, and still more to seclusion caused by their language, speculation must have been more independent than elsewhere. Whatever proof of mental ability this may afford, let the Chinese have the benefit of. It is, however, more easy and natural for a people to invent for themselves respectable theology and religion than has commonly been thought, provided they will once set themselves about it, and not smother themselves in tradition; and herein is manifest the provident care of the All-Good, for "the invisible things of Him are clearly seen"; and he leaves none in greater darkness than is on the whole

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ces hommes laborieux et infatigables." (Voyages à Peking, Manille, &c., II. 340.) We can see how their very weaknesses and mistakes are often made to work into the general system of good, and can rejoice that all have not the same gifts, nor the same opinions and hopes; that since there are Chinese in the world, so there are those who can find joy and even culture in living among them and for them, criticising them too severely that they may work for them the harder. It is curious to observe how the main distinction between religions sometimes consists in the fact that the one has not yet been translated into the *forms of thought* pertaining to the other, and how much mutual discipline and culture comes from the long, earnest, and sometimes angry process of translation.

best. Is not the invention of language more difficult than that of theology? And how many languages have been invented by races in the very infancy of their development! Since, then, men are formed with a capacity to find out for themselves language,— a medium of communication with one another, — why not also with a capacity to find out a medium of communication with their Supreme Father, — "that they should seek the Lord if haply they might *feel after him and find him*, though he be not far from every one of us"? Why claim that all religion which has not come down through the Jews, the Popes, and the Reformers, is "false," and "heathenish," and to be exterminated at once? Is the golden rule of Jesus, of which we justly make so much, true and noble when we find it in the New Testament, and without value when we find it several times affirmed in Confucius and Mencius?

A few writers, having heard of the Four Books as a sort of Chinese Bible, and finding in Confucius and Mencius so little reference to religion, have called Confucianism atheistic. This is a mistake; for Confucius occasionally refers to the gods and their worship, and always with respect, but he is a moralist and a statesman, and not a religious teacher. The class of writers who thus condemn the Chinese system as atheistic, also fail to perceive the merit of our American system in holding itself aloof from Christianity, and treating equally well Jews, Christians, and infidels. Americans can better appreciate the Chinese in this matter than Europeans, — to our shame as they think, to our credit as we think. If on the one side we were to acknowledge a strict connection between private morality and public policy, and on the other were to restrict our idea of religion to church-going, prayer-meetings, baptisms, and the cultivation of the religious sentiment, each in his own way, we should then have the Chinese system in all its parts. Either for good or evil, there are some indications that we are tending toward such a result. Many of our stanchest religionists are becoming less and less careful about morality, while a respectable minority of our people and our statesmen are striving to introduce morality into politics. The Maine Law proceeds on the Chinese idea of a

close connection between private morality and government, and is resisted because it is an idea foreign to European and American civilization. The idea of a religion sundered from morality has still a scandalous look to some of us, while the idea of religion sundered from theology has an equally scandalous look to others; to the great majority of Americans it is scandalous, unless the religionist is both moral in life and sound in the faith. It is possible that, in our endeavors to make room and freedom for all the races and religions of the Old World, and for our abundant crop of indigenous sects, we may be tempted or driven into the Chinese system out and out.

Let us at least look at the question from the Chinese point of view. Separating religion from morality does not imply that religionists must be immoral, nor that moralists must be irreligious. It is as easy for religion to be moral, and for morality to be religious, when placed in separate departments, as when placed in the same. Nor does this imply that one has a different source from the other. Confucius simply makes morality independent, ultimate, a primary principle, a thing based on the nature of man, on Divine Order, on God; all of which are only different sides of the same idea. The *religious* teachers of China treat religion in the same way that Confucius treats morality. To both religion and morality a Divine Foundation is thus given, — to which in our speculations we may go back, either through the more common theory of old and limited inspiration transmitted through language and tradition, or through the less common theory of *continued* inspiration and development. There are Christian moralists who *in speculation* carry morality directly back to a primary principle, a divine foundation; but in practice our Christian teachers and writers are apt to make morality grow out of religion, as its root, and to pronounce all virtue a sham which does not acknowledge allegiance to a special religion, and not unfrequently both the virtue and the religion must grow out of a special theology; and thus we are landed in narrowness and tempted to be uncharitable. The Chinese distinction allows worship to adjust itself to the different grades of intelligence and character with less friction.

The educated and the uneducated classes are not always

pleased with each other's ways, and tastes, and plans for manifesting and cultivating the religious sentiments. If devotion be made to stand by itself, there is more freedom, less confusion of thought, less intolerance. There are not a few Protestants who, when brought face to face with Romanism and heathenism, are kept within the bounds of external toleration only by *political* restraints. As for sympathy or respect for any religion but their own, away with the thought, the sin, the abomination! Respect a religion which prays to the Virgin Mary! Respect religions which set up hideous idols for worship! Respect Chinese religion, which does not even *pretend* to have a special connection with morality, and is not particular about the names or attributes of its gods! Indeed, strict religious toleration is difficult, so long as devotion, morality, and theology are all included under the general name of religion, and the whole subjected to a priesthood. Under such a union religious sentiment is often blown into passion, to obscure and embitter the practical questions of morality and the speculative questions of theology.

Throughout their history, the Chinese have been remarkably free from religious persecution; owing in part, no doubt, to their having cooler heads than other people, but quite as much, we think, to their having observed the distinctions we are pointing out. It may have been their practical turn of mind which led them early to see that religious worship need not encumber itself with creeds, and that morality could be placed in another department of life, where other and yet equally efficient helpers for it might be found. The Jews in small numbers have long existed in China, and, so far as appears, without molestation. In the ninth century the two Arabian travellers found Mohammedans numerous there. In the fourteenth century Ibn Batuta says: "In all the Chinese provinces there is a town for the Mohammedans in which they reside. They also have cells, colleges, and mosques, and are made much of by the kings of China." (p. 208.) The Buddhists, by holding themselves aloof from politics and theology, and by amalgamating themselves with the original polytheism, spread themselves quietly through the whole country. Romish Christianity has interfered too much with the whole

system of China to be always endured quietly. When, however, the priests or the native converts have suffered, it has been on political, not on religious grounds. Long ago the Chinese divined the tendency of Christian propagandism, filibusterism, and annexation, and had the sagacity to forbid by law the entrance of foreigners into the empire. For centuries this policy of seclusion has been effectual, though at last the filibusters are upon them.

We have spoken of Confucianism indirectly; we now present it in the direct form, and in the words of Confucius himself: —

"Things have an origin and a consummation; actions have first principles and ultimate consequences. He who understands the regular order of things has approximated to perfection. The ancients, desirous that virtue might pervade the whole people, first established government; in order to establish government, they first set in order their families; desiring to regulate their families, they first sought personal virtue; desiring personal virtue, they first rectified their hearts; to rectify their hearts, they first purified their motives; to purify their motives, they first extended their knowledge. From the king to the meanest subject there is but one rule, which is to make personal virtue the root. That the root should be disordered and the branches in good condition, cannot be; for if men treat lightly what is of most importance, they will not attend properly to what is secondary." — *Four Books*, p. 2.

Abel-Rémusat, and some other writers, assure us, (Rémusat is probably our best authority on this point as on several others,) that the Chinese have "confounded knowledge and virtue." Not always, as may be seen in the above quotation from Confucius. The truth seems to be, that in like manner as we often confound religion, morality, and theology, so the Chinese often confound morals, knowledge, and politics. The difference, then, between the Chinese and us lies in three things: — 1. They take theology away from religion, and place it with speculative philosophy; 2. They take morality away from religion, and class it with knowledge, education, and politics; 3. They recognize a closer connection between morality, knowledge, education, and government, than we do. We do not say that they always strictly observe these distinctions, nor that their system is better than ours; we merely

say that it has in some respects great merits, and deserves our study and respect. We here present a quotation from Rémusat's *Mélanges Posthumes Orientales*, without, however, adopting all the shades of his thought. Speaking of Chinese philosophy, — and his words admit a wider application, — he says: —

"The subject ought to interest those who would complete the picture of the process of the human mind. This succession of different opinions which developed themselves in the far East without any known connections with Occidental ideas; these Pythagoreans and Platonists anterior to Plato and even to Pythagoras; these Stoics, who, making *order* a universal dogma, habitually confounded knowledge and virtue, and founded a monarchy on the principles of their philosophy; these idealists, who have carried their allegorical idolatry through twenty nations, civilizing some and degrading others; these new Epicureans, who never knew Democritus nor Epicurus, these various schools, these dialecticians who have sounded the problem of Deity, — present a worthy subject of study and reflection and discussion." — pp. 204, 205.

The close connection between morals and politics among the Chinese explains the strenuousness of their government in regard to opium, and the abundant preaching mixed up with their executive proclamations. Believing, as they do, that opium produces immorality, it must in their eyes be the duty of government to suppress the use and the traffic, though their efforts in a moral point of view, which are praiseworthy, have been and will continue to be of little avail. In and out of China there is, we think, some little mistake on this subject. The use of opium, though very destructive to health and life, more so than the use of alcohol, is confined to a much smaller portion of the community, and does not spread immorality through the community. It is not a social, wide-spreading vice, and affects the community chiefly by withdrawing a portion of its physical force, a thing easily spared in China. Even among the Chinese colonists in Siam, Singapore, and Java, where opium can be had in abundance, the proportion who surrender themselves to this vicious indulgence is not very large. It is very unpopular among the thrifty and respectable Chinese, and a laborer who is known to use it does not easily find employment. We have great respect, and even

admiration, for Commissioner Lin, who "squeezed" the ten millions' worth of opium out of the "barbarians"; but we think he committed, as a statesman and patriot, two mistakes; — the first, in not clearly perceiving the rather limited extent of the opium evil, and the impossibility of suppressing it; the second, in the means he resorted to for obtaining possession of it, which were unjustifiable according to European rules, and thus exposed his country to war, though they were allowable according to Chinese notions. Lin resembled John Quincy Adams in character, and he made himself popular by a course which occasioned the war, while Mr. Adams suffered in popularity for the time by justifying the English. Technically the English were right on the opium question; they were also morally right in regard to older disputes. The Chinese had morality on their side so far as the opium was concerned, but a portion of the contempt and oppression long exercised toward foreigners was unjustifiable even from their own point of view. Consequently there was war, and the opening of China, as it was called, — hailed by religionists and philanthropists as a blessing, — and now another war; — all which may in the end very probably work round into blessings, but *how* we are not wise enough to discern as yet.

In organizing, maintaining, and administering government, the Chinese certainly deserve praise. Imperfections of administration can be pointed out, but they are imperfections growing not so much out of their system as out of their unspiritual and unæsthetic civilization, their merely objective culture. The idea of equality, as opposed to caste in the Hindoo sense, is as general in China as in France or America. Intelligence, virtue, wealth, office, are the only distinctions; and these distinctions hold nearly the same estimation as among ourselves. On the whole, taking the Chinese as they are, their government is one of the best. And should England and Russia ever divide up China between them, after the manner adopted towards Poland, they could not do better, they might do worse, than to let the Chinese go on and govern themselves. A governor-general at Canton or Nanking for England, and another at Peking for Russia, who should interfere little with the details of administration, with a few mili-

tary men to teach the Chinese the art of national defence, would be the true system; but a system not likely to be adopted.

"They are a singular race, these Europeans," says Rémusat, "and their proceedings would make a strange impression on an impartial judge, if such a one could be found on the earth. Intoxicated by their own progress in modern times, especially by their superiority in the art of war, they look upon all the other families of the human race with supreme disdain; all must think like them and work for them; they walk abroad exhibiting to the humbled nations their faces as the type of beauty, their ideas as the standard of intelligence, their arguments as the very basis of all reason; everything is measured by their scale; inglorious conquerors and ungenerous victors, they attack the Orientals as if they had nothing to fear, and treat them when subdued as formidable enemies."

We should be glad, had we time, to prove — for we think it admits of proof — that the population of China has been greatly exaggerated. After careful examination of the censuses of China, we have no faith in them. How is it possible Kiangsu, a province not larger than the State of New York, should have a population of 39,000,000, — 850 to the square mile, — three times as dense a population as the most densely peopled countries of Europe! Four provinces, comprising a territory about as large as France, have, according to the census of 1812, no less than 125,000,000, almost four times that of France! These same four provinces have assigned to them in the census of a century before, 1711, only 9,500,000, as much too little, doubtless, as the other estimate is too great. The population must have been nearly stationary for some centuries, yet the seven different censuses appealed to in a single century, from 1710 to 1812, vary from 27,000,000 to 362,000,000. They are not censuses in our sense of the word, but estimates, guesses, and very poor guesses, — guesses made previous to the light thrown upon this whole subject by the careful censuses of Europe and America during these last fifty years. It is well known, that, while some portions of China are very fertile and very populous, other portions are the reverse. England, with the best cultivation in the world, is largely dependent on other countries for food; how, then,

could some of the provinces of China support a population four times as dense? If we allow the most fertile provinces to be a little more populous than England and France, and assign to the less fertile provinces a population in proportion, we shall have for the whole empire about 150,000,000. At the utmost, 200,000,000 ought to satiate our largest appetite for exaggeration.

We must revert for a moment to the common remark that Chinese civilization is stationary. In all Asiatic civilizations the rate of movement is so slow that they seem stationary to us. Probably the Chinese are as nearly stationary as any people have ever been, not excepting even the Hindoos. Still, however slow the rate, there is movement, — call it progress, or rotation, or mere change, — and so doubtless it must ever be in all civilizations. This slowness, with all its evil in our eyes, is not without its compensating advantages. It makes life more even and cheerful, less anxious; it prolongs the lease of advantages when once entered upon; it gives a longer and smoother ride on the top of the wheel; — or if the theory of mere changes, oscillations, tides in human affairs, be adopted, it comes to much the same general result; — or if we prefer the more popular and probable theory of progress, it becomes only a question of time. We certainly like the recent method of riding through existence on railroads, but then much could be said in favor of chariots and horses, those old-fashioned ways of the Egyptians and Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans. There were then better, or at least longer, opportunities for enjoying the beauties of the regions travelled through. Even the still slower Chinese custom of using the primeval feet, is a method of movement not to be despised.

It will be seen to be rather against our taste, but less against our reason and conscience, to praise the Chinese. The American prairies may not thank us, but we shall venture in good nature to call in their aid to help out our idea of the interminable and tiresome horizontality of Chinese nature and culture. In tame or in wintry weather the prairies are very dreary, but in the bloom of June how gay and how grand, and in August what counties and kingdoms of corn they grow! Something so with the Chinese: under many

aspects, it is wearisome to survey the dead level of their aim and manner; but then what a world of work they do, how cheerful their toil, what an empire of order and contentment they are! We prefer the hills of New England to the prairies of Illinois; but is not America the better that we have also our Illinois? Chinese monotony — and for that matter American, or any other monotony — would make a cheerless world if spread out over all the kingdoms and continents, — over all history and all development; but shall we hence conclude that the Chinese are an impeachment of Providence, or shall we wonder how the Infinite Wisdom could have allowed in the past so wide a space and so long a period for this peculiar and inferior culture? Whether this culture is to be carried forward indefinitely, or whether it is to be greatly changed, or even terminated by a change of language or of race, one or both, are questions we shall not enter upon.

Art. III. — THE LOGICAL ORDER OF THE GOSPEL NARRATIVES.

1. *A Harmony in Greek of the Gospels. With Notes by* William Newcome, D. D. Andover. 1814.
2. *An Apostolical Harmony of the Gospels.* By Lant Carpenter, LL. D. London. 1838.
3. *Chronologische Synopse der Vier Evangelien.* Von Karl Wieseler. Hamburgh. 1843.
4. *A Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek, according to the Text of Hahn.* By Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D. Boston. 1845.
5. *An Examination of the Testimony of the Four Evangelists.* By Simon Greenleaf, LL. D. [Being a Translation of Prof. Robinson's Harmony, with Prof. Greenleaf's Introduction and Notes.] Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1846.
6. *Synopsis Evangelica.* By Constantine Tischendorf. Leipsic. 1851.

It must be confessed, that to most readers the Gospels are simply collections of detached anecdotes about Jesus. Even among those who read with most eagerness of love and faith,

hardly one pauses to see how and where one event leads to another, or to consider the distinctions between the beginning, middle, and end of the Master's career. That career, indeed, comes to be popularly regarded as a waiting season, in which he was biding his time till the end should come, and occupying the passing months with various discourses, or journeys, or works of wonder, which are not thought of as having any essential connection with each other. There is a general impression, doubtless, that the Sermon on the Mount made the beginning of Christ's public ministry, — as in fact it did not; — as distinct as that the crucifixion made the end. Beyond this, there seems to be little idea, in most readers, of its chronology. We might ask a well-read Christian whether the cure of the Syrophœnician woman's daughter came before or after the execution of John the Baptist, and we might or might not obtain a correct reply. But the popular indifference to the vital order of the narrative is such, that the question would not seem to most persons what it is, — as absurd as if one asked whether General Washington resigned his commission to Congress before or after the battle of Lexington.

In this indifference to what we may call the logical order, or the order of cause and effect, there springs up, in no small measure, the sense of the whole story as unreal. To make the life of Christ real, as to make any other life real, we need to remember it in its natural order. Any other recollection of it reduces it, as we have said, to an unconnected mass of anecdotes of him. They throw no light upon each other. Nor does one Gospel sustain another, nor make its narrative more clear. If one of the detached fragments in such a heap is unintelligible, or hard to be understood, or apparently untenable, faith is wounded, and all of the other fragments are suspected. There seems nothing organic in the whole. The collection becomes only a pile of bones, and has none of the life of members fitted to each other, with one vital current running through them all. The reader needs to feel the existence of such a vital current. Let him gain the habit of finding, where it exists, the thread which unites the story of one parable, conversation, sermon, prayer, or miracle with another. He will not then be frightened when he hears an

assault made on the precision of one detail or another in this connected narrative. One jewel may be loose in its setting, — or two may be; but the man who has thus read cannot be persuaded that they are all loose, and may be all stolen away.

It would not be fair to speak of this popular fragmentary notion regarding the Gospel narrative, without tracing it directly to the train of thought which has fettered Protestant theology. The usual habit of reading and of preaching has been to make of the whole a set stage-play, in which Jews, apostles, and even Jesus, had fixed parts assigned to them, from which they could not vary. There is so much said of a particular "plan of salvation," that the inference is immediate, that God could not have saved the world in any other way. The whole life of Jesus is thus degraded into a piece of set machinery. The reader is not left at liberty to ask why he did this, or why he spoke that. It was set down in the plan that he should do it, and should say it. All the worst restrictions of the most arbitrary and mechanical view of Foreordination are thus imposed on the fresh, elastic, self-directed life of Him whom we call the very Lord of Life.

Now there is no reason why these restrictions should be made to bind the narrative of Christ's life more than the narrative of any other history. Whether we understand foreknowledge or not, it never, in any other instance, hems us in as we read biography. We say Luther went to Worms because he was a brave man and determined to go, — not because he was foreordained to. We say the fathers signed the Declaration because they were convinced by the arguments of John Adams, — not because it was so ordered from the beginning of the world. It is our duty to read the history of Jesus in the same way. We have no right to say that he left Jerusalem in obedience to one inscrutable decree of God, or that he returned to it in obedience to another, if in the narrative we can find reasonable motive for departure or return. Still less right have we to say, that he left Judæa "because the Jews sought to kill him," and in another moment to extol with holy raptures the bravery with which he went up thither to die, — unless we can assign probable and intelligible rea-

son for a change of policy. We have no right to try to satisfy our Sunday-school classes or ourselves, by explaining on one Sunday why he charged his apostles not to make him known, and on another, why he insisted that the children might shout "Hosanna!" — unless we admit and define the changes of circumstance and of policy which give sense and force to one of these directions and to the other. There is not indeed one act, one journey, one injunction of Jesus's life, which we have a right to look at coldly, as if it were but a single necessary step to a single pre-ordered and inevitable goal. Each had its especial object in a wisdom which never compelled the free wills of those around him. He acted for the best in each case as it arose. If they acted for the worst, it was for him to educe good from their evil. But this was never till after the evil had been committed.

The quiet coolness, then, with which even critics pass by the changes in the course of the Saviour's life, without any attempt to suggest cause and effect, motive or plan, or indeed any of the evidences of organic life running through the whole, is to be ascribed, not to indifference, but to respect which really amounts to superstition. Jesus chose to leave Jerusalem. Jesus chose to return. Jesus chose to make to a Gentile the first announcement that he was Messiah. Jesus chose to prohibit Peter from making the same announcement. Because he chose to do thus, the implication is drawn that we have no business to ask why. There grows up, indeed, the feeling that his choice was one long predetermined, and was simply his working out, in what Dr. Bushnell calls the stage-play, of the details of the great drama long since written down. But this is a very paltry way of studying him. He brings us the new life. He gives it, as he illustrates it in his own. If in our false reverence we make his life seem like machinery, in the same false reverence we make our own mechanical, if it is like his at all. We blaspheme the Holy Spirit in which he lives and moves, in this poor effort to persuade ourselves that he moves and lives as a mock automaton, which has no present life of its own at all.

We perfectly understand, indeed, that so long as Christian theology was made to hinge simply on the death of Christ,

as the only atoning sacrifice, theologians and unlearned Christians should be willing to let pass, almost unstudied, the system of the life which passed before that sacrifice. To the high Trinitarian view of Christ, in fact, there seems something irreverent in speaking of his motives. And although Trinitarian theology is full of allusion to his motives and plans, and condescends to honor an Infinite God by human approval of his designs, the thoughtful Trinitarian theologian feels the absurdity and blasphemy of such speculation. Grant either hypothesis, that Christ's death alone was the world's salvation, or that he went and came as Very God when he walked from Capernaum to Jerusalem, or from Jerusalem to Sychar, and it is either childish or blasphemous to ask why he went or why he came. But the world begins to accept the other theology, which really believes that Christ was tempted as we are, and learned obedience by the things that he suffered. The systematic study of his life then becomes essential in the study of the new life. Every Christian man, preparing himself to do, as a child of God should, the duty which God gives him to do, asks in what system and order his Master set about his.

The great proportion, however, of those writers who have tried to set the fragments in the Gospels in the order of time, have not been trained in any such liberty of belief or criticism. They have, therefore, sedulously abstained from looking at the vital order which marks the life of lives, and have made up their schemes simply from the external dates given; as the notices of Sabbaths, feast-days, and the like, upon the record. If they make an allusion to sequence, it is a thing quite disjoined from the hard system of chronology they are creating. Thus Professor Greenleaf tells us, what is very likely, that the unknown disciple whom John and his companion rebuked, was probably one of the Seventy. So accurate an investigator of testimony as he does not observe that, in the set order of Dr. Robinson's Harmony, which he is following, the Seventy were not appointed till near a year after the rebuke was given. So Mr. Trench, in speaking of the three miracles in which the dead are raised to life, speaks of them as involving each "a greater out-coming of the power of Christ *than the preceding*." For he puts the raising of the

centurion's daughter before that of the son of the widow of Nain. For this there is no authority in Luke's Gospel, — where only he finds the second narrative, — nor in any of the English harmonists. But so indifferent is he, of habit, to their external and almost arbitrary subdivisions, that he makes his statement with no authority, apparently, but that of some allegorizing Father, who was drawing a moral lesson from the three. He does not think of apologizing for his deviation from the received chronological authorities.

We have no tears to shed for the failure of these external critics to fix their conclusions of Gospel order upon the popular mind. Some men have followed them, and made use of their speculations, who have shown more heart and feeling. There are some little monotessarons, — made for Sunday schools and other unpretending objects, — which become very valuable hand-books in the study of the vital order of Christ's life.* But from the time of Jerome down, the great body of the critical harmonists have attached themselves so resolutely to the letter, and have ignored so blindly the spirit of their narnative, that they have not deserved more success or favor, at the hands of the Church, than they have received. Very diligently they have cut up the Gospels into little bits, and on strings of very different length have strung those bits together in various order. And yet none of their works have in the least taken the place of the canon order of the Gospels in the popular mind. A fair illustration of this failure is that which we have cited already, — the popular impression that the Sermon on the Mount marks the beginning of Jesus's ministry, as certainly as the Resurrection makes its end. This impression comes from the fact that the Sermon on the Mount is near the beginning of the Gospel which is placed first in the canon. So strongly does that fact fix itself in memory, that all the harmonists, working through all the preachers of the world, have not given that sermon any other place in the popular estimate of the current of our Lord's ministry.

They do not deserve more success, because they all work with ingenuity and acumen, rather than with heart and genius, or even real intelligence. They have generally received

* Such are Fox's Ministry of Jesus, and Ware's Life of the Saviour.

what they have deserved, the favor of the acute and ingenious scholars of the world; while they have not gained the instinctive response of the warm heart of the Church, simply because they did not deserve it. Their work has been, in most cases, the work of children putting together a dissected map, — as they found the buttons on one piece matching the button-holes of another, — willing to have Siberia kiss Sahara in a heart-to-heart embrace, if only the incidental external signs direct it, and wholly careless whether river fits with river, or sea with sea, as they construct it. The map, thus put together, amuses, and even delights, the other child, who has been vainly turning over the pieces, and has not been able to put Siberia into any place at all. But it does not interest in the least the geographer, who cares not for the construction of those particular pieces, but for the great laws by which God makes and rules the surface of the globe.

Any Harmony of the Gospels, which attempts, by a sort of mosaic-work, the adjustment of each detail in its precise place, confuses, worries, or insults the reader, according as he is of one temperament or another. It never completely satisfies him, unless he be of ingenious and specially analytical frame of mind. How should it, indeed? Under any theory we may choose of the construction of these four Gospels, they were written by different men, for different readers, at different times, and with the general expectation — at least, as regards three of them — that they were to be read by people who had not seen the others. At the first glance, then, and to the last glance, how cheerless the cento which will be made, when we dissect out a little bit from one, and dovetail it into two other bits, chosen from two others, and put before it and behind it! The memoirs of a custom-house officer, those of a poet-physician, those written more briefly by a teacher of youth, perhaps for young readers, and those written long after, by an old man, best beloved of the Lord, putting down, after nearly a century, his recollections of his boyhood, with all the light and color and glory with which for nearly a century the Holy Spirit has been tinging them, and the experience of an Apostle attesting them, — these are, according to the tradition of the Church, the four Gospels of our faith.

The Church loves to symbolize them as the Gospels of the man, the lion, the ox, and the eagle, — so completely different the four. How perfectly stupid and brutish, then, to cut out a few words from one, and twist them in, in the midst of a dozen from another, then to insert long chapters from another, and to interlard these again with little savory scraps chipped from the fatness of another! All this is the work of such barbarians as Cambyses, — willingly piling a bit of an inscription of Sesostris in line with a granite of five hundred years later, or five hundred years before; or of the equal barbarians — successful only in dissecting, powerless for construction or synthesis — of the age which divided empires, overthrew constitutions, and undermined faith, — the *savans* of the eighteenth century. It may well be that there is a prophetic vision in which each of the four has the face of a man, and the face of a lion, and the face of an ox, and the face of an eagle. But this vision is not to be gained by that carnal comparative anatomy which brings together human facial angle, aquiline plumage, and leonine muscle, and, placing these upon the ox's neck, fancies that in this hotch-potch it has reproduced Ezekiel.

The truth is, that we have not sufficient material for the construction, in such pitiless detail, of the journal and itinerary of our Master's life. There is no necessity that we should have it. The Evangelists were writing, as we cannot too often say, without any notion of the tremendous stress and strain which were to come on those four little memoirs. They supposed that the Church itself, in its living energy, and with the daily help of the Holy Spirit, would be, in every hour, reproducing the life of Christ; and that fond tradition, kept always pure and sweet as the fountain-head, surrounding itself and adorning itself by all the lustre of song and poetry and eloquence, would transmit, from age to age, far more than their little books attempted of the central life of lives. It has pleased God to reveal that life to us in another way. The Church has not held so firmly to its trust that we dare accept all its traditions. Sure that the written word remains, we fall back upon that, read it and re-read it, test it, analyze it, and scrutinize it by every device of logical chemis-

try, illuminate it by reflections caught from every side-light of the time, and illustrate it by all the monuments of that time which so many centuries have left to us. It is marvellous how much such torturing and eager study distils from it, which at first we did not see. It is glorious to see how pure and brilliant the gold comes out from our crucibles. Still it is certain that everything was not written down there, and that criticism exhausts itself uselessly and vainly when it would decide whether Jesus met John and Nathanael on the day we call Tuesday, or on Thursday; or whether the corn which the disciples rubbed in their hands were wheat or were barley.

Yet it is on just such questions that in their detailed work the harmonists have to engage themselves. There is something amazing in the gallantry of the erudition which marshals itself for such inquiries. This question of the barley and wheat, for instance, comes up as one point to be decided in a discussion which has required hundreds of volumes, and which these hundreds have not satisfied. When did this rubbing of ears of corn take place? It is mentioned by Matthew, by Mark, and by Luke. Matthew begins the account by saying, "At that time." If we can fix even the season of the year, then, we can fix all the details which he connects with it. Luke comes to the rescue, and gives us a precise date; — Luke is apt for date, and fond of precision. It was, he says, "on the *second-first* Sabbath," ἐν σαββάτῳ δευτεροπρώτῳ. The words, undoubtedly, to those who read them, gave a distinct idea. But that idea has not come down with them. No other writer, classical, Rabbinical, or ecclesiastical, has used that combination, *second-first.* It had a meaning as distinct as the phrase "fifteen stone" has to an English farmer. It has no more meaning now than that phrase has to an American, untaught in English habits. And so the very phrase which poor Luke put in for clearness has been the very Patroclus's body of the contests of the harmonists. The second of two Sabbaths, say the Fathers. The first of two, say some of the moderns. The second part of the first Sabbath, says Michaelis. The second Sabbath after the first, say Luther and our translators, — but they are almost certainly wrong. The second Sabbath of the first month,

says another. Whichever of these is right, up comes the question, What is the first? So we plunge into the Pentateuch and the Rabbin to find when the Jewish year began, and how Sabbaths were counted, and what sorts of second Sabbaths there were; and some one comes up who tells us of two Sabbaths in a week sometimes, — was not this the second of them? or, better, was it not the first Sabbath of the second year of Christ's ministry, and may it not give us more than we hoped for as a date in these dateless records? Groping for light here, one Ajax and another inquire when men would rub wheat in their hands in Palestine, to gain, it must be confessed, very unsatisfactory answers to a question which every traveller ought to solve for us. But in the midst of these inquiries we are all met by the Jesuit, Maldonatus, who assures us, and with some show of reason, that the climate of Palestine was very different then from what it is now; — and yet again by Dr. Palfrey, who asks, "Why wheat? why not barley?" which has yet a different harvest from this uncertain wheat-harvest. Now, to the omnipotence of young seventeen, which has sixteen waking hours a day before it, and an eternity of days, and is resolved to know, withal, whatever can be known, the solution of all this tangle rises as a joy of adventure. But when one has doubled, trebled, or quadrupled seventeen, and finds how many things God has set him to do in the world, he is fain to persuade himself that who knows least of the *second-first* knows as much as he who knows most; and that, for this question, the world must wait till an accidental palimpsest of some stupid fable of the first century present the word to us in some other connection. It cannot be of importance, says such a scholar, that we should know its meaning now.

We have been betrayed into following this illustration at this length, because it shows the sort of detail on which the harmonists spend most of their strength. Just in proportion as they do so, they neglect that logical order, connection of cause and effect, which can be distinctly studied out in these memoirs, and makes up the vital and organic system of the Saviour's ministry. Hence their failure to gain a hold upon the heart and memory of the Church. The

Church does not care for criticism. What it wants is life. The four Gospels do not give the materials for a diary of Jesus's life. But they do give us what is of much more importance, the information from which we can digest its causes and effects, precedents and consequences, and, if we will only abandon the effort for a precise chronological system, teach us what make its vital order and his successive plans. Clearly this sequence of beginning, middle, and end is of profound interest and value. And it is with reference to this order that the effort to connect the Gospels should be made. The preacher who will treat the life of Jesus in such reference to his plan for salvation, or the reader of the Bible who will read with the same reference, will be saved from regarding the Gospels as a mere string of anecdotes or *ana*. They will gain, what is worth so much more, the history of a system, — of the system which the Lord of Life chose to adopt in communicating its new life to the world. The reader who deliberately sets aside that system, sets aside so much of light and guidance for the direction of his own life.

To gain a distinct notion of this system, let the reader, after he has followed Jesus's life as far as the end of the temptation, read John's Gospel as far as the twenty-first verse of the tenth chapter. Then let him read Matthew's Gospel, — with or without the parallel passages in Mark and Luke. When he comes to the close, he knows that all the four are nearly parallel with each other.

Such a reader will find as he reads, if he look for them, constant traces of cause and effect, motive and action, precedent and consequence, work and its result. He will find gradual change of opinion in hearers, gradual growth of faith in companions; development in the later discourses of what has been uttered in the earlier, and distinct, steady advance towards an aim in the Master's work. For all practical purposes, we conceive this order of reading to be a sufficient re-arrangement of the Gospel order. The only violent transfer which it requires, is the postponing to the close of the Galilean ministry of the sixth chapter of John.*

* We do not propose to argue now the question of this transfer. It is one of the vexed questions warmly controverted by the harmonists. We need here only call

Reading in this order, the general plan of the Saviour's movements reveals itself, and the general line of the politics of the Jews and of their governors appears. Jesus, having entered on his mission, having passed through the preliminary training and trial of the temptation, proceeds almost immediately to Jerusalem, and, in the most conciliatory way, enters into confidential communication with the religious chiefs of the country, the men who are at the head of its religious establishments, who "sit in Moses's seat." These men are the head of the only hierarchy in the world which recognizes one unseen God as the only object of worship. It is a hierarchy which has its establishments, professing that faith, scattered all up and down through the Roman empire,

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attention to John's own indications of date, — which of themselves suggest that the order his Gospel now follows is not chronological; — because it requires an impossible geography.

These indications are the following: —

Chapter IV. "This is again the second miracle *that* Jesus did when he was come out of Judæa into Galilee."

Chapter V. "After this there was a feast of the Jews, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem." (Then follows the account of the lame man of Bethesda, ending with the Jews' effort to stone Jesus, and proceeding thus:)

Chapter VI. "After these things Jesus went over the Sea of Galilee, which is *the Sea* of Tiberias." (The miracle of the loaves follows. Jesus recrosses the Sea to Capernaum, and the narrative proceeds:) "These things said he ..... in Capernaum." (His last words at Capernaum are given, and then follows:)

Chapter VII. "After these things Jesus walked in Galilee, for he would not walk in Jewry because the Jews sought to kill him."

With reference to the collocation of these indications we should certainly feel no doubt, if we met them in a narrative where we took an interest in the geography. A parallel case would be an abridgment of Dr. Kane's life, where we had the following chapters, corresponding to those in John, and used the same words to indicate time.

Chapter V. Dr. Kane went to New York, where he met many of his friends. He put to press here some of his observations in Natural History, and was urged to return to the North.

Chapter VI. After these things, leaving his crew frozen up in the Advance, he crossed Baffin's Bay in a whale-boat, hoping to join Sir Edward Belcher, but, failing in this, returned to his ship.

Chapter VII. After these things, complying with the urgency of his friends, he left New York in the Advance for exploration in the northern parts of Baffin's Bay.

In such a narrative we should not hesitate to say that Chapter VI. was out of its place. If we had other authorities, we should adjust its place by them, instead of bending them to a statement which, upon the face of it, is evidently not chronological.

and far beyond it. It represents to the world the religion by means of which the most distinct prophecies of the New Life have been uttered, God's noblest lessons taught, and the grandest hymns in his praise sung. To the leaders of that hierarchy Jesus goes at once, perfectly frankly, and to them first offers the gift of Eternal Life which he brings to the world. What a shame, that our scientific theology has made such demand on us, that we should have to add that he makes this offer in good faith! They have the refusal of his apostleship offered them. If they choose, the veins and arteries of their system of communication to Greek and African and Asiatic synagogues and worshippers may receive the injection of the New Life blood in which the whole world is to be made alive. The spirit of his movement is indeed precisely the spirit in which all his apostles — even the most radical — afterwards worked, in addressing themselves first to the Jews who were in every city.

The first visit made in this spirit to Jerusalem is that marked by the first driving out the traders from the temple, which, it is to be observed, meets with no opposition, and by the conversation with Nicodemus. There is nothing in the whole narrative of it which indicates any harshness shown by the Jewish elders towards Jesus. They are cautious, and he "does not commit himself to them." He only leaves Judæa on some suggestion of a rivalry between him and John the Baptist, with whose mission he has no intention to interfere.

Leaving Judæa, he makes the first revelation of himself as the Messiah to a Gentile woman of Samaria.

But he attempts no conversion of the people, and makes no appeal to them. Before attempting that, he gives the hierarchy another and yet another chance to work with him, — to take up his light and his fire. He goes up to Jerusalem to another feast, — works the miracle of Bethesda, — and the tone of the narrative rises, from describing the caution of the priesthood, to their persecuting Jesus, and seeking "to kill him," — without, however, describing any overt act of violence. Jesus walked in Galilee again, but still did nothing there, and said nothing which is on record. His appeal to the hierarchy was not yet fully made. The old order had

not yet the full chance he meant it should have. At the Feast of Tabernacles, in the autumn, he makes a third and more imposing demonstration. In the midst of the feast he takes the place of the most learned scribe in the temple to teach; — on the great day of the feast he cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." This is distinct culmination above any declaration he has made in Jerusalem before. On the other hand, it is met by distinct order for his arrest, by excommunication of any disciples he may gather, and even by an effort to stone him in the temple. On his side the three visits may be classed, — first, as for private interview; second, open conversation with the leaders; third, public appeal and declaration in the temple at a great festival. On the side of the priests the sequence is, — first, indifferent caution; second, "they persecute Jesus"; third, they "take up stones to kill him," and cast him and his out from their company.

This series of efforts at Jerusalem marks the first of the three great subdivisions of his ministry. It is what the men who saw it thought unsuccessful. At every point, and at every time, when he met the Jewish leaders, they seemed to succeed. After the Feast of Tabernacles, when he went home to Galilee, they probably thought they had gained a notable success. He had come to Jerusalem with very few attendants, if with any. He had at this time no company of apostles; and this is the simple reason why the first ten chapters of John, excepting that sixth chapter, which describes a later period, speak of none. The fishermen of Bethsaida, and their immediate friends, were, so far as we know, his only companions in travel, and the only disciples of his doctrine. We have no evidence, indeed, to show how many of them accompanied him in this opening of his work.

But after this apparently unpromising beginning, an immediate change takes place in his movement, and system of work; for which the Evangelists, in their own definite simplicity, give the cause. Jo e Baptist attracts the jealousy of Herod, who imprisons him. John the Baptist at this moment, and the memory of him probably for years after, fill a much larger place in the popular eye and in the eye of the

politicians than Jesus does. His arrest and imprisonment are the signal to Jesus that the work of preparation is over. He has no more time to give to cautious or conservative priests. When he "had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee." These words make the beginning of Matthew's narrative of the active ministry. They indicate an event which happened about the middle of what we know of Jesus's life. In other words, the Gospel of Matthew occupies itself with the Galilean ministry of the Saviour, — the second great subdivision of his active career, — while the fourth Gospel has devoted nine chapters to what seemed his utterly fruitless demonstrations, addressed to the Jewish rulers and their satellites at Jerusalem.

From this moment the whole spirit of his action changes, — and this is no small part of the difference between the fourth Gospel and the first. It is the change, to be found in lesser instances in lesser history, where appeal to rulers fails, and the appeal is changed and made to those they rule; — where the leader turns from the city to the country; from the learned to the unlearned; from the critics to the uncriticising; from the gentry to the commons; from the clergy to the congregation; from the first and second estate to the third estate. Jesus turns from the anointed to the unanointed. And his mode of address changes in the instant. He speaks as a peasant to peasants, as a mountaineer to mountaineers, as a Galilean to Galileans. We lose the Scriptural allusion, the frequent reference to Moses, the sustained argument, and the regular discourse. We launch upon epigram, proverb, country illustrations, open-air life, and parable. His mode of action changes in like wise. He attaches disciples to his person now, and on the instant sends them out announcing the presence of the kingdom, — whose power they felt, though they could hardly understand it or explain it. After one utter failure, as his neighbors thought it, at Nazareth, his native city, he establishes his head-quarters at Capernaum, and then in three distinct expeditions, by different routes, apparently northeast, southwest, and northwest, rouses the whole country to excitement.

The popular notion of this ministry is, that for a period of

some three years he was quietly living in Capernaum, every now and then taking a walk into the country, or to Jerusalem, — producing some new miracle when wonder had cooled a little, or uttering some new discourse. A more accurate study of it shows that in five or six weeks Jesus had made these different, distinct expeditions, had seen, face to face, thousands on thousands of an excited peasantry, had wrought most of the miracles described in the course of his career, and, in a word, had set all Galilee in a blaze. Each hour was filled full, and every feature of his power exhibited. He has the most majestic aim in sight every moment. And he is not making preparation for some distant accomplishment of that aim. He speaks of the present, to the present. "Here is God — now!" So he calls for present allegiance. "Who hath ears to hear let him hear — now!" To bring this people at once to this immediate sense of God's love and power, he goes out doing good among them, without stay or hinderance. There is, indeed, nothing human with which such an enterprise is to be likened. But a faint analogy to it appears in the enterprise of a national leader, who, with some Marseilles Hymn, goes out from town to town, to startle every man of an oppressed nation, by calling "To arms!" Just the faintest analogy to it is in one of those real religious revivals, in which, with something of Christ's spirit, some Whitefield or Wesley goes forth to call a sleeping world to wake, and deaf ears to listen. That preaching, indeed, demands little more than the words, "Now," not to-morrow, — "Here," not in heaven. Now and here! God at hand! These are the very words which waked the men of Galilee to feel that the New Life had come, — that the world and its history and its religion were all made new.

The tone of such a crisis runs through all the narrative of this enterprise, — completely different, if we dare see the distinction, from talk with Nicodemus or at the well-side, and yet again from the philippics at Jerusalem, as the end of the whole comes on. With any adequate sense of what the enterprise itself is, we are somewhat prepared to understand the duty given to the Twelve. We see why they were not called before, why this is the time when they are needed. It is

not Galilee alone that is to hear these words, "At hand," "Here," "Now." God is everywhere, as well as in Galilee, and all the world is to be made to listen to his Present Voice. Jesus, indeed, is ready to do the whole. But all those who listen are children of God; and it is the new law of life that they must give while they take. And thus, to carry on as promptly as may be possible the infinite duty, Jesus, as he passes from village to village, sees that it is time for him to send out rays of light in a circle all around him. While he goes south, others must go east and north and west. And this also must be at once, — must be here and now. Here and now must he send forth others with this infinite truth, "God is here! God is now!" and so begin that sending forth of ministering servants, which must go on through time, till every heart through the world feels always that God is in all its beatings; that God guides, guards, counsels, and defends us, here and now.

Those students who most respect the literal precision and authority of the records have least right of all to wire-draw this golden narrative of a condensed, rapid effort, so as to make the few chapters of Matthew cover a period three years long or more. The catchwords by which we pass from incident to incident are, almost always, such as denote signal promptness, quick and firm decision and energy. "And as he went"; "And as he entered"; "And it came to pass the day after"; "And the same day when even was come"; — such are the connections by which we are led from point to point. They are so compact, and so abrupt, that we are not justified in extending beyond five or six weeks the whole series of words and works by which Jesus excited all Galilee, before he designated the twelve apostles, and sent them out upon their discharge of a similar duty.

Their career seems to have been a little longer; but it is brought to an abrupt close by the great political manœuvre of the year. How long they had been engaged in their detached work does not, at the first glance, very distinctly appear; but Matthew's Gospel gives to that period only parts of three chapters, and Mark and Luke even less. We may place here his fourth visit to Jerusalem and his cure of Lazarus. The death of

John the Baptist — a blow for which it would seem that Herod had not been thought bold enough, if he were wicked enough — startles all the country, enrages the multitudes whom John had attached to himself, and sends Christ's travelling messengers home to him. That burial of John by his own men is not a meek, secret, midnight service over the body of a martyr, where a few frightened friends lay the sods over him, and vanish again to their hiding-places. It is, as the result shows, the public protest of an outraged party, strong enough to make themselves felt, and indignant enough to try. Here is what Josephus says of the execution of John and the result of it. He is speaking of Herod's war with King Aretas, the particular conflict of the time in which the long rivalry between West and East — Roman empire and Parthian empire — took form. He says: —

"When they had joined battle, Herod's army was destroyed. . . . . Now some of the Jews thought that the destruction of Herod came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment of what he did against John that was called the Baptist. . . . . When others came in crowds about him [John], for they were greatly pleased by hearing his words, Herod, who feared lest the great influence John had over the people might put it into his power and inclination to raise a rebellion, (for they seemed ready to do anything he should advise,) thought it best, by putting him to death, to prevent any mischief he might cause, and not bring himself into difficulties by sparing a man who might make him repent of it when it should be too late. Accordingly, he was sent a prisoner, out of Herod's suspicious temper, to Machærus, the castle I before mentioned, and was there put to death. Now the Jews had an opinion that the destruction of this army was sent as a punishment upon Herod, and a mark of God's displeasure against him." — *Ant.* xviii. 5. 2, Whiston's ed.

What the Gospels say shows as distinctly that this was the crisis-point in the life of Jesus also, and that the murder of John immediately precipitated his own. John's disciples bury him, and come and tell Jesus. From that moment he is surrounded by multitudes whom he cannot send away. He never tried to send away the multitudes before; but these multitudes would take him by force and make him a king. They are not the amazed, peaceful throngs who were astonished at his doc-

trine, and heard him gladly. These are the outraged followers of a popular leader, who had been expecting the restoration of Israel. They had seen a wretched little provincial despot take his life. They had at once sought out the man whom their Master had pointed out as his successor, greater than himself. They would not take "No" for an answer. They would have him for the king of the new kingdom. But Jesus will not be their king. He had settled all that matter in the beginning. His decision of it is given us in the account of the temptation of the mountain. They only compromise him now. They add nothing to the force of his real kingdom. They do but expose him to suspicion and violence. Jesus sends them away none too early, for Herod has taken the alarm. Jesus retires, therefore, from Herod's jurisdiction, into the region of Tyre, — the first time, though not the last, that he had left the lost sheep of the house of Israel, the province of his birth or that of his childhood. He returns to Galilee to meet again exactly the reception from which he had withdrawn, and again he leaves Herod's jurisdiction, this time for Cæsarea Philippi, — shrinking now from the clamors of multitudes, he who so few months before had been passing up and down through Galilee, attempting to address every child of God who would listen to him.

The change of his system springs from the change of circumstance. While he could proclaim the present kingdom of God, the kingdom of God at hand, with any chance of being understood, he did so, eagerly, and with a promptness and rapidity of movement, and an immediate effect, for which history has no parallel. Now that he is pointed out as John's successor, and the rebel prince who is to revenge John's death, such preaching will not be understood, and such a system is vain. Herod is suspicious. Herod only seeks opportunity to slay him. Every plaudit of this multitude does but compromise the leader whom they are begging to accept their crown. In fact, as we can see who can look on cause and consequence together, those enthusiastic multitudes do but hurry on his death. The only question, after John has been beheaded, after Jesus becomes the centre of all eyes, after Herod says, "Who is this of whom I hear such things?" is whether

he shall die in Galilee at the hands of the murderer of his forerunner, or whether he shall render himself at Jerusalem, whence he has thrice been driven by the aristocratic party of his own countrymen. He has no other choice, unless he will abandon the land he has made Holy Land, and, by losing all that he has done there, abandon the world which he came to save.

In that alternative of death, his choice is Jerusalem. "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." He has given her the refusal of the new life. He will give to her the eternal shame of the great sacrifice. He is not to be hunted down among the hills by that fox Herod, arrested and executed at midnight as if an offender against his justice. The capital of the nation, and the lords of its religion, Jerusalem, — and Jerusalem on a high holiday, — shall see, and work, and answer for the end.

Let it be observed, therefore, that in the little period between John's death and his own final departure from Galilee, — the period in which he twice retired with the Twelve into parts of Syria foreign to him and to them, — the period through which he keeps himself in all the seclusion possible, while an outraged and excited populace are seeking him everywhere, — the period in which he charges the Twelve not to make him known, — in this period come in all the annunciations of his own coming death which he ever made to them, all which till then he made to any, so as to be understood. In the whole Gospel, indeed, there are but two other earlier announcements, and these, as we know, were not in the least understood, nor were they meant to be. One of these two is but conditional. The other is hardly definite enough to be called prophecy. After driving out the traders from the temple, at the first Passover, he said to the Jews, "If ye destroy this temple, in three days I will raise it up." To Nicodemus he said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." Excepting these two enigmas, neither of which was addressed to his apostles, Jesus says nothing of his death and resurrection,* till both are rendered certain by the deliber-

* Matt. xii. 40 is not an exception.

ate choice of the people, and the rulers whom he is trying to save. There is nothing here of the puppet-work which the theologians have tried to make of his whole life. To the last, he preaches to men who might have heard if they would. He offers a Gospel of life to a people which is not fated to throw it away. And when, at the last, they choose to throw it away, when he explains to his own that by dying he will give the world new life, he does not reveal to them the *denouément* of a preconcerted drama, in which Herod and Caiaphas and Judas have rushed to ruin, each in grooves so cut that he could not have swerved from his destiny. He shows them rather the choice which he himself makes, in the midst of the blindness and madness of politicians and sectarians; tells how he shall draw good out of their obdurate evil, and how he shall overrule resolutions, which he has given them occasion after occasion to change. God had unnumbered ways by which he might have sent new life into his world. This way is that which Jew and Galilean and Roman unconsciously selected, when they stolidly determined on selfishness and force and blood. It is only at the last that it becomes the only way by which, from the midst of blood and force and selfishness, the living waters should spring forth, the nations drink and be born anew.

From the time, therefore, when the Twelve rejoin him, after the murder of John the Baptist, there is scarcely a day when Jesus does not announce to them his death, though he has never said a word to them of it before. They are astonished; they take him to task for it; they cannot bear to have it so; but they learn that it must be so. They are astonished, amazed, and sad, but still they follow him. It would seem as if now he were only waiting for the feast of the Passover; that, as he began his ministry at Jerusalem at that occasion, he might also end it there and then. The two retreats, to Tyre and to Cæsarea Philippi, seem as if he voluntarily withdrew himself from observation and suspicion till the time for the great festival came. He returns to Galilee, from the last of these places; the vision of the transfiguration follows, and he sets his face towards Jerusalem. Some of the Pharisees give him a hint of his danger while in Galilee, from the mur-

derer of John. He did not need the hint. It is danger which he has foreseen. "Tell that fox, Behold, I cast out devils, and I do cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected. Nevertheless, I must walk to-day and to-morrow and the day following; for it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." In these words are the key to the resolution by which he elects Caiaphas rather than Herod as the authority by whose sentence he will die.

With the passage of the closing week at Jerusalem, the four Gospels fall into a parallel narrative, leaving for the critical student only those arrangements of days and hours which we may call infinitesimal. With those adjustments we have now nothing to do. But we cannot pass the narratives without observing once more the difference of tone assumed by Jesus, corresponding precisely with the change in priest and people. In every previous interview with the Jewish authorities, he has addressed them with marked respect. He has left open every avenue for conciliation. He now addresses them and the people in those parables and speeches which involve the most tremendous of philippics. For now, all chance of conciliation is over. They consulted him a year ago. Now they threaten him and lay traps for him. He listened, answered, and respectfully conferred with them, a year ago. Now he calls them hypocrites, whitewashed sepulchres, fools, and blind. His tone of address, and so even his character, have been very slightly apprehended by those who have described him as always speaking thus to the sanctimonious aristocracy of the land. Even addressing them, he held himself in check till now. It is only when his life is just at its end, when the remnant of it is to be counted in days and hours, that he paints the picture of their hypocrisy which it is enough to paint once and for ever; — before all the people, fully exhibits them as they are, in language and with figures which must be used once, which he uses once therefore, and but once, — so using them that they can never be forgotten.

It is also to be observed, that, while the first three Gospels give these denunciations in their full force, neither of them in itself exhibits any cause for them. Luke, for instance, gives us the words of mourning over Jerusalem, "How often would I

have gathered thy children together, and ye would not." But no reader of Luke's Gospel would know that Jesus had ever made any such effort, that he had even visited Jerusalem since he was a child, unless he had some other account than Luke gives him. So in Mark, we read that the scribes and chief priests, on the very day after Jesus entered Jerusalem, sought to destroy him. The only cause for this which appears in that narrative is that he called their temple a den of thieves. No reader of Mark's Gospel, unless he had some other source of information, would have any clew to their promptness of indignation, intrigue, and execution. In Matthew, at the length of several chapters, are the tremendous denunciatory parables and addresses, aimed hot and heavy at Scribes and Pharisees. But there is not in Matthew's Gospel a syllable to tell us that this was not his very first visit to the sacred city. To any one who bears his character in mind, the very tone of these addresses is evidence enough that Jesus has, at some time, exhausted every other form of approach before, — that here he bears his testimony once for all, as he must do before he dies.

The same thing is to be noticed, however briefly, respecting the other characters on the scene. The populace of Jerusalem pour out to meet him with their hosannas. It is clear enough that they have some personal enthusiasm regarding him. This is not the homage paid to a leader, of whom they have only heard distant rumors for a few months past. They have seen him themselves at some time before. The fourth Gospel tells when and how they saw him. The three Galilean Gospels, while they give all the detail of the popular enthusiasm, have not given anything to tell how or where it was born.

This week, exhibiting its peculiar traits and phrases, makes another division in the regular order of Christ's public ministry. At the end of it he is crucified. And the story of it is at an end. That story is briefly summed up under these heads. Jesus is baptized; meets and conquers the great temptations of his mission while alone in the wilderness; and then addresses himself to the acknowledged leaders of his country's religion. He speaks to them, first privately,

then openly, then in popular appeal. They reject him, first cautiously, then openly, then by attempting his life. He turns to the peasantry of the mountains; he rouses them from one end to the other of their little land; — but the death of John puts him before people and rulers as John's successor and avenger, and if he will not be a rebel, he must be a martyr. He will not take the sword. He goes to Jerusalem, takes from the Jewish priesthood once and for ever their claim to be considered the husbandmen of the Father's vineyard. At their hands he dies. And his death is the life of the world.

His life is thus read, by any reader who considers the first half of John's Gospel as the beginning of it; and Matthew's, with the remaining Gospels and the end of John, as describing the active and successful life in Galilee, and the end. This order of the narratives requires no unseemly "forcing" of passage from passage, while it concedes, frankly, that, beyond the general drift and system of his work, the Gospels do not give nor attempt to give infinitesimal details of sequence. They do give enough to show us the probable motives of the most essential movements and efforts and changes of policy; as the change, for instance, between the day which addressed a respectable multitude in careful discourse as to God's kingdom, and the other day which records not a word of public address to them, but only feeds them and sends them immediately away. This simple arrangement also gives us in their just order the growth and regular development of the feelings of all the lookers-on and minor actors in the scene.

We must not attempt at present any further indications of such growth or development than we have alluded to as we have followed the course of the narrative along. They may be found, by whoever will look, in the accounts given us of people, of priests, and especially of apostles. Character ripens, plans digest themselves, the unusual becomes more familiar, and the coward becomes brave, as that little year rolls on.

Nor must we discuss, at any length, the question why the first three Evangelists omit all record of the preliminary appeal to the Jewish hierarchy, and why they begin their narratives of the ministry with that period of it of which the success was patent. This is not simply like the question

why they did not tell anything more of Jesus's youth, or of other preparation. They had other reason for not describing these appeals to the hierarchy in detail. They do imply their existence, as we have seen. But they were, to the eye of men, unsuccessful. The work which these Evangelists were following up, as they taught and wrote, was that work among the common people which began when John was cast into prison. It was perfectly natural, then, that there should begin their description of it. But let half a century or more pass by. Let there rise in the Church everywhere that dissension between Jew and Gentile, Ebionite policy and Greek policy, of which Paul's letters are so full. Let the writer of the fourth Gospel attempt then his contribution to the literature of the Church, and there is palpable motive enough why he who, all the way through, took the liberal side against the Hebraists in that matter, should choose to set down very distinctly the details of the five successive rejections by which Jerusalem spurned the Master. He chooses to leave nothing in that matter to indirection. And even in the one chapter where he follows Jesus to Galilee, to give the account of the miracle of the five thousand and its results, he is still working out the same theme, showing how the chosen people murmured at him after he had fed them, and turned away from him after they had pretended to follow. We have, at least, these reasons, in the well-established Church history of the first century, why this Gospel might almost be called the history, not of Jesus's successful preaching among the peasantry, but of the contumely and violence with which he was always regarded by those who affected to be the religious rulers of the land. Direct and stern indeed was such testimony that the children of Abraham had forfeited any birthright which they had. As direct was its explanation of the reason why the lord of the vineyard had taken it from them, and had given it to others. All this is precisely the lesson which any close Hebraizing policy in the early Church demanded.

ART. IV. — CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

1. *The Sabbath Hymn-Book; a new Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship.* By EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D., and AUSTIN PHELPS, D. D., and LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.
2. *The Sabbath Tune-Book; a Collection of Tunes for Congregational Singing, especially adapted for Use in Connection with the Sabbath Hymn-Book.* By LOWELL MASON.
3. *The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book; containing all the Hymns and Tunes in the preceding Books.* New York: Mason & Co.
4. *Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes.* New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.
5. *Our Church Music: a Book for Pastor and People.* By RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. New York: Dana & Co. 1856.
6. *Hints concerning Church Music, the Liturgy, and kindred Subjects.* Prepared by J. M. HEWINS. Boston: Ide and Dutton.

THE Scriptural idea of public worship is that the public are the worshippers. The choir in Solomon's temple, though larger than the largest modern congregation, did not monopolize, but only led, the service. All Israel assembled must lift up the chant responsive as the noise of many waters.

Throughout the Bible, commands to sing praise are addressed, not to the select few, but to the many. "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee." "Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord." And when in vision we are introduced to the world of glory, and hear the song of redemption, it is the song of "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."

Yet though this is plainly the true Scriptural idea of public worship, and though many laudable efforts have been made to realize it, the results thus far have been far from encouraging. Except in Germany, congregational singing hardly exists, save in name. Public worship is merely nominal. Nay, too often in our churches it may with truth be said, the worship stops when the musical performance begins.

Multitudes in the community have indeed been taught to read music readily; new collections of tunes have been sup-

plied to them; choirs have been organized and drilled, and the public taste for artistic performance somewhat cultivated. Now, although if all this can be converted into one element of a system of congregational singing, its value can scarcely be overstated, yet if it be put for the thing itself, if it be taken as in any sort a realization of the Scriptural conception, it must be pronounced a signal failure.

To bring on a true performance by the people of the people's work, to make it general, hearty, good, and enduring, is a vast labor, demanding incredible toil, and beset with almost insuperable difficulties. If music were taught in our public schools as thoroughly as reading and writing, the case would be different. The same multitude that hesitate not to read the hymns in their hymn-books, could read at sight the tunes in their tune-books; and then choirs might use their liberty of selection *ad libitum*, without excluding the populace.

No doubt this will be the case in the millennium; and if the millennium were only a little nearer, we might perhaps contentedly wait. But if there is to be the matter of a century or two intervening, some kind of device for the time being, albeit empirical, and as it were by way of luncheon between meals, seems a desideratum.

Again, if our churches were built for singing purposes, the difficulty would not be so great. It would seem to be a first principle of common sense that a public building should be constructed with reference to its special uses. A fort might be expected to differ architecturally from a fulling-mill, a manufactory from a mausoleum, a church from a dormitory. Every edifice is the embodiment of some idea. When the sacrificial idea becomes thus embodied, it gives us a cathedral, with the altar specially developed and prominent, and the pulpit dwarfish and thrust aside. Enter such imposing fane, and everything reminds you that sacrifice, not doctrine, is the grand idea; that sensuous impression, not appeals to reason and conscience, is the architectural law.

Hence the extreme Puritan reaction from Romanism incarnated itself in a church without an altar, without sensuous appeals, and with a pulpit as the prominent feature, because doctrine, instruction, appeals to purely spiritual powers of the

soul, was the enthusiastic purpose. Not only, however, was sensuous appeal eschewed, and justly, by the Puritan reaction, but unfortunately the idea of worship was, if not eschewed, yet undervalued.

The Puritan loved psalmody indeed, but abhorred organs and choirs. Let the clerk stand beneath the desk and uplift the melody, and let such join as could among the people. This was his notion of public worship, — a notion so simple as to involve no acoustic law, no architectural adaptation.

But such congregational singing, deprived of instrumental aid, and unsustained by the choir of trained voices, speedily degenerates into the worst description of solo performance,— a solo voice here, and a solo voice there, uncultivated, discordant, and wholly abominable. From this to choirs the reaction was inevitable. If we must have solos, duets, quartets, let them be at least cultivated ones; and if we must have an organ, let it not be the nose.

But as choirs arose, so did the question what to do with them. Architecture had provided them neither local habitation nor name. If there be a gallery, let them go up thither. If there be none, build some little box over the front door, and set the organ carefully against the ceiling, or in a cunning extinguisher, to economize sound. Finally, boxes over front doors, and organs with their tops thrust through ceilings and muffled in alcoves, become a thing of precedent, an ultimate fact in normal Puritan architecture.

Having thus the choir in the worst possible place to be found for it, and the organ so disposed as to make the least possible disturbance, let the people sing if they can. The people will not attempt it; first, because they cannot, and second, because the cultivated choir do not wish to have them. So the people are dumb, and public worship becomes a Sunday opera. Now, when the modern attempt to resuscitate congregational singing was made, and found to be extensively a failure, men wondered what the matter was. The matter was, that the bricks and mortar were against them. The house was never built to sing in. It could not disobey the law of its own creation. This was a cause all the more potent, because unsuspected. And as people do not like to pull

down meeting-houses, and build them over anew, we ought not to be too sanguine in our anticipations of reform in this very important subject, at least for some time to come.

But of all causes fatal to popular participation in sacred song, the most radical has been the principle of singing the same hymn to different tunes. This principle is universal in this country and in England, and so unquestioned, that it possesses all the sanction of an intuitive truth. A common-metre hymn is sung to-day in Mear, to-morrow in Dundee, the day after in St. Martin's, or in any other tune of that metre. Some go so far even as to affirm that the perfection of a congregational tune is, to be so devoid of character that it will suit one hymn as well as another, plaintive or pompous, jubilant or melancholy. And though all might not be prepared to go quite so far as this, yet comparatively few will be found to whom the doctrine that a hymn must *never* change its tune, will not seem both a novelty and a heresy.

Yet it is neither novel nor heretical; but is, if the truth were known, the true philosophical secret of German congregational singing. It is not because their church architecture is better than ours, for it is not. It is not because the people can all read music; that alone would not make the difference. But it is because in Germany a hymn is married to its tune, and is never divorced; so that the tune, instead of being named Akrabbim, Bangor, China, Chemosh, (why not Moloch and Beelzebub, and done with it?) or some other Old Testament name equally euphonious, is named from the first line of the hymn that is wedded to it; as, for example, "Gott des Himmels und der Erden," — "Christus ist mein Leben." *This*, we take it, is the true philosophical account of the fact that congregational singing is extant in its perfection nowhere else on earth save in Germany.

We have only to consider a moment the natural result of the opposite principle. The effect is, that tune-books, being a separate article of merchandise from hymn-books, begin to multiply. American genius is fecund. The greater the variety, the better the selection. Every year brings forth new collections by the score. Every choir will cull from the pages of from two to half a dozen, until a given hymn will hardly

chance to be sung twice to the same tune in a lifetime. Now under such a system the people do not learn the melodies by heart,—melodies often unmelodious, ever changing, evanescent. They form no heart attachment then to the tune; no affectionate association between a favorite hymn and a favorite air. All is perpetually new, cold, and purely scientific. And as association and sympathetic emotion are the strongest of all popular forces, it follows inevitably that the people soon know nothing and care nothing for the whole business, except to listen, to be amused, or to criticise.

On the other hand, the same cause nourishes exclusiveness in the choir. Having unlimited range and well-exercised vocal organs, they are tempted to choose new and difficult pieces, to gratify their own taste, display their powers, and prevent popular intrusion.

Thus it happens that the whole service is corrupted and perverted in its inmost spirit and feeling. Worship expires. The love of applause becomes paramount. Everything in the existing system tends to foster approbativeness. In the concert-room or opera we know how human nature is affected. Why must not similar causes produce similar effects in a church? The audience in either case listen to a finished performance. Can they escape the instinctive tendency to criticise? The singers know what the audience are thinking about. Can they in turn resist the temptation to propitiate criticism and elicit approval? Both parties, in the church as well as at the opera or concert-room, are thrown into the same relative mental attitudes, and the temptation is exquisitely adapted to develop the result. The organist exhibits his skill of finger and toe; the choir display their execution; the audience are entranced with delight, and God, whom all should adore, is nearly forgotten,—forgotten, it is to be feared, more entirely here where directly addressed, than in any other part of the services. Viewed in this light, it cannot be accounted a paradox to say that what we call sacred music is too generally the most profane thing in existence. If there is any department of practical duty in which the churches "are carnal, and walk as men," it is here. Nor can congregational singing possibly thrive while all these causes operate in combined activity.

To obviate such causes, as before intimated, must be a work of time. Yet not the less for that should we attempt the enterprise. Let children be taught to read music as early, and with as much necessity, as to read their mother tongue. Let every family be a singing-school, and at the home altar let children learn the hymns of Zion. In public schools of every grade give music a place as a daily exercise. Require of all pupils as thorough mastery of the gamut as of the multiplication-table. 'Music is practically as valuable to men as either grammar or arithmetic. It promotes health, cheerfulness, good order, and piety; it refines and purifies the disposition. Let it be with ours as with Prussian schools, an indispensable qualification to the office of teacher, that one both sing and play well on some instrument.

Furthermore, in all churches to be built henceforward, let it be a problem to be solved, how to adapt them for uses of praise as well as of instruction. On this point we have much to learn. A few suggestions may be offered towards the true result. But that true result, that grand ideal of a house of worship is, we fear, known only to the Infinite Architect and Master Builder.

One thing may be laid down as settled beyond controversy; and that is, that the best place for the organ is on the ground floor. The principles of acoustics make this as certain as any general rule can be made. And as where the organ is, there the choir must be, it follows that the choir seats must not be in the gallery, but on the audience floor.

The question resolves itself to this, then, — whereabout on the ground floor to place organ and choir so as not to mar the symmetry of the interior, and yet give to both preacher and people the best use of the voice in their respective parts of the public service. Some would place them at the end of the church opposite the pulpit, on a slight elevation. The objection to this is, that it divides the choir from the pastor too much, and places the leader behind the backs of the body to be led, thus rendering it necessary for the audience to rise and turn their backs on the pulpit in singing, an awkward and noisy manœuvre. Moreover, the pastor ought to feel himself in the warm circle of his choir, and the choir ought to feel the pulses of the heart of their pastor.

Another plan has been, to place organ and choir behind the pulpit on a slight elevation. The objection to this is, that it deprives those who sit in the choir of the view of the speaker, and gives to the speaker the uncomfortable feeling of having an important portion of his audience behind his back.

Both these methods also, to some extent, tend to isolate the choir from the congregation, a thing to be deprecated, as pertaining to the concert style of administration.

Still another method is, to locate organ and choir on one side of the pulpit. In cruciform churches, one wing of the transept may be thus occupied. In common quadrangular audience-rooms, however, the difficulty is how to allow the pulpit to retain the centre without having the organ seem an excrescence, offending the eye. If the pulpit should be moved to either side, that would be offensive to symmetry, by placing the speaker out of the focus of the audience.

There is still another plan, which, when fully studied out, and its capabilities thoroughly developed, will probably be found to be *the* true ideal method. That is, to place the organ in an alcove behind the pulpit, and bring the key-board out in front of the pulpit. The advantages of this plan are obvious. 1. It places the organ on the audience floor, its best possible location. 2. It places the organist facing the audience, in the best station for him, the very station of the old precentor or clerk. Thus the organist can be, as he ought to be, the leader of the choir and congregation. 3. It locates the choir in a circle about the pulpit, in the heart of the audience, in the most effective situation for their function as leaders of the people's song. 4. It preserves the relation of the whole audience to the preacher unbroken; makes the Protestant teaching idea supreme, yet harmonious with the idea of worship by the congregation. 5. It preserves the symmetry of the audience-chamber, giving no offensive prominence to any part.

Having thus marshalled the forces, and organized the host, it remains to provide them with suitable arms. Place in the hand of every man, woman, and child a book containing both the hymns and the tunes which the people are to sing. The choir, of course, will possess its own library, for there are com-

positions which cannot be executed by the people, and may be sung for them by the choir, as at the opening and closing of service, during the rite of baptism, or on any special occasion.

But the main staple of worship is that in which the people participate, and that is to be found in the people's book. Here let the people's taste be consulted, rather than the taste of choir or leader. Give the people such tunes as they like, and do not think, because congregational singing flourishes in Germany, where they sing slow-moulded chorals, therefore we must sing slow-moulded chorals to make it flourish here. The reason why congregational singing flourished in Germany was, that the words were indissolubly linked to those chorals. Therefore, so long as the hymns lasted, the chorals must last. Moreover, there were reasons peculiar to European civilization why Protestant chorals should have a tinge of sadness not appropriate to our circumstances. Zion has been for the most part in captivity in the great European Babylon; and her harps hung on willows. It was to be expected that the songs would breathe somewhat of depression, even if they were sublime, and solemn in their deep prophecies of eternity.

Of course we shall sing those grand old chorals, in part, because we sometimes feel life to be but Babylon, and we ourselves captives by the streams. But if any imagine we are to be shut up to those severe strains, we who live in freer climes and more millennial anticipations, they are very much mistaken. When they can reduce our free limbs to the suits of mail hanging up in their old castles and museums, and our free thoughts to the catechisms of Westminster and Geneva, equally antiquated and rust-eaten, they may expect to imprison our exuberant worship in those prison dirges of a dynastic middle age, but not before.

Give us, indeed, a few tunes with the mould of kirk and cathedral on them, we will not object. But give us also the inspiring melodies of the revival and the camp-ground. Call them methodistical, pennyroyal, nay, even Choctaw, we shall not care. They come from the people, the people love them, and the people shall have them.

Moreover, establish the unchanging law, (a revolution in itself,) that the hymn given is always to be sung to the tune accompanying. Then people will know what to expect. Then it will be of some use for them to try to learn. Then they can form associations of ideas. Children will love tunes for their fathers' sakes, and there will be something permanent in our worship from generation to generation.

Then let the congregation sustain one weekly meeting for practice. Of course the choir will have the best drilling we can give it. But the people must meet. And if there is no other way, give up half a day on the Sabbath to the business, and let pastor and people take hold with a will, the choir at the helm, to learn the high praise of God.

Finally, we need repentance for sin in this matter. If the Church only could become suddenly conscious of her adultery in this thing, — how we have sung to man, and not God, how, in the act of addressing His majesty, we have thought of our own flattery, — she would be in sackcloth and ashes in a moment. For surely the indignity we offer Heaven is most gross, the insult most keen and cutting. God is real. He is the living God. True praise from us gives his heart true joy. Insult under the form of praise wounds his sensitive nature most deeply. And not only does it grieve him; it also robs him of one of his choicest instrumentalities for blessing us. He could bless this service to a degree now unknown through our guilty profanation, — a degree almost miraculous. In Christian souls he could take deep hold on emotion, reveal and express such heavenly raptures as are now unconceived.

Music, too, might be His sharp sword to convince of sin and lead to himself. When man feels himself lost, and trembles at his own ruin, music is the angel voice that leads him to Jesus, and souls may be born to God by the songs, as well as by the prayers and tears of the Church. There is a contagion in those holy raptures, when multitudes full of emotion sing with all the soul, by which the rudest natures are affected. When the waves of song rise and swell around them, when they float in that sea of sound, sound all instinct and tremulous with emotion, does not then some secret power unlock the fountain too long sealed of their own better nature, and

do they not experience strange, unwonted promptings? And when they feel the bondage of sin, and yearn for deliverance, why should not the singing of some hymn of consecration be to them like the opening of a door in heaven?

Art. V. — THE BEING OF GOD.

1. *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development.* By Henry George Atkinson and Harriet Martineau. London. 1851.
2. *Natur und Geist. Gespräche zweier Freunde über den Materialismus und über die realphilosophischen Fragen den Gegenwart.* Frankfort: Meidinger & Co. 1857. pp. 300.
3. *Catechism of Positive Religion.* Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Richard Congreve. London: Chapman. 1858.

The position of the atheists of the present day may be stated in the four words, "We only know phenomena." The logical reply to this statement is this: If we know, the knowledge implies some one who knows. And by the same rule, the phenomenon or appearance which we know implies some cause which appears in it. And thus, just as the aggregate of a man's speeches will give some knowledge of the speaker, or the aggregate of one's knowledge give some knowledge of him who knows, so the aggregate of phenomena, if properly classed, will give much knowledge of the cause.

Now we may select phenomena for this study, from one of two classes. We may either observe man as a ruler, man as a poet, man as artist, contriver, builder, or creator; or, on the other hand, we may observe matter only, the outside world, in stones, stars, plants, or perhaps animals. The latter choice has been the favorite choice of modern theologians. The other choice was the favorite choice of the old Greek theologians, and they showed great wisdom in their selection, though their use of their observations was not very logical or convincing. We confess that the theologians who have con-

fined themselves to the study of material phenomena, have entangled their cause in a series of difficulties. We believe we can show this to the reader who will accompany us in a little metaphysical examination of the characteristics of the two lines of argument. And certainly that examination is worth while. We believe that the atheism of our time sustains itself, in good faith, on the blunders of the well-meaning theologians who have almost entrapped themselves in materialism. No intelligent reader will dare reject a little metaphysical speculation as unprofitable, which aims to relieve the great truth of the constant present being and help of God to us, from the difficulties which have been thrown round it by any such failures.

Atheism has a history. That whole history shows that, when the material world is taken by itself, it is a contradiction of God. Atheism was not coeval with man. No atheist pretends it was. It was always a denial, and a denial presupposes an affirmation. The denial of a God presupposes the existence in man of some faculty anterior to reflection, which may apprehend Infinite Being. It is a denial, also, which has always been preceded by misapprehension of God. Pseudotheism precedes atheism. The first denial of God is made unintentionally. Men begin to worship remarkable peculiarities of the material universe. Thus worship fell from its primitive spirit and truth into deification of the heavens and earth, to which the overflowing soul of man lent some of its own unbounded life. The book of Job, one of the oldest of human writings, refers to this primitive idolatry in the following words: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand, this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God that is above." This declaration plainly shows that such things had begun to be in his day, but were not universal.

It is a very simple exposition of the rise of idolatry everywhere. Pseudotheism is incipient atheism; but it testifies to a pure theism going before it. The mistake of this early false worship is, as every one sees, the radical mistake of materializing the conception of God. It is the result of idly rest-

ing in an impression made by material objects. This impression would never have been made unless those objects expressed a life corresponding to ours. It was an impression at first perhaps innocently cherished, as a religious influence. But it proved the means of shutting out God, the Being of love, wisdom, and power, as an object of true faith and the source of a glowing worship. It ended in atheism.

Now we trace this development of idolatrous worship in this detail, because, in modern times, the same result has followed from men's seizing on the external as their means of making clear the Divine Life. It would be quite possible to trace a parallel between the consequences of giving the great name of God to the sun, moon, and earth, and the consequences of giving the same august name to laws of nature which are simply categories of the human understanding. For the forms of the understanding may stand between the soul and God, preventing his immanence in the consciousness, no less than the stars of heaven, and the imposing forms of earth. The forms of the understanding, though impalpable, are *media*, no less than visible and palpable matter; and it is important to observe that they are as much so. They have proved as fruitful sources of atheism when rested on as ultimate; for if they have not corrupted man's sensual nature, by making his rites of worship bodily vice, they have paralyzed his spirit by substituting intellectual speculation for the fervent spiritual exercise which involves his might and heart, no less than his mind, in a reasonable service.

But to give a logical priority of matter to mind, in an argument for the being of the spiritual God, is to beg the question at once. This Plato has observed. He says in his Laws: "Atheists make the assumption that fire and water, earth and air, stand first in the order of existences; and, calling them nature, they evolve soul out of them. In scrutinizing this position of the class of men who busy themselves with physical investigations, it will perhaps appear that those who come to conclusions so different from ours, and irreverent of God, follow an erroneous method. The cause of production and dissolution, which is the mind, they make, not a primary, but a secondary existence. They assume to deny the peculiar

nature and inherent power of mind; especially that it stands in relation to the genesis of things in the order of priority to bodies, and is the necessary source of all change and transformation in them, whence we derive the conclusion, that, as mind itself is older than material things, whatever is akin to mind must have an origin prior to the properties of bodies."

Cudworth also states, in his History of the Intellectual System of the Universe, that the principle of all ancient atheisms was, that "all animality, conscious life, and intelligence are generated out of senseless matter, and corruptible again into it."

We might multiply such extracts from classical or from modern writers to illustrate our position. That position is simply this; — that the controversy between Atheism and Theism has proved a drawn battle between two assumptions, unless the combatants were willing to prove the assumptions on which they rested. Assume matter to have the priority of mind, and, sooner or later, Atheism resulted. Assume mind to have the priority of matter, and, sooner or later, Theism resulted.

Let us go behind both these assumptions, and, instead of asking, "Is mind first?" or "Is matter first?" inquire if it is not true that neither matter nor mind is first, but that they are two different, contemporary, and *co-spatial* aspects of the Absolute Being of love, wisdom, and power. We use these words as our best definition of a spiritual God.

Glossological analysis of the words "matter" and "mind" may help us. The former is from a German root *matt*, signifying *spent* or *dead;* the latter is the perfect participle of the verb *mean*, or its gerund. Both words presuppose being expressing itself. In the process of expression, God creates minds, leaving, in the impenetrability of matter, a dead witness of the steps of the process. So Oken, in his system of natural history, finds that man's body is the complex of all the organizations to be found in the universe. But for the identity of man's mind he finds no correspondency in the forms of the universe. It is this very *identity* of man which indicates a living Unity, integrating nature, — that is, God. And thus we see how it is that the study of the phenomena

of material nature by themselves has always led astray him who has come to doubt the self-conscious being of God. Matter suggests God to the believer only. To his imagination, already alive with His immanent energy, it furnishes temporary ground for his own organizing activity in language, science, art, or society. But to him who has come to disbelief, matter suggests nothing. Hence the failure of such works as Paley's Natural Theology — which so delight the devout believer — to convert the unbeliever. Paley carries the reciprocation of man and nature no farther than the hour of death, at which point he assumes God, in order to fill the gap made by the mind's aspiration after immortality, which his argument has left unfilled. Paley feels that the reciprocation of nature and man is imperfect, and to satisfy the sense of justice, he says there must be a God. Thus he confesses the inadequacy of the argument which he has been deriving from material nature, by assuming spiritual nature and its wants, and arguing from them. He is unquestionably right; but he is beyond his own programme. The sceptical reader feels a *non sequitur*, — that the argument does not hold together.

This failure of Paley is but an illustration of a class of failures. And it is not by mere accident that Paley's theory breaks down in the explanation of death. The involuntariness of bodily life and death has, in all times, suggested both Atheism and Theism, — as the fact has been viewed, on the one hand, by those faculties which we share with the brutes, or, on the other, by those which are distinctively human Speaking in general terms, the progress of speculation is of this sort. Man at first lives, grows, breathes, perceives, and produces phenomena, unconscious of personal power. The creation of his body is the passage into the world of matter, of a somewhat which organizes phenomena into what are called organs of sense and function. By means of one of these, — Reflection, — man reviews the process of his creation, and analyzes it into laws. By obedience to these laws he may consciously affect his own life and health for good. His material body is one effect of a power both in and above him; his knowing the laws of its health is another effect.

By the growing knowledge of his own being, there is perpetually born anew in him personal power. He thus gains constantly the power of consciously putting himself forth *in expression*, in order to commune with other persons whose natural history is similar, and who reflect his own nature with variations upon him. But man has always found a limit to the power he exercises over his own body, where his power is more nearly complete than anywhere else in the phenomenal world. He has not yet gone back scientifically to the lost secret of his bodily existence. He has never been able to prevent that power which organized his body from peremptorily laying it aside, at least its grossness, whether he consent or not. In the midst of all his reflection, of all his laws, of all his life, there is always this obstinate fact, — that life is involuntary and that death is involuntary, — a fact which, as we have said, suggests Atheism to him who looks on it from the brutish side, Theism to him who looks at it from the mental or spiritual side.

Side by side with this obstinate fact is the kindred fact, that man is always using matter for his purposes. He uses breath, waves of air, waves of light, for conversation, gesture, and other intercourse with his fellows. Much more does he use matter for his other purposes of love or wisdom. This use shows power; which, although partial, is real, and answers to ineffable causal Being, back of our consciousness, through whose action man's body comes into this sphere. By answering to it, it proves its august reality. It reveals its nature. At least it does this so far as to make our intellects recognize it as law, to touch our heart with transport, and to impel, if not compel, our will to worship. The theist presumes to know God only by this threefold act of faith, which is by no means mere conviction. It is living communion and worship.

While we say this, however, we do not fall into the old error of which we have spoken, by treating matter as if it were ungodly. The mind, in worship, is a living witness to the life of God. Matter is a dead witness, — as it were, a corpse, which is not now infused by the immanent and present life of God. Now let the human spirit grow torpid, so that it

ceases to be the living witness which the worshipping spirit is; and just so far will moral evil be developed in it. Moral evil is more or less of atheism. For while atheism is the abnegation of God by the intellect, evil is the abnegation of him by the affections and will. Such considerations and illustrations appear to us to make good our position, that, for advancing in our knowledge of God, we must consider man, not in his body, not in any of those relations to the material universe which death may be affirmed to dissolve, but in his mind when manifesting itself in organizing activity. We do thus advance in intelligence of the Infinite Spirit, of whom man is necessarily a witness, as completely as he is a witness of the being of matter. The spirit of man *in*tends; the body of man *ex*tends. Who can deny that the *in*tention of the spirit proves the spiritual creator, as much as the *ex*tension of the body proves the material creation? Human language, throughout, is an image and proof of the opposite tendencies of mind and matter, which find their unity in God. In matter he has left the print of his footsteps as he passed on. In mind he is instant now.

And, as we hope is clear, the same considerations and illustrations indicate the place and origin of moral evil. The existence of moral evil is, doubtless, and very naturally, the most common cause of atheism. It is felt to be a contradiction of God. But atheism and evil have the same parentage. They arise from the stagnation of man's spiritual activity, which is the image of God in him, in different spheres. Let man act, and neither mind nor matter can become the object of his action without the awakening of that energy of the imagination, which, in the intellect, is measured by the vision of God, in the heart, is love of God, and where man creates, is the power of God streaming forth from his soul. To act wisely, kindly, and successfully, is to know the being of God; for it is communion and co-operation of the finite with the Infinite Spirit. So life reveals God. But, on the other hand, if man remains passive, and only witnesses manifestations of matter or mind, atheism or evil is engendered. To that man these phenomena are not stepping-stones of life, but stumbling-blocks.

It is not difficult to go into the detail of the work by which man's active life reveals God. His reason works in this activity with the two functions of sense and faith. Bodily sight, or the action of any sense, is man's extension of his power into matter. Faith is his consciousness of his power to penetrate spiritual realities by his spirit. Sense and faith are thus equal functions of his reason. In the finite sphere of matter, reason works by sense. In the infinite sphere of spirit, it works by faith. It has no demonstration of the existence of matter but self-consciousness. It has the same demonstration of the existence of spirit. If this double action of reason is to be trusted, then spirit and matter are facts, — pre-existent and independent of individual men. It is essential to the action that it shall be double. There are animals in certain spheres which seem to act by sense alone. But the essential distinction of man is, that his action is double; it is the action of sense and faith together.

And it is well worthy of remark, that the mysticism which speaks contemptuously of sense, involves as great error as the materialism which speaks contemptuously of faith. Each of them cuts one of the reins by which reason is driving her well-matched team. Berkeley's idealism is as futile to prove God to an unbeliever, as Paley's reflective sensualism. It makes sense a secondary, not a primary function of reason, and common experience contradicts this. The atheist always grants matter, and we must meet him there. What he needs is that we rouse him to the act of faith by presenting its object, as distinctly as the object of sense has been presented.

The poet Milton saw this truth and stated it, not altogether happily, in his assertion of the eternity of matter. He meant to say precisely what John the Evangelist says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. By the Word the worlds were made, and without the Word was not anything made that is made. In the Word was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light has shone in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not. . . . . And the Word was made flesh." Which may be paraphrased thus: — From all eternity God expressed himself. Expression of himself was necessarily

coeval with God's being. Expression of himself is the very nature of God. The world of matter was this expression; there is no matter that does not express somewhat of God. The life of man is also expression of God, and therefore the life of man is the light of man, but it is not always recognized and understood. The fullest expression of God is when he is expressed in flesh (which is matter instinct with life and soul). The Christian Gospel has for its central point, that God has expressed himself fully in a man, and thereby revealed man's destiny to be divine. We thus see that, when Jesus says, "Have I been so long with you, and thou hast not known me, Philip? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? How is it, then, that thou sayest, Show us the Father?" — he means, that when man acts supremely in man's work, when he knows or loves or acts with perfect love, wisdom, and success, without hesitation and without failure, that life and action of his is the highest expression of God. It is all that can ever be brought to our bodily sense. To truly receive the Christian Gospel, he at one time declares to be eating his flesh and drinking his blood; but what is this? Explaining these very words, he says, "The flesh profiteth nothing; the WORDS that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." It was necessary that the Word should be made flesh, and be glorified to a divine perfection, in order to express God fully to the sense. But, on the other hand, Jesus says, "It is expedient that I go away from you, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come." The Comforter is the Spirit of Truth, who would bring all his words again. Because Jesus was so much to the senses and affections of his disciples, in his perfect human individuality, it would seem that he did not sufficiently excite the act of faith. It was necessary that he should be withdrawn from sense, that faith might feel after him and find him. Sense and faith must both be developed and exercised, that the truth of his revelation of God might stand full fronting the reason.

Not till man is perfected and glorified can he be the full proof of God. Half alive, or in a state of evil, which is a short-coming, he is so far both atheistic and cause of atheism. Purity and virtue are the actings out of theism in the inten-

tion of the will beyond conscious vision. There is, therefore, the most exact philosophic propriety in Paul's exhortation, and the reason given for it, — to go boldly to the throne of grace, and work out our salvation with carefulness, for it is God who worketh in us to will and to do. No atheist is hopeless as long as he has faith in human virtue, either his own or the virtue of others. Out of that seed may grow, by a close train of thinking, the whole truth.

We have thus intimated the general line of argument which the theologian who believes in a present God, in whom we live and move and have our being, needs to follow, if he wishes to touch those who do not believe in Him. It is easy, by other processes, to win the admiration, or to excite the reverence, of other believers. But to touch those who have not found a living and present God in his material universe, we must enlarge our range, and consider not only that world of phenomena, but the loving, continuing, creating powers of his child, who is permitted to partake of his nature, to be fellow-laborer with him, and from whom, therefore, his nature may be learned. The Original may be studied in the likeness. It is the gradual appreciation of this necessity which is giving a broader range to the theology of our day. We may study theology, and may demonstrate the presence, power, and love of God, in our study of politics, of fine art, of machinery, of travel, or of invention. It ought to be unnecessary to say this to a world which knew long since that it could study God in the mechanism of a straw or in the anatomy of an arm. We come nearest to him when we quicken faith and sense both to their best activity, — when we study the work of spirit, as man's spirit working with God acts in its various duties, as well as the world of matter, so full of the traces of God's love, and so ready to yield us illustrations of his wisdom.

ART. VI. — ISAAC WATTS.

1. *The Life and Choice Works of* ISAAC WATTS, D. D. By D. A. HARSHA, Author of "Eminent Orators and Statesmen," etc. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857.
2. *Horæ Lyricæ and Divine Poems, by* ISAAC WATTS. With a Memoir, by ROBERT SOUTHEY. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854.

THE volume first named here is announced as the first of a series, which is to bear the title of "Standard Library of the Sacred Classics." It is a thick duodecimo (500 pages), closely and handsomely printed, and embellished with a beautiful likeness of Dr. Watts. The "Life" occupies about forty pages; the "Choice Works" — consisting of two "Discourses on Death and Heaven," seven "Discourses on the Love of God and its Influence on the Passions," an "Exhortation to Ministers," eight "Select Sermons," a few of the "Miscellaneous Thoughts," and three short poems — fill up the remainder. Of the contents here enumerated, we take the liberty to remark, that, had the privilege of choosing been granted to us, the selection might have presented some pieces of a different character, — the result of a different, but perhaps not a better judgment, or a purer taste. We think the publishers acted wisely in placing Watts at the head of their contemplated series; for though, in the procession which is to follow, there may be writers of equal or superior genius, each of whom, in his own peculiar way, may have attained to a loftier seat in "Fame's proud temple," yet there cannot be many who have had a greater number of readers, or enjoyed a larger share of popular regard.

The appearance of this volume on our table affords an occasion, of which we willingly avail ourselves, to offer a few remarks on the writings of Dr. Watts, — chiefly on his poetry, — and to introduce them with a brief sketch of his life and character, principally drawn from a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Jennings to the society of which Dr. Watts had been the pastor.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. His father kept a boarding-school in that town. Both his parents were eminent for piety and for attachment to the cause of the

Dissenters, and had been sufferers for conscience' sake during the reign of Charles the Second. He was a child of uncommon capacity for learning, and began to study Latin when he was only four years old, — an age at which very few children are able to read their vernacular language with a moderate degree of fluency. He made rapid progress in the study of both Latin and Greek, under the tuition of a clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. John Pinhorne, to whom, in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, he has inscribed a Latin poem. He attracted much notice by his literary acquirements, the sprightliness of his wit, and the vivacity of his conversation. A deep sense of religion preserved him from many follies to which young men in similar circumstances often become victims. His proficiency in the study of the ancient classics, while in this school, was so conspicuous, that it was thought desirable that he should receive the advantages of an education at Cambridge or Oxford, and a subscription for supporting him at one of the universities was proposed. The design was frustrated by his declaring his resolution to take his lot with the Dissenters.

In the year 1690, the young scholar and poet went to London, and entered an academy kept by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, a Dissenting clergyman. Here he had for companions and fellow-students several young men who were afterwards distinguished as scholars. One of them was John Hughes, a dramatic poet and a writer in the Spectator; another was Holt, who became Archbishop of Tuam. While he resided at this academy, his behavior was so inoffensive, his manners in general so mild and amiable, that his tutor declared that he never once gave occasion for reproof. His whole deportment was so exemplary, that he was looked upon as a pattern for the other pupils. Many of his Latin verses, written when he was seventeen years old, or before, were remarkable for the purity, ease, and elegance of their style. Though written as mere exercises, Dr. Johnson says they show a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few persons attain by a much longer course of study. He has said of himself, that he was a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty. Notwithstanding the frightful dogmas of Calvinism which had been implanted in his youthful mind, and which

impart their dismal hue to his own theology, he chose, as "amusements for his hours of leisure, mathematical science, philosophy, and poesy"; and that he pursued those amusements with delight and enthusiasm, his writings afford abundant evidence. In 1693, when he was nineteen years of age, he joined the communion of the Independent Church, of which his beloved preceptor was the pastor. About the same time he wrote the annexed poem, which is published in *Horæ Lyricæ*, inscribed "To the much-honored Mr. Thomas Rowe, the director of my youthful studies," in which the reader will not fail to perceive a glowing liberality of sentiment, an uncommon sweetness of expression, and appropriate metaphorical illustration.

"Custom, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules, —
My genius storms her throne;
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound,
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit the enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

"I hate these shackles of the mind
Forged by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confined
And led, like Samson, blind and bound;
(But when his native strength he found,
He well avenged his eyes.)
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe;
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves e frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And choose the channels where they run.

"Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long-fettered ranks of leaden souls?
A genius, which no chain controls,
Roves with delight, or deep, or high;
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky."

In 1694, when he was twenty years old, he had finished the ordinary course of study at the academy, and returned to his father's house at Southampton. Here he passed two years in reading, meditation, and prayer, in order to qualify himself for the work to which he had solemnly resolved to devote his life. In 1696, he was invited to reside in the family of Sir John Hartopp, a pious and learned gentleman, as tutor to his son. In this situation he continued four years, discharging his duties as an instructor with scrupulous fidelity, winning the esteem and respect of the whole family by his uniformly correct deportment, and laying the foundation of a friendship with his pupil which was interrupted only by death. While conscientiously careful and industrious in advancing the education of the young man, he was not neglectful of his own intellectual and spiritual improvement. He studied the Scriptures with untiring thoughtfulness, — reading them in their original languages, and in connection with the best critical and practical commentaries. He considered his residence in this family as an exceedingly happy period of his life, and long afterwards said he could not but reckon it among the blessings of Heaven, when he reviewed those five years of pleasure and improvement, obtaining much instruction himself where he was called to be an instructor.

While living in the Hartopp family, Watts began to exercise the public ministrations of the pulpit. He delivered his first sermon on the anniversary of his birth, July 17, 1698, being then twenty-four years old. Soon after, he was chosen assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy, the minister of the church of which he had some years before become a communicant. In January, 1701, he succeeded Dr. Chauncy in the pastoral office, and was ordained in March following.

Not long after his entrance on this field of labor and duty, he was seized with a dangerous illness, which reduced him to such weakness that the congregation thought an assistant was necessary, and accordingly invited a Mr. Price to that office. His public labors thus becoming diminished, his health gradually returned in such measure that he was able to perform his share of the pastoral duty till 1712. At that time he became the victim of a violent fever, which brought on a state of fee-

bleness from which he never perfectly recovered. It was not till October, 1716, that he was able to return to the pulpit and resume the duties of the ministry. But this long interval of sickness, though in many respects a melancholy and discouraging period, was not without redeeming circumstances. It attracted the sympathy of many friends, and was the immediate occasion of his introduction to the family of Sir Thomas Abney, a wealthy alderman of London, who, on a principle of most disinterested friendship, took him to his house as an inmate. From that day Watts was a member of the Abney family to the day of his death. This period embraced the term of thirty-six years, and during the whole of it he was supplied with everything that could minister to his comfort or convenience. He was treated with all the kindness that friendship could devise, and all the attention that could be suggested by the most profound and tender respect. About eight years after Watts was received into this noble family, its worthy head, Sir Thomas, died; but Watts continued with the widow and daughter to the end of his days. He celebrated the virtues of his friend and patron in an elegiac ode, affixed to "Some Memoirs of his Life," in which are the following stanzas: —

"Godlike he lived and acted here,
Moving unseen and still sublimely great;
Yet when his country claimed his care,
Descending he appeared, and bore the pomp of state.

"His humble soul conversed on high;
Heaven was his hope, his rest, his native home;
His treasures lay above the sky;
Much he possessed on earth, *but more in worlds to come.*"

In the year 1728, the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen conferred upon Watts the degree of Doctor of Divinity, — an honor the more to be valued, as it is said to have been given without his knowledge or the solicitation of friends.

The last sickness of Dr. Watts was long and lingering. It was rather a decay of nature, worn out with age and labor, than any particular disorder. The springs of life unbent by slow degrees, till the delicate machinery became insensible of

their presence. The earthly, quite decayed, was *put off* by the immortal spirit. A life so harmless and inoffensive, so entirely devoted to the cause of humanity, of truth, and of God, could meet no more happy or appropriate termination than that which he had himself described in his poem, "Happy Frailty";—

> "Devotion broke the prison walls,
> And let the stranger fly."

He died on the 25th of November, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.* The following extract from the sermon before referred to, by Dr. Jennings, presents the most prominent features of his character.

"The natural strength of Dr. Watts's genius, which he cultivated and improved by an acquaintance with the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, had enriched his mind with a large and uncommon store of just sentiments and useful knowledge of various kinds; for his soul was too noble and large to be confined within narrow limits. He could not be content to leave any path of learning untried, nor to rest in a total ignorance of any science, the knowledge of which might be for his own improvement, or might any way tend to enlarge his capacity of being useful to others. Having a faithful memory to retain what he collected from the labors of others, he was able to pay it back again into the common treasury of learning, with a large increase. I may venture to say, there is no man now living of whose works so many

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* Making proper allowance for poetic embellishment, it may be imagined that Dr. Watts prefigured the quiet beauty of his own decease in his description of the death of Moses:—

> "Sweet was the journey to the sky
> The wondrous Prophet tried;—
> 'Climb up the mount,' said God, 'and die':
> The Prophet climbed and died.
>
> "Softly his fainting head he lay
> Upon his Maker's breast;
> His Maker kissed his soul away,
> And laid his flesh to rest.
>
> "In God's own arms he left the breath
> That God's own spirit gave;
> His was the noblest road to death,
> And his the sweetest grave."
>
> *Lyric Poems*, Book I.

copies have been dispersed, both at home and abroad, that are in such constant use, and translated into such a variety of languages. Pure and undissembled piety was the settled habit and constant dress of his mind; and though he loved and enjoyed much retirement, yet did he not thereby contract anything of an affected stiffness or monkish austerity; but, on the contrary, the satisfaction and pleasure he found in communion with God in solitude made him the more easy and cheerful in his converse with men, and seemed to enlighten his very countenance. His humility was like a deep shade, that set off his other virtues and graces, and made them shine with a brighter lustre. From his humility flowed that condescension and gentleness, that humanity and kindness, which endeared him to all who had the pleasure of conversing with him. In close connection with this grace of humility were to be seen his candor and charity, for which he was remarkably eminent. No party names, nor variety of sentiments in matters of doubtful disputation, or of practice in modes of worship, could divide him in affection from such as he had reason to hope loved the Saviour in sincerity. Though he judged the principles of the Non-conformists most favorable to Christian liberty and the rights of conscience, and their forms of worship most agreeable to the simplicity of the Gospel, yet he had a high veneration for many persons and their writings, who belonged to the Established Church. He occasionally engaged in the controversies of the day, but it was evidently with a view to reconcile disputes amongst Christians, rather than to make proselytes to any party."

In the Preface to *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709, Dr. Watts says, "I almost blush to think that I have read so little and written so much"; but he must have written much more after he made this declaration than he had before, for he was then not more than thirty-five years old, and he lived — continuing to write and publish — till he was near seventy-five. His entire works were published in London, 1753, in six quarto volumes, averaging eight hundred pages each. This edition included all that he had published, and all that he left in manuscript, (except private letters,) "revised and corrected, by direction of his will," by his friends, D. Jennings, D. D., and P. Doddridge, D. D.

As a theological writer, Dr. Watts was plain, explicit, and exuberant almost to a fault. "The truth is," says Dr. Johnson, "that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to theology. As piety predom-

inated in his mind, it is diffused over his works. Under his direction, it may be truly said, philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction. It is difficult to read a passage without learning, or at least wishing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason is on a sudden compelled to pray." Dr. Johnson had a tinge of bigotry in his temper, and his prejudices were strong and bitter against all Dissenters from the Established Church; but what Dissenter could have dictated a higher panegyric, or penned a passage that should express a warmer spirit of piety, devotion, and charity?

Dr. Watts's theological principles were in unison with the system of Calvinism, which was then the theology of the greater part of Protestant Christendom. But it is well known that, toward the close of his life, his views concerning some of the dogmas of Calvin underwent essential modification. Some "orthodox" writers have deemed it expedient to make an apology for this change, and seem to think that they have found one in what they are pleased to consider the decay of intellect, consequent upon the wane of physical faculties. Mr. Harsha says:—

"His work, entitled 'The Glory of Christ as God-man, displayed in three Discourses,' which was published towards the close of 1746, when he was over seventy years of age, was among his latest literary performances for the press. In this work he strongly advances his fanciful scheme of the pre-existence of Christ's human soul. It has been well said, that Watts studied the doctrine of the Trinity, as some Indian devotees are said to have contemplated the sun, till their own eyes were darkened."

And to this he adds, in order to render more effectual the application of the fate of the Indian devotees to Dr. Watts, the following quotation from Dr. Southey's Memoir of Watts:—

"Happy had it been for him, if he, who humbled his mind to the composition of songs and spelling-books for children, had applied to his own case our Saviour's words, and in this instance become as a little child himself! Happy had it been, because, during the whole of his innocent and otherwise peaceful life, he seems never to have been assailed by any other temptation than this of the intellect, never to have

been beset with any other troubles than those in which his own subtilty entangled him."

Happy, indeed, is it for Mr. Harsha, that his intellectual vision has not been darkened by intensely gazing on that "celestial light" that

> "Shines inward, and the mind in all her powers
> Irradiates."

Happy, thrice happy is it for Dr. Southey, that his "innocent and peaceful life" was never assailed by temptations of intellect, — that his subtilty never entangled him in troubles beyond the capacity of a "little child" to relieve him!

Dr. Watts was never married. The cause of his celibacy has never been distinctly explained. That he was not insensible to the value of female friendship, many of his poems and miscellaneous essays abundantly prove. In regard to this matter, Mr. Harsha tells us: —

"In early life Dr. Watts is said to have formed an attachment for the amiable and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe. Dr. Colman of Boston, who was personally acquainted with this lady as well as with Dr. Watts, used to relate an anecdote which would show that the attachment was mutual. According to his statement, Watts, after considerable procrastination, at length ventured to declare his attachment to Miss Singer, and to solicit her hand in marriage. She replied that she had long been expecting his addresses, but, on the preceding day, had given her consent to the solicitation of Mr. Rowe. Dr. Watts never formed a second attachment."

There may be no reason to doubt the accuracy of this anecdote, but we do not see in the writings of Watts or Miss Singer anything that would lead us to conclude that either of them indulged any other passion than a sort of mutual admiration of each other's devotional poetry. That *such* an attachment existed may be learned from Miss Singer's "Lines to Dr. Watts, on his Poems sacred to Piety and Devotion," and from his ode to Miss Singer "On the Sight of some of her Divine Poems, never printed." These reciprocations of seraphic love are unfolded in the warmest language of pure devotion. They gave occasion, however, for a contemptuous sneer from Dr. Young, in his fifth Satire: —

"Isaac, a brother of the writing train,
When he has knocked at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair,
With a dark text, to light it at the Fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charmed with her learning, with what raptures he
Hangs on her bloom, *like an industrious bee;*
Hums round about her, and, with all his power,
Extracts sweet wisdom from so sweet a flower."

A friend of Dr. Watts complained to Dr. Young of the illiberality of such a reflection on a man who never dealt in satire. Young solemnly declared that he had no reference to Dr. Watts, but had a view to a clergyman of a different character; and said that the offensive lines should be expunged from future editions. In reference to this explanation by Dr. Young, a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. LV. p. 676) says: "I am one among many who are fully persuaded that Dr. Watts was the person intended. I do not wonder that Dr. Young should be backward to acknowledge this; but I believe the lines are not omitted in any edition of his works. This would have been thought a tacit acknowledgment of the illiberality, with which he had been charged, and of which he had reason to be ashamed."

The superior court of criticism has not allowed the name of Watts to stand on the line with those that occupy the first rank. Dr. Johnson seems to have been the first (perhaps the only one *then*) who thought him entitled to any considerable degree of credit above that of a mere verse-maker, and to give him a place with the select British Poets of the last century. "As a poet, had he stood only as a poet," said that severe and discriminating critic, "he might have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgment was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment. His imagination was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be supplied. His ear was well tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious; but his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. . . . . It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has

done well." Such praise from Dr. Johnson is praise indeed, when we remember that the critic's prejudices against Dissenters were generally as bitter as they were notorious.

But if Watts falls below Shakespeare and Milton in sublimity of thought, he exhibits other qualities that will for ever attract love, demand sympathy, and compel respect. He frankly admits his inferiority to Dryden and Pope, with both of whom he was for a while contemporary. Without resorting to idle comparisons with individuals, whether predecessors or contemporaries, let him be judged by his own undoubted and undeniable merits, and his friends will not be mortified by any exposure of his mistakes or his faults. The crowning attributes of his poetry are fervent piety and exalted devotion. It is not only rich in these qualities, but it has others that will secure it from oblivion. It will have lovers and admirers, as long as there will be a God to be loved and glorified, souls to be improved and redeemed, hearts overflowing with gratitude, guilt crying for mercy, sorrow pleading for sympathy. His muse often rises with the wing of the eagle, and, if she fails in her attempt to reach the throne of the Uncreated and Incomprehensible, or to break through the "bars of massy light," which prevent her entrance into the seventh heaven, and hide from mortal eyes the intense glories of the Godhead, she soars aloft with the lark, making the firmament and the middle air vocal with hallelujahs that diffuse joy and inspire reverence among the dwellers on the earth. His fancy is always active, sprightly, and vigilant, drawing beauty and melody from the elements, attracting lightning and sunbeams from the skies, or gathering pebbles and shells from the earth. Thus he describes her fearless and untiring assiduity: —

"Urania takes her morning flight,
With an inimitable wing;
Through rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day,
Nor Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor Purcell notes to sing.

"She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, nor where the ingulfing sand;

Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touched with an empyreal ray,
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

Watts was an admirer of Milton, and honored him as "a deliverer from the bondage of rhyme." "Yet," said he, "all that vast reverence with which I read his Paradise Lost cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath. Some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added anything to the true grandeur of a poem. Nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian." This declaration was probably intended as an offset to the charge that had been made against him, that he attempted to imitate and reach the sublimity of Milton. His admiration he expressed in the following, (which may pass for an analysis of the great epic,) besides numerous other verses: —

"Behold his muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She traced a glorious path unknown
Through fields of heavenly war and seraphs overthrown,
Where his adventurous genius led:
Sovereign, she formed a model of her own,
Nor thanked the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sound to climb.
He mourned the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe;)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivalled strains."

Watts was also an admirer of Locke, and wrote a beautiful ode on that great philosopher's retiring from business. In another poem he laments that Locke had "darkened the

glory of the Gospel, and debased Christianity in the book which he calls the Reasonableness of it." This defection, or apostasy, he ascribes to

> "Intellectual pains
> And darkness from the too exuberant light.
> Reason could scarce sustain to see
> The Almighty One, the Eternal Three,
> Or bear the infant Deity.
> Scarce could her pride descend to own
> Her Maker stooping from his throne,
> And drest in glories so unknown.
> A ransomed world, a bleeding God,
> And heaven appeased with flowing blood,
> Were themes too painful to be understood." *

Dr. Watts was not exempt from the folly of flattering the GREAT. Some of his epistles to his friends, in the second book of Lyric Poems, and some of the epitaphs and elegies in the third, are specimens of his skill in the use of high-sounding epithets and inflated compliments. If there be extravagance of eulogy in the following verses from the Epitaph on William III., it may be pardoned in consideration of the relation which that monarch held to the Protestant Church: —

> "Stand on the pile, immortal FAME!
> Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe;
> Thy thousand voices sound his name
> In silver accents round the globe.
>
> "*Flattery* shall faint beneath the sound,
> While hoary TRUTH inspires the song;
> *Envy* grow pale and bite the ground,
> And *Slander* gnaw her forked tongue.
>
> "*Night* and the *Grave*, remove your gloom!
> Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
> But GLORY bids the royal tomb
> Disdain the horrors of a shade.
>
> "GLORY with all her lamps shall burn,
> And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
> Till the last trumpet rouse his urn,
> To aid the triumphs of the day."

* It will be seen that both Mr. Harsha and Dr. Southey have adopted Watts's apology for Locke's decadence as an excuse for his own departure from the faith of his youth and manhood.

We recently discovered, in a volume of old newspapers, one of Watts's poetical productions, which, we believe has never found admission to any collection of his works. The reader may be pleased to see with what easy success he could imitate the fashionable style of dedication, and with what prodigality of superlatives a pious bard could approach a fellow-man, newly clad in robes of authority. It is addressed

"To His Excellency, Jonathan Belcher, Esq., *in London, appointed by His Majesty King George II. to the Government of New England, and now on his way home.*

"Go, favorite man! spread to the wind thy sails;
The Western ocean smiles; the Eastern gales
Attend thy hour. Ten thousand vows arise
T' assure for thee the waves, for thee the skies,
And waft thee homeward. On thy native strand
Thy nation throngs to hail thy bark to land.
She sent thee envoy, to secure her laws
And her loved freedom. Heaven succeeds the cause,
And makes thee ruler there. Thy name unites
Thy prince's honors and thy people's rights.
Thrice has thy zeal been to thy sovereign shown
In German realms, while yet the British throne
Sighed for the House of Brunswick. There thy knee
Paid its first debt to future majesty,
And earned the title, ere the crown had shed
Its radiant honors round the royal father's head.
Long has thy nation loved thee; sage in youth,
In manhood nobly bold and firm to truth;
Shining in arts of peace; yet, 'midst a storm,
Skilful t' admire, and vigorous to perform;
Kind to the world and duteous to the skies;
Distress and want to thee direct their eyes;
Thy life a public good. What heavenly ray,
What courteous spirit pointed out the way,
To make New Albion blest, when George the Just
Gave up the joyful nation to thy trust?
Great George rewards thy zeal in happy hour
With a bright beam of his imperial power.

"Go, Belcher, go! assume thy glorious sway;
Faction expires, and Boston longs t' obey.
Beneath thy rule may Truth and Virtue spread;
Divine Religion raise aloft her head,
And deal her blessings round. Let India hear
That Jesus reigns, and her wild tribes prepare

For heavenly joys. Thy power shall rule by love;
So reigns our Jesus in his realms above.
Illustrious Pattern! Let him fix thine eye,
And guide thy hand. He from the worlds on high
Came once an envoy, and returned a king;
The sons of light in throngs their homage bring,
While glory, life, and joy beneath his sceptre spring.

I. WATTS.

"*March* 31, 1730."*

We have said that the crowning attributes of Watts's poetry are fervent piety and exalted devotion,—qualities that shine out on almost every page, often accompanied with sublime thoughts and expressions. We know of no verses more suitably adapted to inspire reverence for God and to teach humility to man,—making him feel the difference between the Creator and the creature,—than the following:—

"Celestial King! our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye
To reach thy lofty seat.

"In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

"Angels are lost in sweet surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

"Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And THOU the ETERNAL ALL."

Horæ Lyricæ, Book I.

* This is transcribed from a copy printed in the shape of a letter, bound up with a volume of the New England Journal, and next to the paper which announced the Governor's arrival in Boston. It was probably printed and circulated gratuitously about the town. It purports to have been "printed for J. Phillips, on the south side of the Town-house, and Thomas Hancock, sign of the Bible and Three Crowns, in Ann Street, near the Dock." A poetical reply was published in the Journal, informing Dr. Watts of the arrival of Governor Belcher, and assuring him that his prayers concerning the Governor had been favorably answered and his predictions verified. The Governor was lauded in strains of panegyric rather higher than those of Dr. Watts.

And the following are of the same character: —

"Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the Everlasting God,
Were all the nations dead.

"Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view:
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

"Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs." — *Hymn* 67, Book II.

Again we turn to the Lyric Poems, and quote an English version of a Latin epigram on one, who "from a stage-player became a Christian, and suffered martyrdom." The classical scholar, by consulting the original, can decide how much (or how little) Watts was indebted to it for the sublime pathos of his imitation: —

"Ardalio jeers, and, in his comic strains,
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

"Heaven heard, and, straight around the burning throne,
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
While vengeful thunder murmured to be gone.

"Mercy stood near, and, with a smiling brow,
Calmed the loud thunder: 'There 's no need of you;
Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue.'

"Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes;
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And, as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks: —

"'So goes the comedy of life away;
Vain Earth, adieu! Heaven will applaud to-day;
Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."
Horæ Lyricæ, Book I.

"As every man," said Watts, "has some amusements for an hour of leisure, I have chosen mathematical science, philosophy, and poesy for mine." The fruits of some of those

leisure hours were communicated to the world in "Occasional Papers," and thirty years afterwards were collected and published under the title of "Miscellaneous Thoughts, in Prose and Verse." Among these miscellanies are some very pleasing moral and philosophical essays, though in most of them their juvenile parentage is perceptible. We make an exception in favor of that beautiful dirge, beginning,

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,"

which has probably been sung and chanted as a part of a funeral service more than any similar production.

"Horæ Lyricæ: Poems, chiefly of the Lyric Kind, in Three Books," — was first published in 1705. It was received with undoubted evidences of public approbation, and was afterwards revised and enlarged. Its success induced the author, in 1707, to publish "Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books." In both these works the peculiarities of his religious tenets are illustrated and enforced with all his power of argument and with all the eloquence of his versification. It is not necessary to strengthen this remark by extracts, or even to refer to particular poems; the quotations hereinafter made are designed to exhibit some other property of the composition. If we were asked to point to one of the most pleasing poems in the first book of the Lyrics, we should commend that entitled "Launching into Eternity"; if to select the most sublime in thought and composition, we should certainly light upon the last one in the book, "God exalted above all Praise."

The second book, "sacred to virtue, honor, and friendship," contains nothing inconsistent with its descriptive title. Almost every page breathes the spirit of candor and charity, of gentleness and love; — indicating a refined and dignified morality, — a just appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of human life, — an intense desire for the soul's improvement here, and an absorbing faith in its untiring progress towards perfection hereafter. To his friends Watts writes in language of the purest friendship, — always recognizing the belief that what is obscure and imperfect on earth will be made clear and consummated in heaven. His cheerfulness invites sympathy, his good-nature softens austerity, his kindness ban-

ishes suspicion, his liberality subdues covetousness, his purity secures affection and love. If one should be depressed by poverty, or infected with envy at the sight of wealth beyond the reach of his ability to acquire, let him read the poem on "False Greatness," and learn that

> "He 's but a wretch, with all his lands,
> That wears a narrow soul."

Again, have your ambitious projects been defeated, your schemes to obtain popular applause been baffled? — are you suffering loss by "the law's delay," annoyance from "the insolence of office," or humiliation from "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes"? — then go to "The Hero's School of Morality"; trace the ruined monument, where

> "Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
> The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
> And guess and spell out Scip-i-o."

Or, with Theron,

> "Take a turn among the tombs,
> And see whereto all glory comes;
> There the vile foot of every clown
> Tramples the sons of honor down,
> Beggars with awful ashes sport,
> And tread the Cæsars in the dirt."

And once more, — are you discontented with yourself, careful, and troubled about many things, especially with that fear of death which makes a whole life subject to bondage, join with the poet in that brave and glorious outbreak of confident, independent self-reliance, —

> "I am not concerned to know
> What, *to-morrow*, Fate will do;
> 'T is enough that I can say,
> I 've possessed myself *to-day*.
> Yet, if, haply, midnight death
> Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
> Then, to-morrow, I shall be
> Heir to the best part of me.
> Glittering stones and golden things,
> Wealth and honors, that have wings,
> Ever fluttering to be gone,
> I could never call my own:

Riches, that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures, that are mine,
Lie afar beyond her line.
Where I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I 'm a kingdom of my own."

In the Preface to his Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Dr. Watts states that he was disgusted with the matter and the words to which the singing in churches and private assemblies was confined. "We are very much," he says, "unacquainted with the songs of the New Jerusalem, and unpractised in the work of praise"; and he lamented the negligent and thoughtless air, that sat upon the faces of a whole congregation, while the psalm was on their lips. He could not endure the contrariety of sentiment often embraced in the same stanza, and the sudden transition from the praising of God to the cursing of men, as the clerk parcelled out the psalm in lines; — one line or verse kindling a flame of love to God for the multitude of his tender mercies, and the next placing upon the lips some dreadful malediction against men, imploring that their names might be blotted out of the book of life.

In his version of the "Psalms of David, imitated in the Language of the New Testament," first published in 1718, Dr. Watts's design was to "apply them to the Christian state and worship." In order to accomplish his purpose, it became necessary, as he tells us, to "divest David and Asaph of every other character than that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense of a Christian." Carrying out this idea, he omitted many passages where sharp invectives were used against personal enemies, and "turned the edge of them against spiritual foes, as sin, temptation, and Satan." In passages "where the words implied peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings," he substituted others suited to the general circumstances. Such changes in words and their applications he considered proper and justifiable. He thus "transformed a Jewish into a Christian Psalter." The reasons which led him to attempt this work, answers to various objec-

tions, and his views in respect to its propriety and usefulness, are presented in the Preface, and in a "Short Essay toward the Improvement of Psalmody."

One of the merits of this version, and by no means the least, consists in the natural order of the words and the smoothness of the versification. The lines are composed of iambic feet, with a sprinkling of trochees, just enough to add sprightliness to a movement that would otherwise be dull and monotonous. The verse is thus easily adapted, or rather adapts itself, to such musical phrases as are most familiar to the ear, and to such as are indispensable in *congregational* singing. Rhetorical pauses and musical cadences cling harmoniously together. Lines are not often broken by the ordinary rules of grammatical punctuation, and seldom end with an unaccented syllable. The common meaning of the words is not darkened nor confused by unnecessary transpositions; but they seem to drop together, spontaneously, each in its proper place, as naturally as crystals are formed by frost and coalesced by congelation. The rhymes are not always perfect. A refined and delicate ear is offended with the coupling of *first* and *dust*, *war* and *law*, *calm* and *charm*, *God* and *Lord*, and other words of a like dissimilar ending. But faults of this kind are found every day in works that make lofty pretensions, and are applauded by critics, and yet are suffered to pass without rebuke. The lines are composed chiefly of monosyllables, and thus the singer is freed from the awkwardness he sometimes has to encounter in attempting to make the musical correspond to the orthoëpical accent. It will be seen, in all the quotations here offered, that there is scarcely a word of more than two syllables. This peculiarity is noticeable in every page of the Psalms; perhaps in no passages more striking than the following: —

"No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun, To guard my head,
And thou my shade, By night or noon.

"Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I 'll go and come, Till from on high
Nor fear to die, Thou call me home."

Here are *seventy-six* consecutive words, all monosyllables except *four*. No different selection or arrangement of words could add to the melody and sweetness of these verses. The same remark will apply to the following, which may also be received as significant expressions of various emotions of the heart. We quote entirely from memory: —

"Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
Thy presence joys unknown."

"His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy."

"There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode."

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

What soul in anguish ever poured out its sorrows in more touching strains than these?

"My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint."

"Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead."

"God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will."

The hymn beginning,

"There is a land of pure delight,"

presents an alluring and cheerful prospect to the vision of a dying Christian. The language and the sentiment are equally pure and beautiful.

It might be thought little less than impertinent, so numerous are the Psalms and Hymns of which thanksgiving and praise are the subjects, to present them separately to the reader's notice. The noble version of the hundred and seventeenth Psalm,

"From all that dwell below the skies,"

is read, and spoken, and sung, in private meetings and assembled throngs of Christians of all sects and denominations, who speak the English language. Nor is the paraphrase of the hundredth Psalm less worthy of the same passionate regard, especially when heard in the soul-inspiring tones of Madan's solemn, yet exhilarating music. We should pity the man who could listen, without being moved, to that exalted choral harmony of words and music,

"We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move."

There is yet another work by Dr. Watts, which, notwithstanding the length to which this discussion has extended, we cannot forbear to mention, namely, "Divine Songs for Children." Though, in the minds of many persons, there are objections to some of its religious precepts, and though substitutes, almost without number, have been prepared to take its place, it is yet too good to be entirely laid aside. The style

and language, without being affectedly simple and nauseously baby-like, are well adapted to the comprehension of children. The verse is so melodious and attractive to the ear, that it is easily committed to memory. Some of the author's thoughts concerning the doctrine of future punishment are offensive to many theologians; but the moral lessons are innocent and instructive, and, if learned and followed as rules of conduct, cannot prove otherwise than profitable. We hazard nothing in saying that no child was ever led into the commission of crime or the neglect of duty by studying these lessons. If Dr. Watts had written nothing else, that which he wrote expressly for the benefit of children would have given him a claim to the love of childhood and the respect of age. We close these desultory annotations with the following tribute to his worth and excellence, — a tribute as just as it is beautiful, — from a work of fiction, by one of the living female writers of England: —

"O WATTS! gentle-hearted old man! did you ever foresee the universal interest which would link itself to your name among the innocent hearts of earth? Did angels reveal to you in your own death-hour how many a dying child would murmur your pleasant hymns as its farewell to earth? how many living children repeat them as their most familiar notions of prayer? Did you foretell, that, in your native land, and wherever its language is spoken, the purer and least sinful portion of the ever-shifting generations would be trained with your words? And now, in that better world of glory, whose mysteries of companionship we are not allowed to penetrate, do the souls of young children crowd around you? — do you hold sweet converse with those who, perhaps, were first led into the track of glory by the faint light which those sparks of your soul left on earth? Do they recognize you, the souls of our departed little ones, — souls of the children of the long ago dead, — souls of the children of the living, — lost and lamented, and then fading from memory, like sweet dreams? It may be so; and that, when the great responsible gift of authorship is accounted for, your crown will be brighter than that bestowed on philosophers and sages."

Art. VII.—THE UNION OF THE HEMISPHERES.

1. Πλάτων. *Platonis Opera, ex Recen.* C. E. A. Schneideri. [Τίμαιος.] Parisiis. 1846.
2. *The Justinian Psalter. Psalterium Hebræum, Græcum, Arabicum, et Chaldæum cum tribus Latinis Interpretat. et Glossis.* Genoa. 1506–1516.
3. *A Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice.* By A. De La Rive. 3 vols. Translated for the Author, by Charles V. Walker, F. R. S. London. 1853, 1856, 1858.
4. *Record and Evidence, in the Case of* F. O. J. Smith *In Equity vs.* Hugh Downing *and others.* [The application for an injunction to stop the use of the House Telegraph.] Printed for the Court, and not published. New York. 1850.
5. *Record and Evidence in the Case of the Bain Telegraph.* Printed as above, and not published.
6. *Boston Daily Advertiser,* August 6 and August 17, 1858. [Despatches from Newfoundland to the Associated Press.]

The two most distant continents are united. For thousands of years millions of unconscious agents have been working together in God's hand to unite them. It is very hard to select a few of these from the rest, as if they gave especial types of the great process which has led to such a victory. If we are to take but a few, the records which we have named above, before the announcement of the victory itself, mark, perhaps, the most distinct steps in so long a journey. We cite the first two of these, because, at the moment when we are all noting the first steps in a great discovery, there is always a satisfaction in seeing the first records of first steps made long ago.

The first of them contains the first dream or vision of America recorded in literature. It occurs in the Timæus, in that celebrated and curious passage where Critias details the revelations made by the Egyptian priests to Solon.

"We wonder at the numerous great exploits of your state [of Athens] which we find recorded in our books, but of them all, one excels all the rest. We find the history of that great power which came up from the Atlantic Ocean, and proudly threatened Europe and Asia,—a

power which your state held in check. For that ocean was then navigable. Opposite the strait which you call the Strait of Hercules, was an island larger than Libya and Asia together. From this there was a passage to those voyaging to the other islands, and from those islands to the whole opposite continent, which adjoined what was then a real ocean. For these [Mediterranean] seas of ours, which are within that strait we speak of, seem like a little harbor with one inlet; but that is indeed an ocean; and the land lying next it might truly be called a most complete continent.* In this island, Atlantis, was a great and wonderful force of kings, governing the whole island and many other islands and half this continent. For they ruled Libya as far as Egypt, and Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. And this whole force, collecting together, attempted to enslave, at one blow, all your country and all ours, and everything within the straits [of Hercules]. Then, Solon, the power of your city in strength and in valor appeared to all men. For, standing at the head of all in courage and in the arts of war, now leading the Greeks, and now, when others deserted her, maintaining herself alone, she underwent the most extreme perils, stood conqueror over the invaders, saved from slavery those who had never been enslaved, and generously freed all of us within the pillars of Hercules. Afterwards, one terrible day and night came on, with great earthquakes and cataclysms, and all your soldiery was swallowed up under the earth, and the island of Atlantis also vanished under the sea. Wherefore that ocean is now unnavigable, and cannot be explored; the special obstacle being the shoal mud which was made as the island settled down."

This vision or dream of America was repeated all along through the classical centuries. But in that age such an announcement was of as little interest or worth as to us are the announcements of the alchemists. What did the age of Plato care for continents beyond sea? It had not found out what to do with its own. When the Egyptians doubled the southern cape, when the Carthaginians renewed the same discovery, the story of it died out, after its nine days' wonder, because there was no living motive which should send men to colonize such shores. There did not lack the "auri sacra fames." The voyages of Solomon were profitable enough. The tales of the geographers were golden enough, and it was true gold they spoke of. But in the Old World there was not life enough to cross oceans,

* ἀληθῶς ὀρθότατ' ἂν λέγοιτο ἤπειρος.

and subdue deserts. That achievement was left for a world which had gained new life "more abundantly."

Accordingly, the discovery is made by a Christian adventurer. He is sailing that he may come nearer to the "City of God," as he says specifically in one of his letters to his sovereigns. The first narrative of this discovery which found its way into general literature is in the Justinian Psalter, of 1516, the second authority which we have named above. A fit place for such a record! For it is the marginal comment to that passage in the 19th Psalm which we translate, "and their words to the end of the world,"

"'Et in fines mundi effectus eorum.'

"In our times indeed; — in which, by the wonderful daring of Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, almost a second world has been discovered and added to the company of Christians. And, as Columbus often declared that he was chosen by God to fulfil this prophecy, I do not think it amiss to insert his life at this passage. Christopher then, surnamed Columbus, a Genoese by birth, the son of mean parents, was he, who, in our age, by his own perseverance explored, in a few months, more of sea and land than almost all the rest of mankind in all the ages of the past. A wonderful thing, but now made certain by the testimony, not only of ships, but of fleets and armies returning thence! He learned the first elements while a boy; as he grew up, he studied navigation, and then, after his brother had gone to Portugal and established at Lisbon the business of painting charts for the use of sailors, depicting seas and harbors and shores, he learned from him the bays and islands as he had received them from the large numbers of voyagers, who sailed annually at the royal command to explore the unvisited shores of the Æthiopians, and the remote parts of the ocean between the south and west. Christopher often conversed with these travellers, and compared what he learned from them with the representations which he had pondered over in the maps and read in the cosmographers; and he thus at last came to the opinion, that whoever should leave the shore of Africa where it trends towards the south, and sail straight, between the west and the south, in a few months would either discern some island or the extreme lands of the Indies. When he had well learned these things from his brother, and seriously studied them out himself, he showed to some of the nobility of the king of Spain that it was in his mind, if the king would only furnish the necessary means, to penetrate regions unknown, and come upon new people and new

lands more quickly than the Portuguese. Knowledge of this comes quickly to the king, who, excited both by emulation of the Portuguese, and by desire of new discoveries of this kind, and of the glory which would come to him and his posterity for such a discovery, after long dealings with Columbus, orders two ships to be fitted out, in which Columbus sails to the Fortunate Islands. [Then] he sailed by a course a little to the left of a western line, between southwest and west, yet far more distant from the southwest and very near the west. When he had sailed many days, and it was known by computation that he had advanced four thousand miles in a direct course, the others lost all hope; they insisted that they ought now to turn and sail back again. But he persisted in his undertaking, and promised, as much as he could by conjecture, that they were not more than one day's sail from some continents or islands. Nor were his words untrue. For, the next morning, the sailors, seeing some unknown lands, announced it to him with praises, and placed the utmost faith in his declarations. The islands were, as afterward appeared, almost innumerable, not far from certain lands which had the appearance of continents. . . . . [On his return] all the princes throng to meet him coming, and he is received with great joy as the discoverer of a new world. Without delay other ships are prepared, far exceeding the first in number and in size, and filled with every kind of store. For Spain sends her poisons to the innocent world, vestments of silk and of gold are heaped in, and, not satisfied with triumphing over this world of ours, she sends her luxuries to pure and innocent races; the woods, which could scarce satisfy our gluttony almost exhausted by our incessant hunting, yet send their boars and their swine to the most distant shores to fill bellies ignorant of them before."

And so the quaint narrative of the critic, half numb with the wonder he describes, runs on. It had taken two thousand years for the announcement so distinctly made to Solon to work itself out into that great discovery — or dare we say, rediscovery — of Atlantis to Europe. Over the "shallow mud" the Christ-bearing dove wrought his way, and brought back such olive-branches as he found to the stranded old ark of a civilization, which was just beginning to see daylight after storm and deluge of a thousand years. That old ark sent out its Shems and Hams and Japhets to take possession. And from that time to this, there being no longer question if there were two worlds, the dream has been only of their closer union with each other. Backward and forward fly the shuttles of

untiring navigation, — flying faster and faster, more frequent and more, as they weave the web which binds the two together. It is tinged with all the dyes of the commerce of all the zones; it is made gorgeous by the wealth of argosies; and it shows streaks, alas! where war has tinged it blood-red. Century after century thus makes the ocean smaller and smaller. The messages of love or of hate go quicker and quicker. But still the continents are two. Something passes from the old to the new, to carry a message or to tell a tale. There is not the identity of one animated body. One speaks, and the other waits to listen. One gives, and the other waits before it receives. This is not the purpose of the God who sees both at once, and listens at one instant to their prayers. The visible union between them is to be as close and perfect as will be the real union of his children when "they all are one." It is to be a link along which no *thing* passes, not the most subtile fluid. Will passes, — power passes, — love passes, — life passes; but no *thing*. The symbol at last is to be a perfect symbol of heart-to-heart communion.

The critical moment for the creation of this symbol is described in the last of our authorities. The passionate yearning which the various children of the old stock have always shown to come nearer home, — the dream and vision of centuries which have sought on one side to annihilate space and time, — are completely satisfied. The first commercial nations of the world, representing each a continent, unite in dropping into the depths of ocean a sensitive nerve, along which shall flash the thought and thrill the emotions of two hemispheres; — the first thread of the net-work which is to be woven at the bottom of all seas, joining that weaving over all lands, — the brain-like organism, as it were, wherewith the mind and heart of the race shall have instant and universal expression.

The great invention, of which this union is the crowning victory, has been growing for a century from suggestions made in almost every land. The materials for the history of it in the third, fourth, and fifth works on our list of authorities, are very ample. The experiments of Franklin in passing currents of free electricity through long wires are familiar. In the hands of other experimenters, repeated efforts were made to

turn the instantaneous transmission to account for purposes of communication. But these suggestions have never come to any direct practical use to this day. As long since as 1798, however, Betancourt operated successfully in transmitting signals by free electricity through a wire twenty-six miles in length, from Madrid to Aranjuez.

With the discovery of voltaic or galvanic electricity such suggestions were renewed, — the experimenters not attempting to work by the electric spark, but by the new properties in the electric current now discovered.

The telegraphs proposed by Soemmering in Munich, in 1809, by Dr. Cole in this country, and by Schweigger, are early prominent instances among these suggestions. They used the electric power of decomposing salts and water as the means for their signals. At a later period, we may here state, Vorselmann de Heer proposed ten wires, one connecting with each finger of the listener's hands, and an alphabet of electric shocks! Nearer the point was H. G. Dyar, an American, who, in 1828, put up a wire around the race-course at Brooklyn, New York, proposing to mark a long litmus-paper register with the sparks generated by free electricity. Schweigger had proposed a register, but this of Dyar was the introduction of the system now used of notification by dots and points. All these suggestions, however, though they embodied hints which have since been wrought up, were in themselves failures. In 1820, Oersted made the new observation on which the first practical development of the electric telegraph depended, — the magnetic power of the electric current. He deflected a needle, hung like a compass-needle, by passing the current near it. Ampère at once suggested a telegraph of twenty-five wires, by which an alphabet of needles might be deflected. Such a telegraph was afterwards made by Ritchie and Alexander, in 1837. But this arrangement, as is clear, is at the best clumsy and ineffective. And all progress in this direction was stopped by the discovery of Barlow, of Woolwich, in 1825, that the power of the galvanic current to affect the needle diminished very rapidly as the length of wire increased. At even two hundred feet distance the diminution began to be serious. He estimated it as proportional to the square root of

for the purpose of telegraphic communications generally." In his letter to the Secretary, he speaks of the magnetic telegraphs already described in the European journals. But he claims as his invention, in what he calls the "*American* Electro-Magnetic Telegraph," what is a great advance on any system destitute of such a process, — that he had invented a simple and effective means for recording the message sent. It will be seen at once how inferior is any system which requires the constant watch of an operator, who must observe a fleeting gesture, and write down its import on the moment. The very admirable adaptation of machinery and signals made by Mr. Morse and his coadjutors constitutes his telegraphic invention. But the public, careless of such nice distinctions, recognizes him as the man who, through all its stupidity on this subject, held to the idea, and would not be driven from it, — as the man who forced the magnetic telegraph on its own unwilling incredulity; and therefore, in the triumphs of the telegraph, is not very particular in its language, as it pronounces Morse the author of his practical system. In fact, the system of registry, which he did invent, holds its place in this country and in Europe as the best for many purposes, if not for all, in use. It is operated in Switzerland, for instance, under the direction of that very Steinheil who was at work independently on the telegraph while Morse was making his early experiments in America.

This year 1837 was a critical year. Wheatstone took out his first patent in June, based, says De la Rive, the great authority, "on the same principle which serves as the basis of Morse's telegraph, invented at nearly the same time." Steinheil, as we have seen, was operating in Bavaria.

Indeed, it must be confessed that, till about this time, science had not attained the means for making the telegraph of commercial value. It was little more than a "philosophical toy," with the galvanic batteries employed in the first experiments. They were so inconstant, and required such frequent readjustment, that the regular operation of any system of signals depending upon them was impossible. The question who first operated with these imperfect batteries, is of the less importance, therefore, as the practical importance of the tele-

graph, as a method for the regular transmission of intelligence, dates only to Daniell's invention of a *sustaining* battery, in or about the year 1836. From this epoch, the name of the improvers has been legion. As early as 1838, Wheatstone named sixty-two claimants of the honor of the invention. Constant improvements have been made in details of the mechanism. Bain returned, in his machine, to the chemical property of the electric current; and the immense rapidity of his contrivance, which has recorded fifteen hundred letters in a minute, — more than most fast speakers use in declamation, — gives his arrangement an advantage for certain purposes. The very ingenious contrivances for telegraphic printing are of great value for their purposes. But both of these, for ordinary uses, have generally given place, in this country and on the continent of Europe, to Morse's register, the manipulation of which is so simple and convenient as to recommend it instantly.

We need not speak at such length of the history of submarine telegraphs, which are indeed in their infancy. It is scarcely fifteen years since gutta-percha was introduced into the civilized world from the tropical islands of Asia. This wonderful gum enabled the electricians to carry their telegraphic victories into the sea itself. Dr. Channing, to whom we in Boston owe our magnetic fire-alarm, suggested very early the possibility of carrying signals even by a naked wire through the water. That suggestion may still prove to be of practical value. Meanwhile, the insulation of the wire by gutta-percha has given us all our cross-sea telegraphs thus far. The first was laid by Brett from Dover to Calais, on the 28th of August, 1850. Signals were sent and returned, but the line broke the next day. It was renewed the next year, and the cable then laid is still in use. At the present time there are three lines between England and the Continent, two between England and Ireland, and others between Northern Europe and the Scandinavian peninsula. In the Crimean war, a line of four hundred miles long was laid between Varna and Balaklava, in the Black Sea.

Everybody remembers the history of the Atlantic line, which has settled down, let us trust, for a long and successful duty,

two miles deep into the mud left by the subsiding Atlantis of Plato. We need here only put the dates on record. On the 5th of August, 1857, the telegraph fleet, consisting of American and English vessels, sailed from Valentia in Ireland, where the eastern end of the cable had been secured. On the 11th of August it broke, the fleet returned, and deep-sea operations were suspended for another year. This year, the fleet made rendezvous in mid-ocean, spliced the two cables which were on board the Niagara and the Agamemnon, and on the 26th of June separated and sailed, part westward and part eastward. Three distinct failures followed, — the last after one hundred and forty-five miles had been laid down. The whole squadron returned to the harbor of Queenstown, in Ireland. It proved there was still cable enough for the line, if nothing more was lost. A fatal last cast was determined on, and proved successful. The cable was again spliced in mid-ocean, July 29, 1858. The Agamemnon sailed for Ireland, the Niagara for Newfoundland. On the 4th of August, each arrived at her harbor, — neither ship having much to spare of her end of the wire. But each had enough, and the two continents were united. They were united on the three hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of the day when Columbus first found himself and his little squadron well at sea. After some ill-brooked, though necessary delay, the signal instruments were so far adjusted that, on the 16th of August, the London directors sent to the New York directors the very appropriate message previously determined on: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men"; and immediately after, the Queen sent a message of congratulation to the President of the United States, who sent to her a reply.

We have not followed along all these dry details of the development of a discovery, which is in itself so amazing, with any idea of giving a complete sketch of its history. We have wished rather to give some conception of the infinite diversity of agents which have been working together in the hands of God for so great a victory. Scarcely one of the separate details of the process now triumphant was possible thirty years ago. The communication through long wire; the power of the electro-magnet; the sustaining battery; the

insulation of the land lines in open air, and the insulation of the water lines by gutta-percha; the methods of registry; as well as the use of steamships on the ocean, and the construction of them of such size as to bear the cable; — these are a few instances only of discoveries, or the results of discoveries, which have been made in the present generation. People are fond of calling the success the marriage of two continents. It does seem like a fairy tale, in which, at one moment, the genii of every climate and every land bring forward their peculiar gifts, not merely to bless the union, but to make it possible. Every country in Christendom has contributed the science; the mountains have yielded their ores, the islands of the East their gums, the vapors their Titanic power, — each in its appointed time; and at last England gives the wealth, America the man, and each the navy, which, when the moment comes, shall drop the silent speaking line.

Any man who chooses may say that all this is a fortuitous and undesigned set of coincidences. But no man does choose, who is personally engaged in twisting all those threads together. Every man who deals in such coincidences feels that they are not fortuitous, and that they are designed. Working in the dark, he stretches out his hand for a tool which he must have or fail; his hand closes upon a tool better than he had dreamed of, and he speaks aloud to thank the unseen friend who, at the right moment, gave it to him. This is the reason why the first announcements of triumph were made, and were received, so solemnly. It is no false deference to a supposed religious sentiment in the community, but the inevitable feeling of the heart of every man who had had a share in the enterprise, which makes them all — the great projector, the captains of the fleet, the directors of the company, the President and the Queen — give God the glory.

All men of science anticipated a considerable retardation of the speed of the signals, in an insulated line of such enormous length. That retardation is seriously felt, and, at the moment when we write, its consequences cannot be fully stated. None the less is the victory won. As with all victories, there comes now the harder question, how to use it? It does not necessarily mean "Peace!" England and France have not seemed to us more pacific since they had their tel-

egraphs than they were before. It is for us of the nations to make it mean one thing or another. That it may mean peace, that it may always be consecrated with the solemnity which has inaugurated it, is certainly the wish of every thoughtful man. We have given to each other the tiny thread, with the hope and promise with which Ariadne gave hers to Theseus,—

> "Quum tibi, ne victor tecto morerere recurvo
> Quæ regerent passus, pro duce fila dedi;
> Quum mihi dicebas, 'per ego ipsa pericula juro,
> Te fore, dum nostrum vivet uterque, meum.'" *

This seems to be the vow of this moment, — "Thine and thine only, as long as we both shall live." God grant to us both that peace of His which passeth all understanding, that we may make such vows true.

In one of the early prophecies of America, Seneca sang: —

> "Venient annis secula seris,
> Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
> *Laxet*, et ingens pateat tellus,
> Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
> Nec sit terris ultima Thule." †

Ocean has obeyed the wish, loosened the chains, and Thule is not the last of lands. And now we have to reverse the prayer. We have the other favor to ask, — that of this new chain, of which Ocean keeps the key, he will not let one link be broken or rust away. Let it lie there safe in its mysterious darkness! May the perils of its descent prove to be the protection of its home! And so may it and all its sister nerves be guarded for their sacred duty!

> "*Stringat* Oceanus vincula rerum"!

and that for ever!

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* "When to your hands the fatal thread I gave,
Which through the winding lab'rinth led you safe,
Then how you loved, how eagerly embraced!
How oft you swore, by all your dangers passed,
That with our lives your love should ever last."

Garth's Translation.

† "In the late future the ages are coming
For Ocean to loosen the chains he is holding; —
Then shall a new world be open before us,
Tethys disclose to us lands that we know not, and
Thule no longer be last of the nations."

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

OUR NEW THEOLOGY.

"The revival of 1858," so striking as a social phenomenon, — a counterpart, in more ways than one, to "the crisis of 1857," — has left but a very faint mark on our religious literature. A few theological questions have been reopened; the long-waning interest in polemics has revived for a season, giving birth to a score of pamphlets, whose titles show the altered point of view from which we regard the debates of a generation since; a more positively dogmatic view is apparent here and there, in the popular presentations of religious truth. But the great movement, as such, has found but a solitary and feeble exponent in the way of books. We have before quoted the title of a volume,* which represents only one side of it, and that the least attractive or valuable. It is, with slight qualification, of a type and style which we simply and utterly condemn. It is not the gospel of salvation, but the gospel of damnation, which is preached in these pages. One gleam of human tenderness, in the discourse on "Man's Condition not of God," is almost the sole relief from the lurid mythology and stale sensation-rhetoric which fill the bulk of its pages. In turning them, one is surprised to find not one name of the twenty-five of fame outside its own sect or city. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the volume offers nothing of intrinsic value in the chronicle of religious thought; and it is but a meagre and sorry satisfaction to find in it anything of representative value, as exhibiting the present style of our popular "piety." One of these days, we trust, it will seem a strange thing that a lengthy and nice analysis of the phrase "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth" (see p. 129) should make the burden of a Christian man's presentation of the Gospel scheme!

By far the ablest critique of the religious crisis of the past year is Professor Ellis's "Convention Sermon," † a discourse pronounced on all hands to be the strongest and most marked utterance of a week eminently fruitful of noble and earnest religious thought. It is very striking, on the most cursory view, for the tone of courtesy and decorum, and the nice observance of the proprieties of the occasion, in presenting so free and strong a criticism from a point of view at variance with the presumed opinion of the great majority of hearers. And yet this diplomatic skill (as we may call it) is only a subordinate merit of the discourse, — which is a grave, clear, manly, and very impressive setting forth of the actual position of our religious community, — the realized Congregationalism of New England to-day. We wish we had space to copy Professor Ellis's weighty and valuable remarks on the "third party" in our churches, — the growth of the semi-Christianized intel-

* The New York Pulpit in the Revival of 1858: a Memorial Volume of Sermons. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

† The Reaction of a Revival upon Religion. A Sermon, by George E. Ellis.

lectual progress and moral life of the day, — making the old antinomies of Calvinism quite impossible to be intelligibly held any longer.

A MORE simple, but eloquent and earnest criticism, is found in Dr. Furness's Sermon,* in which the analogy of the spring awakening of Nature, by the calm procession of the Divine Wisdom working by law, is contrasted with "the spasmodic effort of the old religious way of thinking to recover the hold which, in the rapid progress of things, it has been so steadily losing for the last half-century upon the minds of men." A Christian revival, after the primitive type, it is strikingly said, would be not of the popular, but of the unpopular faith.

THE positive side of a matter, of which we are, perhaps, too prone to see only the negative, is eloquently set forth in Professor Huntington's Fast Day Sermon.† It is not the place here to exhibit the qualities of the preacher's ample and fascinating rhetoric. His evident and strong sympathy with a mode of religious thought, or life, which seems so foreign from the academic temper or the intellectual training we are chiefly familiar with, is what most arrests the reader's attention. Once or twice, in considering the argument, we are reminded that the question is not of the *a priori* likelihood or desirableness of a given phase of spiritual energy; but of the actual complexion and results of the same, as conducted by the machinery of conventicles and sects. The mere fact that, in the inception and culmination of this "revival," all clear-minded observers foresaw as plainly as they now see the course of its subsidence and decline, shows that the wave-movement of our social religious life obeys some broader law than the arbitrary and miraculous self-manifestation of a Divine Person. This law, it seems to us, lies rather within the philosopher's province to investigate, than the theologist's to expound.

ONE of the signs of a revived interest, just alluded to, in controversial topics we had thought nearly obsolete, is found in the titles of sundry discourses which we cannot review at any length, but can only chronicle as symptoms of the period we are passing through. In particular, the doctrine of Future Endless Punishment — that ghastly *terminus ad quem* implicated fatally in the very texture of the old theology — has been brought sharply and often before the bar of the public mind.‡ Harrowing as such a discussion must be, if its terms are to the slightest degree apprehended by the imagination, no one accustomed to think calmly, and to watch the symptoms of popular thought, can hesitate a moment as to what the result will be. The only thing we can apprehend is, lest, by the mournful appointed "Nemesis of Faith," religion itself may suffer, deeply and long, from this arbitrary and forced linking of its sublime reality to the dreadful relics of its former terror.

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* The Revival: a Sermon preached April 11, 1858, by W. H. FURNESS. Philadelphia.

† Permanent Realities of Religion and the Present Religious Interest. A Sermon by F. D. HUNTINGTON. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

‡ See the titles of sundry pamphlets, by Messrs. N. ADAMS, D. D., T. S. KING, and others, in the last and present numbers of the Christian Examiner.

An earnest, faithful, and tender declaration of individual experience, through "phases of faith" in sequence retrograde to what we have almost come to think the fated and inevitable course of Protestant speculation, gives a vein of strong personal interest to Mr. Coolidge's Farewell Discourse.* A positive and ever-strengthening reaction from certain naturalistic tendencies has brought him to the distinct and public adoption of the "Evangelical" as opposed to the "Rationalistic" type of Christianity, — the definite and public rejection of the "Unitarianism" of his earlier years. In his criticism of tendencies against which he has striven in himself, and which he ascribes to the communion he now disowns, Mr. Coolidge has not escaped the charge of misrepresentation, — probably not, the misinterpreting of his own feeling and view. A truly liberal theology can be so only by sacredly respecting every movement of personal or public thought that is thoroughly sincere. The reaction from a more "liberal" towards a more "dogmatic" theory of Christianity (of which this sermon represents, perhaps, the extreme type), must, it seems to us, be rare and brief. But in many cases, it is deeply, even sorrowfully, in earnest; and its purpose will be served if it leads us to reconsider the value and beauty of elements in the popular faith, which, perhaps, we had too easily let go.

According to Mr. Coolidge, Unitarianism is fast losing its identity by a sort of polar disintegration, drifting by a double current towards Rationalism on one hand, and Evangelicism on the other. Whatever our prognostics as to the fate of a given sect or creed, we cannot fail to see that Unitarianism is abundantly fulfilling the only mission it has ever very clearly apprehended, of great fertility and vigor of religious thought, along with ever so loose a coherence of its body politic. Both these qualities are shown in the series of addresses or essays which are its last gifts to our religious literature.† In form, it is a report of proceedings at the thirty-third anniversary of a theological society. In substance, it is a survey — mainly critical, as the denominational temper and traditions compel — of sundry points, intellectual and practical, varied enough in style and point of view to claim a certain value as one of the permanent records of the time. The prevailing temper of it is strikingly positive, hopeful, and progressive, — a marked unity of spirit, with wide diversity in style and statement. It expresses, we suppose, in the main honestly and fairly, the dominant tendency among the more thoughtful of those bred to a liberal faith; expresses it a little more decisively, perhaps, than has quite come home yet to the general consciousness among us. It has a bolder and clearer look to the future than we have been accustomed to in the formal declarations of religious bodies; and in this way is not without its interest as a counterpart to the history of the half-century of controversy now past.

* A Farewell Discourse delivered at the Thirteenth Congregational Church, on Occasion of resigning his Charge. By J. I. T. Coolidge. Boston: J. Munroe & Co.

† The Relation of Liberal Christians to a True Theology and a Higher Religious Life, and the Encouragements and Duties of their Position. (Tract No. 299 of the American Unitarian Association.) Boston.

The same Association have rendered another important service, in collecting and publishing a volume of Mr. Martineau's admirable Essays.* Any special criticism of qualities of thought and style which we have so fully considered heretofore, is uncalled for now. All the more advanced students of theology among us will be glad to hail a volume so weighty in argument and learning, so fresh, brave, and lofty in spirit, as this. The papers it contains cover about twenty years in their dates of publication; and for that period they are nearly a complete record of all the important discussions opened, and advances made, in the line of the highest learning and philosophy. The very interesting survey of the progress of German critical theology, contributed by Mr. Martineau to the Westminster Review in 1847, under the title "Strauss and Parker," is the only link we miss, besides those mentioned in the Introduction.

We trust that future issues of this volume will repair the very grave omission of the dates and sources of the several papers. We wish it were possible, also, to restore them to their true chronological order. No small part of their value, as contributions to the history of thought, no less than as passages in the history of an individual mind, depends on associations which will be clear only to readers already familiar with Mr. Martineau's writings. In particular, such an arrangement, or references, would illustrate the main line of partition among them, running about midway, and coinciding with the year of the writer's residence in Germany. It is in the period since, that the more bold and striking of these papers were written, and that Mr. Martineau has been recognized as a power in English literature, as well as eminently the leading scholar and theologian of the liberal party.

By losing the opportunity of calling attention to Mr. Bartol's recent volume† in an earlier number, as we intended to do, we have doubtless missed the privilege of a first introduction of its idea and scope to those who read these pages. We are therefore stating nothing new in saying that it is written to urge, in the most serious and generous spirit, the unity of Church and Congregation; or at least to show that the Lord's Supper should not be made, as now, the ecclesiastical boundary between two parties who would be distributed very differently by any thorough spiritual tests. If the Church is to be perpetuated as a body more sacred than the Congregation and within it, Mr. Bartol would insist that it must be organized around some other visible centre than the Lord's Supper. That symbol cannot properly be hedged off, in a true Christian administration, from the body of Christian worshippers, by any votes, or creeds, or tests, or confessions of experience, or even the formal and public invitation by the clergyman in the name of an inner circle of communicants.

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* Studies of Christianity: or, Timely Thoughts for Religious Thinkers. A Series of Papers, by James Martineau. Edited by W. R. Alger. Boston: American Unitarian Association.

† Church and Congregation: a Plea for their Unity. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

The Supper, in Mr. Bartol's view, is the most sublime and eloquent sign of a grace which the Infinite Love has instituted in society through Christianity. It is to be simply administered by official hands, not restricted. It is not to be guarded in any manner, or on any pretence, that will interfere with the widest publication of its purport and pathos. It belongs exclusively to the worshippers in whose presence the symbol is set, to decide, in the light of their reverence for Christ and their gratitude to the Everlasting Love, whether they have the call to partake of it. Their desire to do so, born of a pure spiritual impulse, determines their right, at any season when it is offered in a church, irrespective of the proportions of their Christian character, or any public vow of consecration. The privilege is to be no less free than that of prayer. Being the central representation of the charity of Christ and the Infinite Benignity, it must be proffered to humanity, through the ministers of Christ, without any human encumbrance. It must be proffered freely as Jesus in the flesh gave his wisdom and encouragement to any form of mortal need, without regard to traditional Church lines; without conditions, as the Bible is given, in the hope that it will work a life-inspiring service; without impediment, as the air is given by Providence, or the bounty of the light and of the sea.

It is a very delicate task to develop, through a volume, a principle so antagonistic as this to the organic habits and prejudices of the formal Church. And therefore it is great praise to say that the most conservative ecclesiastical taste will find no negative temper in Mr. Bartol's chapters. It is plain that his impulse in writing was not speculative, but conscientious. The evident purpose in the volume is, not to loosen bonds, but to diffuse a privilege. He is less anxious to support a truth on logical grounds, or by historic testimony, than to extend benefits that to him seem unspeakably precious, and to widen the sway of the unpharisaic and catholic sentiment which is the only vitality of the Church. One can easily see that the genesis of the volume lay in a pressing practical difficulty, rather than in the abstract meditation of a principle. It was written at once to utter and justify the large feeling of fraternity and the delicate reverence, which forbade him to dismiss by a benediction hundreds from the communion service, of whom scores were as manifestly vital organs of Christ's body as the professed and technical church-members who remained. The whole movement of the argument has this earnestness in it; and the prodigal beauty of the rhetoric has the quickening savor which only a practical end can impart.

It would require a long article to afford adequate notice of the fulness of Mr. Bartol's argument, the honesty with which he grapples with the strongest objections to his position, and the penetrating insight which makes his most controversial chapters witnesses to broader principles on which his conceptions are based, rather than adroit fencings against reasons which he desires to evade. And it is certainly needless to characterize the literary quality of the style in which the thought of the volume is embodied. In connection with an occasional quaintness of movement and phrasing, that seems removed by at least two centuries from our popular and pert composition, and in spite of a somewhat

frequent indulgence in backhanded or inverse forms of statement, there is a rare union of splendor and devoutness in its pages, which holds a sensitive reader captive, independent of the importance of the theme, and which betokens a luxuriant intellectual soil saturated with a full baptism of grace. It is no less sprinkled with "grains of gold" than former publications of the author; while some chapters, such as "Veil," "Analogy," "Sacredness," are nuggets of gold. They are argumentative chants, polished and rhythmical improvisations of a hallowed logic, in which spiritual laws, primitive facts of the record, and the most glowing passages of the order and bounty of nature, interweave themselves by exquisite selection in consummate harmony, to state and enforce the most catholic conception of the grace that gleams through the simple ritual of the Supper.

But it is of more importance to the author that we should express our hearty conviction of the strength of his position. Whatever might be the issue of a controversy on the necessity of a church as a separate body from the congregation, we are satisfied that no one can fairly meet Mr. Bartol's opposition to making the communion in any way the bar, or the sign, of such division. And we regard his volume as a new instance of the power of a principle to develop itself in a body. The question he has treated must of necessity come up within the Liberal Christian lines, and must be settled by the party as one body, tacitly or openly. It is of the lineage of our ideas. It is not a surface question, or an ephemeral one, but fundamental and permanent. The author has happily intimated that the particular topic in his handling may be "only a wedge to open larger and more radical inquiries into Christian truth and character, and the whole condition and welfare of humanity." The future relations of Christianity to society; its connection with education; the providential method of education; the rightful tests of fellowship; the force and authority of the word "conversion"; the divine purpose of symbols, and the official relations of certain men to them; the true Church order; — such ideas as these are wrapped within the theme which Mr. Bartol's book discusses. Questions of the organization of the Christian life that hides in our best communities, — of the best methods, not only to save, but to increase and perpetuate, that life without which our civilization must die, —topics far richer and deeper than those of abstract theological doctrines, are now challenging the Liberal Christian intellect and heart. And deeper interest in them is alone competent to give unity and vigor to the scattering forces of the Liberal camp. One of our most meditative and devout men has struck with a strong hand the key-note of the most practical theme that can engage us. We believe that a noble and wide, if not an instantaneous and obvious benefit, will reward the consecrated fidelity of his toil upon his theme.

We had supposed that the impudence of Scriptural forgery had reached its highest point in the Book of Mormon; but a more recent and extraordinary achievement of that kind has come to our hand. If the thin volume, the title of which is given below,* be intended as a practi-

* The Gospel of Jesus: compiled by his Disciple Matthew, from his own Memo-

cal satire on the credulity of our time and people, we can only say that it is most bunglingly done. To do credit to its author's genius, such a satire ought to be readable, at least, which this is not. No intelligent man, without painful sacrifice of time and taste, will be able to finish twenty pages. If, on the other hand, the Rev. Gibson Smith really thinks that he can make the public receive his delectable farrago as a genuine series of Scriptural fragments, he deserves a strait jacket and a lunatic's cell. We are inclined to think that the name of this writer is fictitious, since no respectable person would expose himself to the ridicule, not to say the indignation, which ought to fall on one who dares so to outrage sacred names and themes. The Preface is so full of blunders, that it is evident that no man of even average scholarship had any hand in preparing the volume.

We may mention a few of the statements. It is pretended that the work is translated from manuscripts found in the Catacombs of Rome. No such manuscripts have been found there. The language is said to be *Latin;* while Greek was the speech of the early Christians in Rome, and their manuscripts were in Greek. "If these writings were forgeries," says this writer, "they must have been executed at a very early period." On the other hand, we maintain that they must have been very recently executed, otherwise such stupid work would have long ago been detected and found out. More competent observers than the Rev. Gibson Smith have been examining the inscriptions of the Roman Catacombs; and it is to be presumed that the results obtained by De Rossi and Marchi in the city of Rome are more worthy of credit than the affirmations of one of the Smith family in South Shaftsbury, Vermont. "The writer who could put forth the sublime, beautiful, perfect, moral teachings found in this volume, could not be guilty of a forgery," says Mr. Smith. The book itself is a sufficient answer to that statement. The writer who could attach the venerable names of Matthew, John, and Peter to such a rigmarole as is given in this tirade against the Christian Church, and this infamous libel upon the Apostle Paul, is guilty of more than the particular sin so appropriately suggested.

Mr. Smith is pleased to remark that "the writers of the Epistles in our New Testament had access to this Gospel, for some of the most beautiful of the moral instructions contained in them are copied from this." The reverse of his statement is true. The writer of this book has borrowed from the Epistles, without any regard to subject or connection, their moral teachings, and has put them into the mouth of Jesus, mutilating them to suit his own taste and fancy. He has managed to spoil all that is good in the letters of Paul and James and Peter, by making Jesus use their words, when their words would be out of place and uncalled for. This is baser, inasmuch as he rejects

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randa, and those of Peter, Luke, Mark, and John; and, lastly, revised by Peter. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; the last Epistle of Peter to the Chapelites; the Acts of Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrim; and the Contents of the History of Jesus, by Peter. Translated from Parchment Manuscripts, in Latin, and found in the Catacombs under the City of Rome. Edited by Rev. GIBSON SMITH. South Shaftsbury, Vt. 1858. 12mo. pp. 150.

Paul from the company of genuine Christian teachers, and tries to show that he was an impostor and a swindler. South Shaftsbury is entitled to the honor of the discovery that Paul, and not Peter, was the "Judaizer" among the Apostles, and wished to make of Christianity only a Jewish sect.

But we can spare no more room in the notice of this absurd book, which is either the most stupid of jokes or the most clumsy of forgeries.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE publications of Messrs. Rudd and Carleton are always pleasant to the eye in their antique dress; and the style of type in which they have set forth the biography of Hugh Miller* is some atonement for the sin of republishing so feeble and unsatisfactory a production. Aiming at philosophic breadth and large generalization, Mr. Brown undertakes a flight altogether too high for his powers. His reflections upon religion, society, controversy, art, poetry, novel-writing, and the like, are not only trivial, but tediously intrusive. "Hugh Miller" is only the text for Brown's lucubrations. Half of the volume is occupied by a history and criticism of the Free Church schism in Scotland, which is discussed in so tiresome a manner that henceforth every intelligent reader will be forced to eschew that subject. Mr. Brown turns its light to darkness. Hugh Miller was no doubt an important actor in this ecclesiastical disruption, and his life could not be written without some mention of Scottish religious parties. But it is not as a controversial writer, or the editor of a sectarian journal, that the world knows him best, or cares to know him. It is the life of the self-made man of science, the man of genius, that the world asks for; — and this is what Mr. Brown has not given us. It is impossible from this account to understand or to appreciate Hugh Miller's worth as a geologist or a philosopher; and his excellence as a writer is rather proved by the contrast of the extracts from his essays with the sentences of Mr. Brown's vapid and turgid panegyric, than by any careful judgment of the biographer. Mr. Brown's style is extra-sophomoric. He loves big words, he coins new phrases, and he affects the aphoristic dialect. His rules of rhetoric are original, and his syntax is often unaccountable. He is not satisfied with simple expressions, but must call such words as "wrong," "wrongous," — must say "homologate" instead of "allow," "curriculum" instead of "circle," "supplemented" instead of "supplied," "potential" instead of "powerful." "Vulgar pomposity" would be the most exact phrase to apply to such a style. This is especially marked in the sketch of Burns, which Mr. Brown evidently considered a masterpiece of fine writing. We give the closing sentences thereof, as a justification of our view both of Mr. Brown's style and thought.

"Yet without gloating over, while in point of fact mourning, the errors of the bard, we cannot forget the jarring and the dissonance between his higher and his lower, his nobler and baser self. The powers

* The Life and Times of Hugh Miller. By THOMAS N. BROWN. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1858. 12mo. pp. 346.

of light and darkness seem to have been mated within him, and to have waged a terrible, and but too equal strife, during his entire earthly pilgrimage; now beckoning him to heaven, now bending him to earth; and alternately, as either principle waxed or waned, Burns is seen soaring into the region of the holiest sentiment, or sunk in the mire of an odious sensuality. Nor let it be supposed there is anything incongruous in all this. Man is neither an angel nor a demon; the wheat and the tares grow together in the soil of the human heart; and unless we shut our eyes to facts, there is no denying that black and polluting passions were often the tenants of the breast which poured forth the address to the mountain daisy, and that the bosom which heaved with emotions of the most touching tenderness and exquisite sensibility was often set on fire of hell."

The value of this attempt at biography may be inferred from the deliberate estimate of Mr. Brown that Hugh Miller, more than Burns, Scott, or Wilson, is the "*representative man of Scotland.*"

When will the reading public get tired of royal and noble biographies? In four cases out of five, the personages who are celebrated by court chroniclers are below, rather than above, mediocrity in actual ability; and it is rarely that a king's son or daughter becomes a shining mark of virtue or culture or efficiency. These biographies by Mrs. Hall * are not, on the whole, edifying, yet they keep a strange fascination. No book is more borrowed from the circulating libraries than Miss Strickland's Queens of England and Scotland; and that Mrs. Hall's attempt has been successful enough to call for a new edition is proof how much in this kind the world of readers will endure and digest. It is certainly most thin and unsubstantial food. Of the eighteen scions of the House of Hanover mentioned in this book, not more than four have a story intrinsically interesting. There is no reason why the three daughters of George II. should be rescued from the oblivion into which their memories had fallen. Mrs. Hall records of one of them, Caroline Elizabeth, that "her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive"; but her authority for this praise is a passage from a letter of that subtle flatterer, Walpole. It is one great objection to biographies of these negative and insignificant personages, that it is impossible to get at the truth about them. They have no enemies who care to write them down, and only the adulations of courtiers are left as the testimony of what they were.

The two really important historical personages of the list which Mrs. Hall gives, are Caroline of Denmark and Charlotte of Wurtemberg, daughter of George III. The first of these deserves to be remembered for her beauty, her accomplishments, her misfortunes, and the brutal persecution to which she was exposed. In all these particulars her story reminds us of the story of the daughter of the last James

* The Royal Princesses of England. From the Reign of George the First. By Mrs. Matthew Hall. A new Edition, including the Marriage of the Princess Royal. London: Routledge. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 492.

of Scotland. The end of Mary Stuart was hardly more lamentable and tragical, and the hatred with which her rival pursued her hardly more unrelenting, than the end of the Queen of Denmark, hunted to death by the malice of the jealous Juliana. She was a better musician and a more skilful poet than the princess who beguiled the solitude of Fotheringay by the pastime of verse-making; and she is the only respectable "royal author" which the House of Hanover has produced, since it took possession of the throne of England.

Queen Charlotte of Wurtemberg was taken away from the corrupting society of her princely brothers in time to save her character from the sure contamination of that intercourse. Her marriage with a German sovereign gave her a position in which she could do something for art and letters, and assist in social reforms. Her connection with these gives her some significance. The sketch of her fortunes, however, is burdened by needless details of English court life.

TRELAWNY'S "Recollections" * is a book which will find a multitude of readers, from the charm that lingers always around the names of Shelley and Byron; from the wild pathos that belongs to Shelley's story; and from the tragic ending of the lives of both. The smallest circumstances that have relation to these men seem never to fail of interest; and for any novelty, or promise of novelty, concerning them, there is an undying curiosity. We take for granted, then, that the volume before us will be extensively read, but are not so sure that it will be as extensively admired or approved.

Shelley is its sublime and faultless hero; Byron appears in it a sinful and graceless scamp; and of Mr. Trelawny himself we must leave it to our readers to say what they think, when they have got through his volume. Dr. Johnson, at one time, said, "If he thought that Boswell was to write his Life, it would add a new pang to death"; report has ascribed a similar declaration to Lord Brougham, respecting Lord Campbell; but could Shelley or Byron have foreseen this memento of them by their companion, we fancy it would have not only added a new pang to death, but a mortifying vexation to life. To us it adds a new puzzle to character and to literature. We did not need to learn that Shelley was as near to disembodied spirit as earth could well contain; that in pure and wild imagination he was singular among poets; that, if his faith was broken amidst the clash of creeds, he had to bear the penalty, in all that wounds and bruises the heart, — in all that darkens and burdens life; that, notwithstanding all that he endured, his affections lost nothing of their sweetness; that morally and intellectually he was as fearless as he was yielding in bounty and generosity; that, lofty and ideal as he was in genius, he was still more so in character; — nothing of this did we need to learn. But how the man who was his intimate could write the volume now before us, or how the man who has so written could have been in such relation, is, we confess, a circumstance which, without evidence of the fact, our philosophy could not have made out.

* Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. TRELAWNY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

The close of Shelley's young life, which weds his memory to a pity as immortal as the admiration that is certain to his genius, has hitherto had nothing to disturb the awe with which the imagination dwells on the tempestuous night, when, with home near to his hope, and all its loves throbbing in his heart, and visions in his brain that might yet be delight, and passionate beauty to the world, he was lost in the dark and lonely waters. No other incident in modern story has brought together so many elements of that kind of tragedy which is at once tender and sublime, which in its catastrophe so unites pathos and mystery. Nothing has been done in literature to desecrate this hallowed and humane emotion. The dissolving remains of Shelley's body were found, — consumed, — and the ashes urned. To this general statement the narration of the event was confined, as it was proper that it should be. Some rash expressions in the letters of Byron formed the only exception. The solemnity and sadness of the occasion should have forbidden a brother-friend and a brother-poet from using such; but as they occurred in private correspondence, and were attributed to Byron's reckless and cynical disposition, they were not much heeded. But now, after the lapse of thirty-six years, we find described, with every horrible and minute detail, the manner in which the mortal fragments were burned, that a few hours before had been in the wholeness of their living beauty, and tenanted by the immortal soul and genius of a great poet. This is done by a surviving associate in his old age, much in the same way in which we might imagine a converted New-Zealander telling the process he used during his heathen state in cooking missionaries.

It is now certain, — as if the point ever wanted settling, or was worth it, — that Lord and Lady Byron did not live together, because they did not like each other. This is what we always thought, notwithstanding so much about "a dreadful mystery." Byron did *not* write Don Juan on gin and water. So we had always supposed; and, moreover, we do not believe that any work of sustained power came ever from a brain steeped in stimulant. We discredit most of the stories told about the intemperance of intellectual men. We do not believe that any intellectual man, who is a productive worker, can by possibility be habitually intemperate. And so, likewise, Mr. Trelawny has set at rest all uncertainty about Byron's lameness. But we cannot commend Mr. Trelawny's mode of ascertaining the fact. Mr. Trelawny reached Missolonghi; Byron lay there dead, — deserted by all but his faithful servant, Fletcher. This humble friend, who had a sacred respect for his master's person, and who kept reverential guard over it, Mr. Trelawny contrived to send out of the room; and while he was away, the man who had been so long the dead poet's trusted companion raised the covering from off his body, and then found that both feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knees. This discovery, and his mode of making it, he has the face to publish to the world. Hegel refers to certain psychologists, who "are particularly fond of contemplating those peculiarities of great historical figures, which appertain to them as private persons. Man must eat and drink; he sustains rela-

tions to friends and acquaintances; he has passing impulses and ebullitions of temper. 'No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre,' is a well-known proverb; I have added, — and Goethe repeated it ten years later, — 'not because the former is no hero, but because the latter is a valet.' He takes off the hero's boots, assists him to bed, knows that he prefers champagne, &c. Historical personages waited upon in historical literature by such psychological valets, come poorly off; they are brought down by their attendants to a level with, or rather a few degrees below the level of, the morality of such exquisite discerners of spirits. The Thersites of Homer, who abuses kings, is a standing figure for all times. Blows — that is, beating with a solid cudgel — he does not get in every age, as in the Homeric one; but his envy, his egotism, is the thorn which he has to carry in his flesh; and the undying worm which gnaws him is the tormenting consideration that his excellent views and vituperations remain absolutely without result in the world." In the present case, we have not psychological examination merely, but physiological scrutiny likewise, — an exposure of the body as well as of the soul, and of both only in morbid places. It so happens, too, that the master here was a hero to his actual valet; the literary valet was the real menial, most alive to littleness and infirmity in the living master and the dead. As he stood alone over the marble form of the poet, now powerless in his beauty, did no "compunctious visitings of nature" urge him to respect the sacred claims of friendship and humanity? — did no sense of gentlemanly honor rebuke him for a profanity which he dared not let a lackey see, and which that lackey would not have allowed, — of which he could not himself have been guilty? — and as this Trelawny laid bare the deformity, which, as he knew, had been a sting in the poet's life, and which the poor victim, as he also knew, wished even in death to be concealed, was his soul smitten by no remorse? — did no imagination picture to him what his position would be, did the soul come back for a minute into the body, which now was at his mercy? — did he picture to himself the indignant blush upon the brow, the blaze of wrath in the eye, and the breast heaving with sadness as much as anger? If he did, there needed no club of Hercules to strike him down; he would have sunk by his own shame. But he had neither scruple nor vision; he kept notes of his observations, and after thirty-five years he has printed them, and other notes, which should have been in the deep bosom of oblivion buried. That Byron had vices, is open to the world, and some vices which were mean, or approached to mean ones; it may also be admitted that he had faults which to those near him or about him must have been even more tormenting than vices. But if the stranger can hardly mark them because of his admiration, a companion and a friend would, we might suppose, have forgotten them in his affection; a companion and a friend, too, who witnessed the brave intention which dignified his later days, and the tragic close of his brief and brilliant life. For certainly Byron, ill and helpless in the swamp of Missolonghi, — with none near him but those who longed for plunder, — bankrupt in heart and hope, when heart and hope are all, and when genius and

fame are nothing, — gives us such an affecting idea of tragic destiny as the drama or life seldom suggests. Yet the individual who was associated with these events in the most intimate relations can mark particularly all the spots on the life of his great acquaintance; and instead of time causing them to fade away in the light of better qualities, thirty-five years seem only to have deepened them, in this man's memory, to sores and blotches.

This book may afford much gratification to some of the class to which Hegel refers, — those who find consolation for their insignificance in a great man's errors and afflictions. Such may feel cheered by the reflection that, though they might not be able to write Childe Harold or Don Juan, they do not quarrel with their wives, do not drink gin and water, have not club feet, and are not in many other evil things as this publican.

Byron was not, as Shelley was, absorbed in the idealism of either life or literature. When sensual passion did not overpower Byron, he was a man of clear discernment, and of acute common-sense. He usually knew well "what he was about"; and that, too, when he seemed the most reckless and indifferent. Nor was he, we most confidently believe, the slave of passion, general or particular, to any extent, equal to what he was supposed to be. He encouraged exaggeration about himself in the popular imagination; it pleased him; it suited the part he wished to play, and it answered admirably his literary purpose. In accordance with the practical element which was in him, he soon began, when his spendthrift youth was over, to know the value of money. He knew the value of it as a source of power, and sometimes he seemed as exacting as a usurer, and to have the gripe of a miser. But in this, as in most of his *seemings*, there was much of caprice and whim, — much of dramatic exaggeration. When his costume was off, no man was more natural than Byron, and no man could laugh more heartily than he himself did at his own fantastic tricks, but especially at the folly of those who took them for mysteries and sublimities. His sense of the real, however, was always a sure guidance to him; and he was instinctively aware of the limit at which the fantastic turns to the absurd. He never allowed himself to pass that limit, in his conduct or his writings. The scourging to which his first attempt at authorship subjected him, he turned even in his vengeance to good account; but his being able to do so proved the practical talent which was in him. This practical talent was the means of a near relation between his genius and the average mind of the public; neither by altitude nor remoteness was he ever transported to where he lost sight of that public, or that public of him; and when in the very raptures of romance, he was still conscious of his audience. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that Byron soon entered into the habits of a professional author. He was not long in discovering that style must be the result of culture, and culture the result of diligence and labor. No man more than Byron subjected himself to the discipline necessary to mastery in the faculty of expression. He became also aware of the conditions which are necessary to sustained composition; that is, in ordinary movements, an

almost monotonous regularity, and both inward and outward freedom from distraction. The writer occupied with the factory of his brain, attending at the same time to the machinery, the material supplied to it, and the fabric which it weaves, has no desire for society, for excursions; he looks ever for the same occurrence at the same hour, from day to day, — the same faces, the same meal, the same walk. Thus it was with Byron in his industrious seasons; and if the misanthropy which excluded visitors belonged to his temper, it also suited his convenience. In the same spirit he understood the pecuniary value of his works, — it was the exponent of wealth, fame, and power, — and thus trebly armed, he became the tyrant of his publisher; but publishers, like women, passionately love those who can so rule them. We believe with Mr. Trelawny, — and he gives us the authority of Mr. Murray, and Mr. Murray's critical advisers, for the fact, — that Byron was, with advance of years, growing in his genius. We also believe, that, had Byron's years ripened into full maturity, his mental and moral eccentricities would have disappeared, and his genius have shaped itself into form, as solid and regular as it was beautiful and lustrous.

SCIENCE AND ART.

It is astonishing, not to say sad and lamentable, to see how little practical men and women, sensible in other regards, know of the growth of the plants which surround them, — which purify their air, glorify their landscape, perfume their rooms, and supply their tables. Men who have to do with the cultivation of them will make the wildest statements about the laws of their growth. The very neighbor who sends you an exquisite basket of peaches makes your hair stand on end when you go to thank him for them, by some cool and utterly unfounded remark about the flow of sap, which is wild enough to show that his success in cultivation has been merely a skilful copying of somebody else, and that, very likely, next year, he will have no peaches at all for himself or you.

For this ignorance the first reason is that the science of the growth of plants is really a science of quite recent date. The fathers, it must be confessed, knew a good deal more about the arrangement and classification of the blossoms, than they did of the laws of growth. The last thirty years have added wonderfully to our real knowledge, and in such hands as Dr. Gray's,* this real knowledge has been very distinctly laid before persons of sense, who wish to learn.

There is one excuse for the ignorance which does not know, for instance, whether a plant is or is not injurious to health in a bed-room, which is urged, perhaps, nine times in ten, in the current talk of sum-

* Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany, and Vegetable Physiology. By Asa Gray. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States. By Asa Gray. Revised Edition. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

Botany for Young People and Common Schools. Part I. How Plants Grow, a Simple Introduction to Structural Botany. Part II. A Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of Common Plants, both Wild and Cultivated. By Asa Gray. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

mer. It pretends that Botany has a nomenclature so difficult that it cannot be attained by any but professors, and that every-day people may let it alone. We have no respect for this small-talk, — and we always find the thermometer of our estimation of an acquaintance materially chilled when he condescends to such commonplace. Without discussing its soundness as a principle, we may say that it proceeds on an entirely exaggerated statement of what the facts are. Any person who will read the little book just now published by Professor Gray, will have to confess that the growth of plants is there made clear to any bright boy or girl, with as little of a new nomenclature as a mother would use in teaching the same girl the mysteries of yeast or shortening, of setting a sponge, of slack baking or of hard baking. This little book is written in a very simple and attractive style, and is illustrated in the most charming way. It is a favorite picture-book already, for children too small to read, who, with the wit of the old Egyptians, can pick out their favorite morning-glories, acorns, and maple-leaves, before they have acquired the phonetic characters which are the daily task and daily joy of their seniors. This book and Dr. Gray's Lessons in Botany, published last year, teach what every practical man who has a geranium growing in his house, or any large gardening operations, ought to be ashamed not to know.

For the more recondite studies of Botany, the text-book for all students is the Introduction to Structural Botany, just now published in an enlarged and revised edition. Literally there is nothing else in the world which fills the same place. Thirteen hundred cuts illustrate its subtile and careful distinctions, and the ingenious arrangement of subject leads the student steadily on, without a break, from the cell, which is the beginning of what as yet we know, up to the laws of reproduction, and the weird, spontaneous movements of plants, which offer the most curious, perhaps the most difficult, problems in their nature. All this study can be, and ought to be, carried on without any plunge into what the school-mistresses used to call Botany, — the system of classifying and naming of the different plants observed.

Of this business of classifying and naming, Athanase Coquerel says it was the first thing Adam was occupied with in Paradise, and that modern science is resolved that it shall be the last thing the world attends to as it works on toward the Millennium. So far as the plants go, Dr. Gray gives any American student the hand-book for all his botanizing in the Manual of Botany. We used to call this the Botany of the Northern States. For, alas! even in the vegetation, Mason and Dixon's line divides North and South. But in a new edition — let us bless the omen! — Virginia and Kentucky are included; and the botanist, wherever he travels north of North Carolina and Tennessee, this side of the Mississippi, has a record of the plants he finds, in the most thorough digest.

We cannot speak too highly of the careful arrangement and beautiful illustration of all these treatises.

JUST at present, the fashionable enthusiasm for natural history all

runs in the direction of the sea-shore. On every beach, persevering damsels are prying among the pebbles and sea-weed to secure supplies of ugly medusæ, amorphous polypi, animated jellies, and such uncomfortable pets, for the stocking of those unwholesome-looking tanks which are paraded before aristocratic drawing-room casements. The fancy is curious, but we are inclined to think that it will be short-lived, and that the bird-cage will come back before long to its old place in the window. Surely Mr. Wood's delightful volume * will help to restore the old favorites of the parlor naturalists, — canaries, linnets, and mocking-birds. Mr. Kingsley may write as many "Glaucus" encomiums upon the rocks and the sea-shore as he pleases, but we shall still prefer the woods and the hills, the home of eagles and ravens.

We have read more complete works of ornithology than this light treatise of Mr. Wood. He does not pretend to tell about all the birds which he knows, or even all the common birds; but only some things which he knows and has noticed about birds and their habits, which he thinks to be worth knowing. His style is playful, sometimes overplayful; but his suggestions are wise and humane, and there runs through all his volume a sweet religious tone. No one can read it without being made better.

The most novel details are those which he gives about the magpie, a bird less known in America than in England, and not very common anywhere. His distinction between the crow, the rook, the jackdaw, and the raven is also very nice and important. On owls, hawks, vultures, and eagles he has a good deal to say that is interesting. But of whatever birds he treats, he makes us acquainted with the character as he has studied it. He believes that birds have a spiritual nature, and are not to be described by merely telling the color of their plumage, the size of their wings, or the time of their nest-building. His birds are indeed (as he calls them) his "feathered friends."

THE fame of M. Athanase Coquerel as a brilliant writer and an independent thinker seems likely to be transmitted to the son who bears his name. The number of works of the younger Athanase is already considerable. He has proved his ability as a preacher by his volume of "Homilies," as a biographer by his Life of Wolfgang Schuch, as an investigator by his exhaustive discussion of the circumstances of John Calas's judicial murder at Toulouse in the last century; and now he comes before us as a traveller, and a critic of art and manners.† And in this capacity, in spite of the paradoxical sound of some of his opinions, his success seems to us to be eminent. He takes a very different view of Italian art from that of most critics and observers. It is usual, even with those who reject the dogmas of the Romish Church, to allow

* My Feathered Friends. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S. With Illustrations by Harrison Weir. London: Routledge. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 396.

† Des Beaux Arts en Italie, au Point de Vue Religieux. Lettres écrites de Rome, Naples, Pise, &c., et suivies d'un Appendice sur l'Iconographie de l'Immaculée Conception. Par ATH. COQUEREL FILS, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Église Réformée de Paris. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1857. 12mo. pp. 295.

that its services to art have been signal and inestimable. This is the compensation for Catholic inventions and legends, for the creed and the ritual which Rome has fastened upon Christianity, that it has been the nursing mother of high art, the patron of genius, the inspiration of the finest works of chisel and pencil that the modern world has produced. M. Coquerel boldly ventures to deny this view. He questions the service of the Catholic Church to art, maintains that it has hindered more than helped, has vitiated rather than developed, the best idea of beauty. Its legends, he maintains, have not only degraded piety and outraged truth, but have interfered with the purification of classic art, which Christianity would naturally have accomplished.

This opinion is the key-note of his volume. And without any appearance of special pleading, he manages to show a great many facts which verify it. He shows that the finest works of the great painters and sculptors have drawn their grace from Pagan models, rather than from Christian suggestions, and that they have gained in beauty in proportion as they have departed from the characteristic and favorite types of Catholic superstition. St. Luke's numerous Madonnas, the ugly figures of murdered saints, the black Virgins of the Neapolitan churches, the worst scenes of Pagan mythology baptized and consecrated, — these are the peculiarly Catholic contributions to art. He maintains that Raphael's Transfiguration owes to the Catholic Church only the two figures of St. Julian and St. Lorenzo, which ought never to have been placed there, all the rest of the picture being such as a Protestant could readily accept.

The whole spirit and theory of M. Coquerel are opposed to the doctrine of the English Pre-Raphaelites. It was a noble release for genius, he insists, when the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries enabled it to escape from the ecclesiastical fetters it had worn, and to study nature and life freely, without the necessity of making religious scenes stiff and abnormal. Instead of gaining by his zealous piety and his monastic strictness, Fra Angelico lost by it. Had he been less of a monk, he would have been far more of a painter. It was fortunate for Raphael, too, that he did not live earlier, and that he had such patrons as Julius and Leo, and not the fanatic Popes of the age of Dante and Giotto.

M. Coquerel confesses the great power which the Roman Church has gained by its corrupted art. But he seems to deny that its art has done much for human light and welfare. He is a keen observer of social life in Italy, as well as of the ornaments of its churches and the treasures of its galleries. And, though his volume is mainly devoted to criticism of pictures, statuary, and architecture, it has very shrewd incidental notices of men and events. An observation which he makes concerning the three tiaras borne before the Pope in festival processions, has a novel sound. "A priest," says he, "explained to me the sense of this symbol. It signifies that the Pope is the bishop and the head of three churches, the Church Militant on earth, the Church Purgant in purgatory, and the Church Triumphant in heaven. Astonished to hear it said that a man who has neither denied God nor Jesus Christ is the head of the Church in heaven, I asked him, *In*

what sense? The answer was, 'In the sense that he has the *key* of heaven.'"

M. Coquerel mentions it as a fortunate circumstance of the really fine pictures in Italy, that they do not work miracles, and so are saved from the damage which such a reputation is sure to bring, both in the handling of the picture and the decorations hung around it. The neighborhood of a sacred image is the most grotesque and tawdry part of every Roman Church. From his observation of the Catacombs, M. Coquerel draws conclusions very favorable to a liberal Protestant faith. He finds on the walls of the most ancient caverns no trace of the sacred mysteries, and remarks that the construction of the most ancient churches, "St. Clement's" and "St. Agnes's," for instance, prove that the reading of the Sacred Word was deemed in the early ages of more importance than the rites of the altar.

The chapter of this volume entitled "A Glance at Architecture in Italy," is very suggestive. After discussing the various types and styles, and pointing out their excellences and defects, M. Coquerel gives an idea of what Protestant architecture ought to be. His decision is very different from that of the American imitators of mediæval builders, who have defaced our cities with caricatures of the genuine Gothic, and substituted, for the spacious lighted and ceiled houses in which our fathers worshipped, dark, damp, and dismal chapels, where the eye cannot see, nor the ear hear, nor the voice adjust itself. He does not believe in this sacrifice of comfort to false notions of a religious style of arch and roof and column. Happily our people seem to be recovering from their hallucination, and are demanding that the laws of modern economy and science, rather than the laws of mediæval piety, shall dictate the structure of their houses of religious instruction.

The Appendix to this work of M. Coquerel, on the "Iconography of the Immaculate Conception," brings together a great deal of valuable information on the progress of that superstition. That is one of the dogmas which owes its very life to symbolic representations. "Madonnas" have brought it into the Creed. And the reasons which are given for it were never its foundation. It had not, like the Trinity or the doctrine of Sin, any philosophical origin. But existing first as a fact to the eye, presented in the picture of the perfect woman holding her Divine Son, it became at length a simple necessity that it should become a point of saving faith. This is one of the legitimate fruits of Catholic art.

POETRY AND FICTION.

A THIN, brown volume of one hundred and eleven pages from the press of Ticknor and Fields, — we know at a glance that it is poetry.* Do Messrs. Ticknor and Fields give the muses a probation in these russet robes before they admit them to the honors of the blue and gold? We must investigate a little the claims of this new aspirant for that gay dress, or the still more coveted color, the unfading green.

* Andromeda, and Other Poems. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858.

Mr. Kingsley has already done a great many things well. We believe what popularity he has, to rest chiefly on his novels. But he writes sermons, criticisms, — he is said to have written the most appreciative critique of Tennyson that has yet appeared, — history, science, plays; and now here is his second volume of poetry, and the principal poem in a new kind. He must be, after Bulwer, the most versatile man in England. These are men who challenge fame at every point. One would think they must be secure of some kind of immortality. But poetry — except in the imperial instances of Dante, Milton, and Goethe, to whom we may add Schiller and Scott — seems always to have demanded a devotion and abandonment beyond any other pursuit; she will not allow the poet to dally with prose. His art includes the best in every art. For him versatility is fatal; for other artists, it is more or less an advantage. Phidias was architect, statuary, brass-founder, chaser, jeweller, and painter. Leonardo da Vinci was an engineer and machinist, as well as an artist in every kind. The temptation to men of talent to dabble in all arts is irresistible. Their overflowing activity embodies itself in a thousand forms. But they produce no new form, no original type. They are essentially imitators, working after old models. What educated man cannot write essay and poetry? How happy is he whose genius is as irresistible as his activity, — whose aptitude for one office renders him single-eyed and full of light!

A part of Mr. Kingsley's boundless activity finds a poetical expression, already amounting to one large volume, and this last but smaller one. "Andromeda" is a poem of four hundred and ninety hexameters. The basis of the story is the familiar old myth about Andromeda and Perseus. It is very gracefully told. The long sweep of the hexameter brings out in full, distinct relief the images of the poem, and one can take a good, leisurely, panoramic look. Perhaps the finest picture in the poem is where Perseus sees the maiden from afar, her arms extended and fastened to the rock, —

> "Shining, a snow-white cross, on the dark-green walls of the sea-cliff."

For rich, detailed comparison, there is no measure so adequate as the hexameter. See that beginning at line 379: "As when an osprey," &c. In spite of Mr. Poe, who says there are no dactyls in our language, we think English hexameters have a musical, fascinating flow. For narrative, in particular, it rivals every other verse. *Hermann und Dorothea*, the finest idyl in any language, is written in hexameters, and is said to be more generally read among the lower and middling classes than any other work of Goethe's. One breaks into these billowy lines, with such certain anticipations of so many long-linked, delicious adjectives! 'T is enough to waken Keats from beneath his daisies. Shall we ever tire of "white-armed Here," "gray-eyed Pallas," or "broad-browed Zeus"? This is the nectar and ambrosia of language.

Of the songs and ballads there are none so fine as in the first volume. "Airly Beacon" is in his best lyrical vein. The "Ode to the North-east Wind" is a vain attempt to make it respectable. No such wind

blows over the blue, balmy summits of Parnassus. Perhaps a Timbuctoo poet might find something refreshing in it, but in these latitudes it is quite beyond Christian toleration. Five early poems conclude the volume; of these "Palinodia" is written out of the heart of youth at its most wonderful epoch. The other four seem to be rather studies,—cold and formal.

It is to be regretted that the author of "Which?" has ventured upon a second trial of the forbearance of the reading public.* His second book is less absurd than his first, but it is equally an offence to good taste and good sense. He has learned to avoid calling Christ our "Prince," but he virtually repeats, in the scenes, the characters, and the objects of this story of a poor fellow, what he wrote in his former "religious" novel. There is the same crowd of worldly personages, the same tiresome pietistic talk, the same misrepresentation of Liberal Christianity, the same attempt to commend Calvinism as the substance of all sound and saving faith. The key-note of the volume is the utter worthlessness of man. All men are "poor fellows." No man of himself can do anything good. Every man is simply a nonentity, with which two antagonistic beings, God and Satan, are for ever playing. The cardinal dogma of the book is the personality of the Devil; and all human responsibility, all actual righteousness, all joy or satisfaction in virtue, is ridiculed and condemned. The account of the telling of "experiences" in the prayer-meeting no doubt represents such an occasion correctly; but unfortunately it fails to condemn such outrages upon modesty and truth, and leaves us to infer that the man who calls himself the greatest sinner there may pass as the greatest saint. All the characters of the book come out good Calvinists at last, ready to swallow the extreme statements of the creed, to believe in election, decrees, Satan, and the baldest sacrificial theology. The intelligent, kind-hearted, liberal-minded Joe Sprague, who has shown in all his acts more of the spirit of the Saviour, more self-sacrifice and charity, more real Christianity, than any other person in the book, gives up his "Moral Intellectualism," leaves the "small but select congregation in Broadway, mainly composed of the leading intellects of the metropolis in art, literature, and science," and goes off to the Tabernacle, where all the brethren glorify themselves by telling how wicked their hearts are and what a lie their piety is, and where the minister tells villains and swindlers that all their sins are *blotted out* by the blood of Christ, and that "baptism" is a greater command than righteousness. We venture to believe that no such conversion has ever taken place in New York. This book, however, shows how absolutely separate from the spirit of the age is the spirit of Calvinism. The characters talk naturally, and talk sensibly, and interest us when they leave their piety. The rowdy scene at the club, bad as it is, is less repulsive than the scene at the prayer-meeting. The portraits of the Orthodox church-members, the

* A Poor Fellow. By the Author of "Which: the Right or the Left?" New York: Dick and Fitzgerald. 1858. 12mo. pp. 480.

"three-cent Christians," as this writer calls them, who pray and exhort and sit in judgment on sinners, are in strange contrast to those of the kind and honest unbelievers.

The book is too unartistic in its style to win many readers; but any clear-headed man who can get through it, will be likely to have a poorer opinion of the logic by which Calvinism in our day seeks to support itself.

Sir William Napier has done no honor to the memory of his illustrious relative by publishing as a posthumous work the romance which could not get a publisher in the lifetime of its author.* If "William the Conqueror" is to be taken as a specimen of the inventive faculty of Sir Charles Napier, he has certainly no claim to be ranked as a novelist. He has given us here no original creation, either in plot or character, and has only mutilated and distorted historical facts. The anachronisms are not more tolerable because the author tells us that he knows them, nor are they necessary to the picturesque structure of the story. They only mislead the reader. It is hinted in the Editor's Preface, that the book is a satire; but American eyes will set themselves in vain to detect the "sarcastic political irony" that "runs through the Romance." As a story, it is clumsy, prosy, and tedious. The rhymed headings to the chapters are a dismal doggerel, which only hallucination could mistake for wit; and they only prove that the imagination of this military hero is not more fertile in the line of poetry than of romance.

One great merit the novel has: its descriptions of battle scenes, of military strategy, of leaders and heroes, are full of vitality and graphic force. Here Sir Charles Napier is quite at home. He tells what he knows when he narrates sieges and marches and the shock of combat. No civilian could put such strength into the details of military life. He writes like a man who has not only studied the science of war, but has also witnessed great battles, and been a leader therein. We find here none of those blunders which invariably attend the narrative of battles, when professional novelists undertake to describe them. Enthusiasm and exactness are so joined that the story of the exploits of William and Harold, of the land-fights and sea-fights, of the ambuscades and castle-storming, has such an interest as belonged to the recent story of the Crimean battles. The "Harold" of Bulwer, in which, as the editor seems to suggest, the idea and some of the characters were borrowed from the manuscripts of Sir Charles Napier's work, which Bulwer had seen, is, as a work of art, far superior to "William the Conqueror"; in the analysis of motive, in the portraits of the leading personages of that critical age of England, there can be no comparison between the two works; yet Napier's volume is the more graphic history of the invasion of England.

* William the Conqueror. A Historical Romance. By General Sir Charles Napier, G.C.B. — Posthumous Work. Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Napier, K.C.B., Editor. London: Routledge. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 478.

The clearness and simplicity of Sir Charles Napier's style are above all praise; the only drawback upon the pleasure of reading such nervous and Saxon English, is the careless punctuation, which it is unaccountable that a London proof-reader should have allowed to pass. It may be mentioned also as curious, that the pretended author of the history, Sir William Mallet, should begin by the statement, "I am now one hundred years of age." We may be allowed to doubt if a centenarian has ever been equal to a literary feat like this.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VERY great and welcome service has been rendered by the most accomplished of modern English statesmen, in his work on "Homer and the Homeric Age."* We can hardly imagine a purer literary gratification for the scholar, than "in the calm and still air of delightful studies" contained in these three fair volumes. Mr. Gladstone has sufficiently mastered the literature of his subject, which, in its last result, with Mr. Grote, leaves us doubtful whether Troy town ever stood, or Agamemnon, King of Men, ever lived, or the Father of Song himself is anything but a name. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the member for Oxford is orthodox on all these points. And one charm of his book is, that we forget our weary controversy, and float genially once more on the stream of our early faith. But a greater charm is the manly and Christian temper of the book, its devout recognition of the better wisdom and purer ethics of antiquity, and in the noble picture it presents of the antique and glorious aristocracy of the heroic age, which the later Greeks venerated as half divine. A careful and clear analysis, as scholarly in its method as it is persuasive in its tone, sets before us the features of that age, so freely and powerfully sketched in the two great poems, and the wide moral differences that separate it from the time of the historians, dramatists, and politicians. Perhaps the most striking and ingenious point of archæology is in the contrast Mr. Gladstone draws between the attributes of the Homeric deities, Pallas, Aphrodite, Hermes, or Apollo, or such myths as that of Hebe, Ganymede, or Æneas, and the debauched or enfeebled recasting of them by later writers, from whom our more familiar notions of the Greek mythology are unhappily got. It is a calamity of no small moment, that modern Christendom, as well as ancient Paganism, has been infected by the baser temper in which ages of corruption and scepticism — Euripides, Aristophanes, Ovid, and Lucian — have handled and spoilt the religious fable of austerer times. The vices of the Homeric age are on the surface, — violence, revenge, and the high-handed autocracy of chiefs. It is only in the clear, patient, genial exposition we find here, that we learn to estimate and honor the nobler traits, — the sanctity of family ties, the self-respect, the modesty of manners, the more delicate estimate of female character and loveliness,

* Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age. By the Rt. Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. Oxford: University Press. 3 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. Prolegomena and Achæis. Vol. II. Olympus. Vol. III. Agora, Ilios, Thalassa, Aoidos.

—which set the "heroic age" almost as widely apart from ancient Greece as that is from modern Christendom. Or, if these were not the traits of the age, but the visions of the poet, then a glimpse is given us of a soul which the Greeks hardly erred in calling inspired and divine. Very curious also to a modern eye are the geographical expositions of the wandering of Ulysses; wild and crude the visions of the phantom-land beyond the narrow circle of Hellenic seas, which hovered before the blind old man who sang them in his immortal fable. Such local indications as we find in the Odyssey are represented here in a Homeric map, scarce paralleled even by the wanderings of poor Io in "Prometheus," or the Argonautic circumnavigating of Europe. A treasure of ethical, archæological, and historical discussion is gathered in these volumes, which we trust will do something to refine and elevate this whole department of our scholarship.

Mr. Maguire* writes as a zealous Roman Catholic, and an absolute worshipper of his Holiness Pius the Ninth. In this saintly character he finds no flaw; on every side it is perfect; and there is no moderation or bound to his love for this dear "Father of the Faithful." Such excessive laudation of one whose course as a ruler has not been remarkable for firmness, who has consented to, if he has not originated, many outrageous political wrongs, and who has finally established in the Church as a saving Christian dogma one of the most fantastic of mediæval fancies, vitiates very seriously an otherwise excellent book. Mr. Maguire's facts are all colored by his purpose to make out a good case for the existing government of Rome. He sees everything in the most favorable light; he omits as much as he can of the evils both in the Roman Church and State, and palliates those that he cannot deny; and by a skilful disposition of his material, he gives the reader a very different idea of things in Rome from that given by most writers and travellers. The personal history of the Pope occupies the first third of the volume. It is ingeniously told, yet we cannot think that even its ingenuity will establish Mr. Maguire's thesis that the life of Pope Pius "approaches nearer to the Divine model than that of any living man." It gives us the picture of an amiable, affable, kind-hearted, and generous man, placed in a position to which he is not by talent equal, or by constitution adapted. It vindicates fairly the intentions of the Pope, but fails to show his great capacity. Mr. Maguire is particularly anxious to prove that Pius is not a coward, and mentions instances of his bravery. But these instances seem to us rather instances of coolness and presence of mind, than of absolute courage. A timid man may have an even temper and a ready command of himself. This sketch, nevertheless, gives us, on the whole, a favorable idea of the present Head of the Church. He is certainly a far more attractive person than any of those worthies whom Cardinal Wiseman has described in his most recent volumes.

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* Rome, its Ruler and its Institutions. By John Francis Maguire, M. P. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 491.

The chapters of Mr. Maguire's work which treat of the charities of Rome, its hospitals, its asylums, its refuges, its prisons, its universities and schools, its bank for savings, &c., are very valuable, both in their fulness and accuracy. They acquaint us with those facts in Roman life which are generally overlooked. The only part of this view which we should venture to question, is the account of the "prisons," which are not quite so much "schools of reform" as this writer represents them, though they are not much worse than many prisons in Protestant lands. Perhaps, too, he somewhat over-estimates the amount of relief given to the poor; and certainly his special pleading will not make us think that numerous beggars are a sign of a more active Gospel. In regard to the religious interest of the people in Rome, and their attendance upon the Mass, he states some things which will sound novel to those who think that all Roman churches are empty, because they see few people in the great cathedrals at the fashionable visiting hours.

Mr. Maguire's love for the Pope does not make him an apologist for despotism. He writes as an Englishman, and he abhors the claim of the French and Austrian emperors to *protect* the Church. His book is written in manly and graceful style, and is extremely readable.

DOUGLAS JERROLD has left a son who inherits his father's vocation, and brings to it much of his father's genius. The volume of fragments which he has gathered,* while it contains some specimens of wit that perhaps a less affectionate compiler would have left, yet fully justifies the saying of Charles Kemble, that "in one of Douglas Jerrold's plays there is wit sufficient for three comedies." Jerrold belonged to the genuine succession of English humorists and essayists. He excelled in almost every department of current literature; the drama, fiction, journalism, humor, satire, and essay-writing were equally served by his flexile pen; while in conversation he is said to have reminded his hearers of what Marmontel said of Diderot, "those who had only read his works, and had never heard him speak, could form no estimate of his merits."

His first essay in authorship — a farce, entitled "The Smoked Miser" — was made in 1823, while he was laboring as a journeyman-printer. Two or three successful dramas, and a series of inimitable papers in "Punch," established his independent fame as a man of letters, with a newspaper and magazine of his own. From 1846 to 1857 his genius seemed to be in full bloom. Article after article, joke upon joke, wit that flashed forked or sheet lightning, tender humanities clad in epigrammatic phrases, death-blows to shams and cants and bigotries dealt by a weapon that glittered but an instant in the sunlight, and then struck home to the heart of his object, protests against the class rule of England, — all these shed a lustre upon a period when English authorship, like American, seems to have confounded the virtue of quality

* Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

with the vice of quantity, tendering for the coin of thought and scholarship verbose promises-to-pay.

This volume — along with some few specimens of mere smartness and impudence, which might pass at a festive board, but look ill in sober print — preserves, out of the great mass of material, some things which the world will not willingly let die. Seeing that the dull saws of the old Gnomic poets, and the twaddle of Sicilian pastorals, are stereotyped and immortal, it is sad to think how much good wit is daily spent on sheets that perish in the using. Jerrold's was of better quality than most, and deserves to be kept, with Thomas Hood's and Sydney Smith's, as types of this order of creation. The newspapers have made the quality of it familiar to most readers; and the volume will have its cherished nook on many a parlor library shelf.

In a notice of the first series of Mr. Bayne's Essays, we attempted to do justice to his remarkable literary facility and critical insight. The judgment then expressd will apply without serious abatement to the essays of this new volume.* Their faults are faults incident to the style of a youthful and ambitious writer, who wishes at once to be just, profound, and brilliant. The collection consists of seven biographical essays, and four articles on special topics. The biographies are those of Kingsley, Macaulay, Alison, Coleridge, Wellington, Napoleon, and Plato. Mr. Bayne's treatment of these themes is unequal. The account of Coleridge is little more than a rapid narrative of facts, while the account of Kingsley is a fine piece of analysis. The metaphysical criticism in the sketch of Plato is not more successful than such efforts usually have been. The other four papers, on "Characteristics of Christian Civilization," "The Modern University," "The Pulpit and the Press," and the vindication of "Hugh Miller's Testimony of the Rocks," are fine specimens of picturesque rhetoric, but are not remarkable for original views or logical strength. Mr. Bayne is the best instance of the school of florid Scotch essayists, who are in such high favor now with the "Evangelical" sects. His words seem free enough, but his thought has not broken free from the trammels of Scotch Orthodoxy.

When the history of telegraphs and railways comes to be written, it should contain an episode on the rise and growth of "Expresses." To their punctuality, fidelity, and extent, almost every household in the land is indebted. They have systematized their business, and execute it with the nice accuracy of clock-work. The convenient volume before us † is a hint towards such an episode. It is just what its title purports. It is comprehensive, conveniently arranged, and, we should judge, reliable. If the work is completed, as it has been begun, Mr. Geer will furnish one of the most useful of guides.

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* Essays in Biography and Criticism. By Peter Bayne, M. A. Second Series. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 392.

† Geer's Express Directory and Railway Forwarder's Guide. Springfield: C. R. Chaffee & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

Temptations. Boston: Otis Clapp. 32mo. pp. 128.

The Problem of Life; or, Religion and Society in Germany. By Henry W. Carstens. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 173.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in Connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision. By Richard Chevenix Trench. New York: Redfield. 12mo. pp. 188.

Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. Third Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 324. (With Memoir and Portrait.)

ESSAYS, ETC.

Essays in Biography and Criticism. By Peter Bayne. Second Series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 392. (See p. 309.)

Woman: her Mission and her Life. By Adolphe Monod. Translated from the French. With Biographical Sketch, and Portrait. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 82.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 677. (From the Second London Edition, with Alphabetical Index and full Table of Contents.)

The Exiles of Florida: or, Crimes committed by our Government against the Maroons, who fled from South Carolina and other Slave States, seeking protection under Spanish Laws. By Joshua R. Giddings. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster, & Co. 12mo. pp. 338.

History of King Richard the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 347.

History of King Richard the Third of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 337.

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GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Fred Markham in Russia; or, The Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar. By W. H. G. Kingston. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 315.

The Para Papers on France, Egypt, and Ethiopia, by George Leighton Dixon. Paris: Fowler. New York: Mason Brothers. 8vo. pp. 496. (Paper.)

The Cruise of the Betsey; or, A Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides. With Rambles of a Geologist; or, Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. By Hugh Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 524.

Hadji in Syria: or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson. Philadelphia: James Challen & Sons. 12mo. pp. 338. (To be noticed.)

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Household Waverley. — Peveril of the Peak. 2 vols. — Quentin Durward. 2 vols. — Redgauntlet. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo.

Ursula. A Tale of Country Life. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 312, 314.

A Poor Fellow. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 12mo. pp. 480.

Mary Derwent. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 408.

Two Millions. By William Allen Butler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 93.

Lord Montagu's Page: an Historical Romance of the Seventeenth Century. By G. P. R. James. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 12mo. pp. 456.

Doctor Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 520.

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Brandon; or, A Hundred Years Ago. A Tale of the American Colonies. By Osmond Tiffany. New York: Stanford & Delisser. 12mo. pp. 285.

The Age; a Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 208.

The Coopers; or, Getting under Way. By Alice B. Haven. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 336.

The Works of William Shakespeare, — the Plays edited from the Folio of MDCXXIII., with Various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, a Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay on his Genius. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. Vols. I. to V. 12mo.

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Men and Things: or, Short Essays on Various Subjects, including Free Trade. By James L. Baker. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 287.

The Boston Directory, for the Year commencing July 1, 1858. Boston: Adams, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 492.

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Specimen of a new Latin-English School Lexicon, on the Basis of the Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. C. F. Ingerslev. By G. R. Crooks and A. J. Schem. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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Cornell's First Steps in Geography. By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 68.

The Pocket Chess-Board, provided with a complete Set of Men. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mensuration and Practical Geometry. By Charles H. Haswell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 322.

The Earth and the Word; or, Geology for Bible Students. By S. R. Pattison. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 139.

The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. Edited by W. H. Ranking and C. B. Radcliffe. No 27. January to June, 1858. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 8vo. pp. 298.

Geer's Express Directory and Railway Forwarder's Guide. Vol. I. Containing the New England States. By George P. Geer. Springfield: C. R. Chaffee & Co. 8vo. pp. 271. (See p. 309.)

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Truths for the Times. No. 4. God is Love. No. 5. Our Bible. By Nehemiah Adams. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union. 1858. Philadelphia. pp. 64.

Massachusetts School of Agriculture. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. pp. 8.

Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Boston Port Society. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. pp. 24.

Ninth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College. Boston. pp. 16.

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Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. pp. 48.

Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Provident Association. pp. 16.

Our Sunday Schools: Six Months among them. By Henry Solly. London: E. T. Whitfield. pp. 66.

School Education in Germany. A Lecture, by Henry W. Carstens. Boston: James Munroe & Co. pp. 30.

Service the End of Living. By A. L. Stone. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 48.

The Spiritual Life, its Neglect, its Growth, and its rightful Supremacy. A Valedictory Sermon preached before the Unitarian Society of Manchester, April 4, 1858. By W. L. Gage. Manchester, N. H.: C. F. Livingston. pp. 15.

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Liberal Education. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, July 22, 1858. By Thomas Hill. Cambridge: John Bartlett. pp. 34.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

Art. I. — SACRIFICE.

1. *Evangelische Dogmatik.* Von D. Karl Hase. Dritte Verbesserte Auflage. Leipzig. 1842.
2. *Die Christliche Lehre von der Versöhnung in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwickelung von der ältesten Zeit bis auf die neueste.* Von D. Ferdinand Christian Baur. Tübingen. 1838.
3. *The Pitts Street Chapel Lectures. Delivered in Boston, by Clergymen of Six different Denominations, during the Winter of* 1858. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1858.

Before the face of Penobscot Bay, during considerable portions of the summer season, great masses of fog cluster, and remain nearly constant to the same place, apparently unaffected by winds. Blow the southern breeze ever so freshly up the Bay, the vapor does not advance before it. The ship approaching from without plunges into this cloud, and though the vapor is plainly seen flitting forward, and far outstripping her in speed, yet she at length emerges into the sunshine upon the opposite side, and leaves the dense bank behind her, seemingly anchored and motionless. So we may see a cloud clinging constant to the summit of Monadnoc or Katahdin, no matter how fiercely the gale may shriek past and through it. The wonder with which the boy regards this phenomenon ceases, when he learns that this cloud is momentarily new-formed, its material invisibly brought, and insensibly borne away, by the wind it seems to withstand.

Such a cloud is the human body. Seeming permanent and fixed, it is but a passing, a transition, its constituents momentarily flitting from, and again to, the inorganic world. Moreover, this transition, this flight of the elements composing our mortal frame, is the very condition of its existence. The moment in which the body lays an avaricious claim upon itself, and refrains from that perpetual alienation and sacrifice of its substance, is the initiation of its decay. If it does not every instant perish by its own energies, the energies themselves perish. If it ceases to dissolve itself, dissolution clutches it. It must lose its life to save it. And thus, in these physical realms, sacrifice, or self-expenditure, is one half of health, as assimilation is the other.

We have now already laid hold upon the law that governs sacrifice as a part and a condition of spiritual health. For every divine law runs through and through, is confined to no plane, no realm, but ranges by analogies, which are only transformations of truth and power, from lowest to highest level, and makes the universe one and identical. So this law of the body is also a law of the soul. Our life is not ours: it is lent. By inspiration supplied, it must be by aspiration, by love and duty, again rendered forth, or the loan itself is cut short. We must give to gain, we must do to be. Our resources are ours only while we renounce them. The attempt at any egoistic appropriation of God's truth and power is suicidal. The prophecy is given to be spoken; the melody inspired to be sung; the commission, at once impulse and obligation, to publish, comes with the perception of truth; the Zeus in the brain of Phidias streams inevitably toward the hand; power can be felt, can be known, only in its passage to manifestation; and the flowing life refuses to be detained. The secret of poet and saint is the same, — that our innermost fountains are filled when we draw from them, and that by incessant impoverishment we are made rich. And so utterance, outgiving, sacrifice, is one full half of the health and delight of the spirit.

Observe that this is no species of spiritual phlebotomy or maceration, no dismemberment or mutilation of the soul, but its wholeness, its joy and glory. The truest sacrifice of the

birds is their singing; of the sun, his shining; of the earth, the verdant or blooming affluence of its hidden life; and so of every creature, its proper utterance, its inevitable, pure action and expression. Often for the sake of this central blessedness one must forego certain acquisitions, agreeable or useful in their degree, and capable of being in some superficial way enjoyed, as riches, honors, and the like. Is that worth speaking of? Suffice it to be sure that this expression, this outgoing and bounty of the soul, is the benefit and beauty of life. Thus all those relations which are sweetest to us are such as call forth most from us, — as parent, patriot, lover, friend. So, too, the supreme vocations, as poet, priest, artist, lawgiver, are precisely those in which most is given and least outwardly expected. He is no poet who sings for fame, or for any reward grosser than the joy and deliverance of song; and the common sense of mankind has decided well that these high labors must be a compensation to themselves, not waiting upon outward payment.

The sweetness, the wholesomeness, of true sacrifice should be stated with emphasis. For self-sacrifice, in common parlance, is made very closely cognate with self-destruction. Even the large-minded Niebuhr will hardly forgive Plato, that this great sage forbore to immolate his genius upon some imaginary altar of his country's good. He, the peerless man, whose work it was to bear a cup of water from the immortal springs for watering the roots of human rectitudes and healths, must needs turn aside and spill the priceless liquor upon Athenian rocks, — else he is "a bad citizen"! How poorly an able good man will sometimes talk, when his specialty seizes upon him! "A man of his commanding genius," says Niebuhr, "could have influenced the Athenians so greatly." Diamond will cut glass; therefore it must be incomparable for hewing timber! And such folly, put in practice, would be laudable "sacrifice"! That is no pure sacrifice which is other than the flowing of our inward life, which does not derive its law from within. Hateful for ever is all meddling in work God never gave us to do; hateful all confounding of abilities, all warping of men from the paths by destiny appointed; hateful every gratuitous assumption, every undistinguishing imposition of foreign duties.

Thus, while our gifts are at last our only gains, giving must be lawful and discriminate; above all it must be the healthful *ex*pression, not the sick *re*pression, of the divine law and faculty inspired into us. If sacrifice becomes other than this free coursing through us of the divine life, leading each to his proper utterance and work, each to the wholesome, happy exercise, rather than to the cramping and mutilation, of his being, it slides inevitably into bigotry, self-mutilation, and every species of conscientious suicide.

If we inspect the noblest lives, they will uniformly be found exhaling this fragrance of devotion. Here once more is an opulent soul, longing to give for the sake of giving, to do for the sake of doing; a bosom filled with God, and under this inward, divine compulsion seeking for the conflict and the victory. For what did Columbus plead at the courts of Europe through many a weary year? Only for permission to pour out his life in a labor arduous, full of peril, uncertain of issue, and without the promise of vulgar compensations. What sent Sir Humphrey Gilbert across an unknown sea in a boat of ten tons? Only an inward urgency, a soul stretching its arms for worthy work. And Washington and Cromwell, Kepler, Behmen, Paul, what is the primary fact in all their lives? Still it is a God-laden spirit, athirst for expression, compelled to consecration, burdened with the overbounty, and seeking *relief* of devotion and action. At bottom, one and the same impulse animates all worthy souls. Its expressions are indeed extremely diverse. Now it sits rapt in the fine labors of art, again it produces the martyr of science; to-day it buckles on the armor of chivalry, to-morrow obeys the quiet, but still arduous, requisitions of culture; here it feeds the poor with the hand of charity, and then it goes forth to preach under the divine commission and obligation of apostleship; now with Plato it climbs the silent steeps of contemplation, again with Demosthenes it forces counsel upon the unwilling, hissing mob, its own worst enemy,—least pleased with its truest friends; in mediæval Italy paints a Madonna, in modern America confronts oppression; but under all form and in every age is fundamentally the same spirit. All the enduring products of history are to be referred

to this source; the soul out of that divine need to expend its opulence produced them all. The adoration of Asia, the art and philosophy of Greece, the polity of Rome, every noble institution and every admirable monument, points spire-like to the celestial region whence each has come. Out of love and loyalty, out of reverence and belief, they have all been born. They are words which the soul has uttered, from an impulse and power that are incommunicable, or communicable by God alone.

From sacrifice as a principle, — we may now pass to sacrifice as a rite. The universality of this symbol is surely fitted to excite inquiry. Why in the early ages of all nations should the shepherd select the firstlings of his flock, the husbandman the first fruits of his field, to slay and to burn? The answer is, that this is the childish outflow of the soul. One would overstep the circle of his selfish economies, and do somewhat out of the simple impulse of faith and gratitude. And thus wishing to amerce himself, he naturally takes the simplest and most outward representatives of cost. Of course, measured by adult understanding, the fancy is absurd enough that Deity is better addressed by the waste than by the use of our goods. But the fact that it is waste makes it salient; and what is here sought is unlikeness to customary uses. For this is inarticulate worship, the mute gesticulation of infant men trying to suggest by strange motions what they are unable to say. But however childish, however ridiculous to later ages, it springs from a noble root, and may affiliate itself with all that is loftiest in the sentiments and performance of man.

But, starting with this primary root, sacrifice has a double growth, one generous and one superstitious; one reaching forward toward all that is beautiful and sacred, toward the artist's chaplet and the martyr's crown, — the other blossoming only into butchery, terror, selfishness, insanity. Both these have obtained for themselves an expression in all ages, and continue to do so even to the present day. Let us trace them both until we find them as they now are represented in our own midst.

Be it noted, then, that wholesome sacrifice is always a free,

spontaneous expression of adoration, — such an expression as seems fitting to all men at a certain stage of their culture. It is not an attempt to purchase the good-will of Providence; it is not flattery addressed to God for a "consideration"; it is not bait thrown into the sea of hereafter, to draw fish to one's private net; it is simple, pure, uncalculated offering, the soul's response to its own pieties. The moment it loses this free, loving character, the moment it becomes less than the soul's free requisition upon itself, it sinks into degradation, and is no longer sacrifice. What is thus denied of the genuine, suggests the description of its counterfeit. To discriminate therefore between the two cannot be difficult. The true is the pure, sweet compelling of God in the heart, — that same divine necessity by which suns must shine and the earth bring forth forest and herb; it is the giving that blesses itself, and the duty that cannot ask reward. The false is the attempt of the ego to obtain a second-hand omnipotence; to *retain* almighty power, and take God into pay; to introduce an eddy of private favor into the merciful currents of Absolute Justice, and to buy an extra share of Infinite Love. It is easy then to distinguish these intellectually, not so easy to separate them practically. For human deeds and dispositions are never quite without mixture. This is specially true of instinctive action, not yet winnowed by thought; it is always found as wheat and chaff together.

Ritual sacrifice accordingly is from the first a compound of adoration and egotism. Now the mode of historical development is that of a separation of things mixed, allowing individual representations to both of the contending principles. So civilization, giving to us saints, poets, philosophers, philanthropists, legislators, and masterly men in many kinds, produces also examples of ignorance and corruption unknown in savage life. And so the two contrary elements entering into the use of this symbol will gradually fall apart, determine themselves in opposition to each other, and enter into open conflict, before the better shall prevail.

And in thus separating them, let us make clear to ourselves what form each will assume. This, then, may easily be perceived, — that the rite, as a pure expression of sacrifice,

will be always *tending to the extinction of itself*, that is, revolving itself into the principle it suggests, and into the more immediate, rational uses and effects of the same. As ideas develop, a higher meaning is infused into the useful activities of men. The faculty of thought, the conscience, the sense of beauty, begins to fan the threshing-floors of our crude impulses, and to winnow away the earthiness from human desires and deeds. New, broader, lovelier, happier interpretations of the soul's adoration offer themselves; and the believing being, able to utter itself by the forms of art, charity, literature, legislation, and the administration of justice, accepts these, and supplies their intelligible expressions in the place of those instinctive gestures. The nation that yesterday would have sacrificed a holocaust, to-day founds a temple; the individual who formerly would have slain a lamb, now writes a hymn, or carves a statue; men learn to kindle altar-fires in the kitchens, and to offer first fruits on the tables, of the poor. Thus worship becomes intelligent, articulate, and instead of standing dumbly apart, it gains, like language, the breath of life itself. Mingling with reason and imagination, it begins to run forth upon all the currents of thought and action, and to lift all our days and labors into conversation with the skies. For in the social and rational state one can always find noble work to do; there are opportunities enough for sacrifices which possess an intrinsic significance; and these purely gratuitous and wasteful methods of burning and blood-shedding are inevitably abandoned.

Ritual sacrifice as a part of egoism, on the contrary, becomes more and more determined upon itself. Separating itself even farther from real life, its broad duties and human cheers, it becomes dogmatical, exclusive, and soon proclaims itself sole keeper of the heavenly doors. It assumes a monopoly of the highest relations, and would degrade them beneath the lowest. Being an egotism, it believes in divine egotism; and the more it gives credit to this, the more some special gratification to the selfishness assumed to dwell beyond the skies appears necessary.

Edmund Spenser, in his "View of the State of Ireland," inveighs bitterly against the so-called "Brehon Law," which

permitted a pecuniary compensation, entitled an "Eriach," for murder. Ritual sacrifice, practised, not as symbolical, but as efficient, as prose rather than poetry, assumes the existence of a Brehon Law on a larger scale. It implicitly affirms that God will compound for sin, and take pay for unrighteousness. And presently this passes over into the analogous statement, that any iniquity can be compensated for, and any requisite amount of divine favor, or rather divine *favoritism*, be purchased. Of course, this is the last defeat of moral law; for it is the expulsion of that law from the very bosom wherein its life and omnipotence dwell. In fact, the only possible compensation for filthiness is washing; for all sin, the amendment of the sinner. The Supreme Spirit has one eternal immutable demand upon man, — a demand for free course through him. The flowing of this is at last our only blessing, its obstruction our only loss. As the demand of light upon the eye is seeing, and for all eyes, sick or well, the same, so of martyr and murderer the Spirit asks only entrance and passage, nor less nor more for ever. Incorruptible, simple, as incapable of grudge as of favoritism, not to be insulted or offended, not to be flattered or bought, it waits with sublime imperturbable serenity at every closed avenue, and enters at every open one. He who receives it has his reward not only in present peace and power, but in ever widening doors, a reception richer and richer; he who hinders it has his reward in a habit of hindrance, in a crookedness of soul constantly tending to become chronic. The fault is never in our stars, but always in ourselves, that we are underlings, or cowards, or corrupt. The air were not air, did it forbear to press into every open space; and God were not God, did he cease to flow immortally in loving, fruitful pressure around every soul. But superstitious sacrifice, having grown dogmatical, declares God in effect to be a pure egoism: of course, some appliance by which this egoism can be moved to man's advantage is the first and perpetual requisite. And as ritual — or, more appropriately, commercial — sacrifice is the declared means of so mending and altering the divine dispositions, this is made for ever indispensable. But it is indispensable only as it is a virtual atheism, that is, the

substitution of an egoism for its exact eternal contrary, the Divine.

In modern recastings of this ancient superstition, a contradiction is assumed between love and justice, as if a war betwixt these attributes were waged in the bosom of God. It is also assumed to be for the advantage of man that Absolute Justice should suffer defeat, or be at least pushed aside from its path. But all which we name different attributes of God, are only different aspects of the same fact, in themselves identical. And the good of man is attained not by any troubling or disturbance of the Divine, — take what name in our vocabularies this may, — but by its pure force prevailing. In truth, nothing is sweeter than justice. Moreover, nothing is more merciful. It is the crude conventional justice of legal formularies, conversant only with seemings, not with certainties, inflexible, outward, only semi-intelligent, — it is this half-unjust justice that requires modification through the juster suggestions of human sentiment. But pure justice, ever flowing to the exact shape of fact, never crushing a capability of good, never countenancing a proclivity to evil, this is already kindlier than any human compassions; since it is only justice in proportion as it meets the exact *needs* of every soul. And to every soul it is always sweet, — sour only to the cowardly and covetous. He who could warp this by a hair's breadth would take away the sole pledge of soundness in the universe. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, was the Latin proverb of an English judge: but were justice not done, fall the heavens surely would, the earth could not abide, nor any star preserve his throne. Abominable, therefore, and worthy of cursing, is each and every plan, however disguised with fair terms, to introduce private respects into the bosom of Divinity, and to corrupt the immutability of heavenly law; accursed every design for bribing Absolute Justice, or for paying a fee to Infinite Love. Let these Two, which are One, be themselves for ever, neither more nor less than the inevitable outgoing, inspiring, and administration of the spirit of God. And these being the everlasting sacrifice of the Infinite, so let them, breathing themselves into human souls, repeat there their sacred lore, and renew their blessed utterance.

Now this notion of propitiation, being essentially extravagant, carries in itself no principle of limitation, and is ever tending toward a more outrageous excess. Especially when joined with that cognate superstition which interprets calamity or physical disturbance as betokening the wrath of God, it runs rapidly toward horror and abomination. The selfish wretch, gambling for divine forgiveness or favor, constantly pledges a dearer and dearer stake, till at last, perchance, he seizes on the silken locks of his own child, and flings down its life as a die that must compel fortune. Accordingly, we are unacquainted with any early nation which did not fall into the practice of human sacrifices. And now, when a purer culture has rendered such horrid oblations impossible and almost incredible, the same tendency finds vent in the conception, not of a human, but a *super*human sacrifice, — no less than the immolation of Omnipotence, — of one such in his supremacy of power that only himself could slay himself, so that, however the puny strength and little wraths of men might be allowed as conduits of the great carnage, still the victim alone could be virtual slaughterer. The sacrificial suicide of God! — compassed by a circumlocution, indeed, yet not the less wrought by his own hand, merely grasping Jewish bigotry as a weapon! Alas that distance can so lend enchantment as to render this abhorrent conception seemly and satisfactory to multitudes of pious men! Nor does it diminish objection to remember that this is said to be done by the Highest as a means of cozening his own justice with another than its legitimate satisfaction, and of knocking off the gyves from the galled wrists of his own love!

Vicarious sacrifice is thus the antipodal counterfeit, the deadliest contrary, of that dear shedding of God's beauty out of the soul, that bounteous pouring abroad of his inward illuminations, in which spiritual sacrifice consists. In early ages the degradation of a religious rite, it becomes in the latest ages the degradation of religious doctrine; at first a foulness upon the garments of symbolical worship, it would at length not spare to fling its foulness upon the garments of the Object and Inspirer of worship; in its grossness and sav-

agery, become on earth an impossible practice, it is theoretically lifted up to the skies, and the sweet heavens are usurped by the sole picture of a crimsoned altar, a victim deliberately given for vicarious slaughter, and Celestial Justice appeased, not by rectitude, which is the answering of its divine demand, but by the rack and wrench of torture, and the savors of spilling blood. But the more averse from truth, the more self-asserting this superstition becomes, since it proceeds upon, and generates, a theory of God which renders itself necessary. Like opium taken to afford temporary quiet to a nervous patient, it is primarily demanded by disease, and alleviates the pain upon sole condition of aggravating its cause. It can but soothe the ills it makes, and renews in the act of relieving them. While there are diseased souls, they will make diseased demands; vicarious sacrifice is that spurious elixir of life which just meets the abnormal demand, but which quickens the disease while momentarily quieting the pain. Thus abnormal circulation is established, the body of abomination grows with thrifty unhealthfulness: at last there is created a spiritual tumor, clinging so to the arteries that upon it the boldest skill hardly dares try its surgery.

All that has been indicated as the necessary history of sacrifice may be read as actual history in the earliest Hebrew literature. The rites which constituted its infantile expression were the legacy to this people of their ancestors, prior to their coming under the influence of Moses. That this meek saint and masterly man — one of the great hinge-minds upon which the epochs of history turn — saw the puerility of these practices, we make no manner of doubt. The absence of any least allusion to them from the first table of commandments would alone sufficiently show this. But the very conception of him as a sacred lawgiver, not in the most primitive states of society, precludes all necessity of proof in such a case. A spiritual leader can be no other than one who guides the crude religious sentiment of nations to larger, lovelier, more moral expressions, — expressions more intimate and identical with the varied issues of pure souls. We question not that Moses received these rites into his system only as a concession to ancient inexpugnable custom. He sought rather to purify

than abolish them; to fence out the intolerable foulness that elsewhere clustered around them, and to secure them exclusively to Jehovah, instead of less noble, or positively depraved, conceptions of God. It is indeed commonly assumed that the Mosaic code, in every particular, was the expression of a pure inspiration. If we had nothing to oppose to this but historical truth and the right and reason of the case, those might be expected to prove deaf who deny the sacredness of conscience and reason, and habitually infer history from the Catechism. But it is strange that they can treat with equal indifference the very authority to which they themselves appeal. The Author of Christianity, speaking especially of the law of divorce, expressly affirmed an element of compromise in that code, somewhat conceded to mere hardness of heart. One instance of submission to chronic custom is as good as a thousand, because one involves the principle.

By concession, then, these crude symbols were here incorporated into the Mosaic worship. In them sanctity and superstition mingled. But the inevitable separation soon commences. The pure principle began to quit these bogs: the superstitious desire to circumvent Absolute Justice and sweeten Absolute Benificence waded the more deeply into them. Samuel, the great conduit of the Mosaical inspiration to the days of David and the prophets, already declares emphatically, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." With our modern facility of speech, he might have said, "Obedience *is* the true sacrifice; for it is selfishness, more often than worship, which reddens the altars, and causes the smoke of oblations to ascend." Every spiritual man is sure to add his contribution to this protest:—

> "For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it;
> Thou delightest not in burnt offerings.
> The sacrifice that God loveth is a broken spirit:
> A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."
>
> "Let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
> And declare his works with joy."

So chant the psalmists in peace or penitence. "To do justice is better than sacrifice," is Samuel's declaration, passed into a proverb. And at length the fervid soul of Isaiah—

wrought upon by the daily spectacle of compensating God for iniquity, of paying for red hands with red altars, of men offsetting vicious deeds with vicarious oblations, the smoke of their lusts and the reek of inward foulness with the smoke of burnt-offerings and the savors of sweet incense — pours out thus his passionate indignation, and thunders the pure imperative of the moral law: —

"Hear the words of Jehovah, ye princes of Sodom!
Give ear to the instruction of our God, ye people of Gomorrah!
What to me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith Jehovah;
I am satiated with the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts;
In the blood of bullocks, and of lambs, and of goats, I have no delight.
When ye come to appear before me,
Who hath required this of you, that ye trample on my courts?
Bring no more false oblations!
Incense is an abomination to me. . . . . .
Wash you; make you clean;
Put away your evil doings from before mine eyes;
Cease to do evil;
Learn to do well;
Seek justice; relieve the oppressed;
Defend the fatherless; plead for the widow."

But the sensual and insincere were hard to persuade that the gifts of God cannot be bought. So they sinned and sacrificed, sacrificed and sinned; crimsoned their altars to whiten bloody hands; and the felon slept soundly, having added a folly to a crime.

Yet the battle of the seer against the ceremonialist, — of the upholders of rectitude against the upholders of a substitute for rectitude, — though never wholly won, was steadily and bravely fought. Where has it been more bravely fought? Where has the principle of sacrifice, in its purest moral aspects, been more emphatically announced? Where more heroically persisted in? We are not among those who deem flattery of the Hebrew people a fulfilment of religious obligation. Nevertheless, where else in history shall we look to find an enthusiasm for duty equally powerful and sustained? Duty, the pure surrender and sacrifice of the life to God in doing the works of right and mercy, this is the ideal of the nation, that is, of its heroic men, — an ideal salient at once by its

simplicity and its power. And this ideal, working in the fervid imaginations of the prophets, began to shape itself into a personal form. Hand after hand touches the picture; slowly it grows into distinctness. Greek stoicism delighted to paint its sage or complete man; nor stopped short with portrayal, but toiled bravely to be what it admired. Hebrew prophecy pictures this, not as what a man may be, but as what some man must be. What the Greek portrayed, the Hebrew predicted. Nay, there is a difference in the lineaments also. Stoicism drew a portrait of heroic serenity based on heroic self-control. The Hebrew picture is of absolute self-renunciation, so that the ego is not so much resisted as left behind. The man is less self-possessed than God-possessed, and the overflowing spontaneities of belief, deluging and drowning selfish obstruction, exalt him into a symbol of pure spiritual power. That imagination of a Messiah, or divine man, always just coming, which fixed itself as a permanent expectation, though afterwards in a degraded form, in the Hebrew nation, is certainly not to be overlooked in a history of the human mind.

Nor is it to be overlooked, that the imagination proved to be not vain and gratuitous. Prophecy was only the forerunning shadow of Providence, and the fact overtopped and shamed the expectation.

In the life of Jesus there is first the struggle and the victory, intimated in the story of the temptation. "Get thee behind me, Satan," is said, and self-renunciation achieved. Soon after his central moral principle has ripened into speech. "Except a man renounce self, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Then we have it again uttered with the sharpest point of paradox, "He that will save his life shall lose it, but he that will lose his life" for divine ends "shall save it." And finally it comes forth in the form of personal profession, "My meat and drink is to do the will of my Father in heaven."

This is with him more than belief, even than belief carrying with it, as all genuine belief must, the fullest and heartiest moral sympathy. It is simply character in words, — the echo following the fact, the bulletin after the victory. This explains the force and vitality of his principle in history.

To see is one thing, to be another. Not that high facts are ever perceptible to foul eyes; not that the intellectual can be so separated from the moral as is commonly presumed. God's costly gift of superior vision is vouchsafed not to blind mouths, but only to eyes that are purged, and hearts that are pure. He who is to live upon the words proceeding out of God's mouth, must present himself at the heavenly tables with other than sensual appetites; for the finest cup that dewy and beamy Dawn ever brought to the lips of May is gross compared with that divine repast, for which the soul's eyes are the receiving lip, and Inspiration the cup-bearer. Yet, though to perceive the highest truths demand deep consecrations, and though the gift of seeing is truly a celestial boon, still to be this truth, in its concrete organic form, is more and greater. The holiest words may be mouthed by the profanest; the holiest facts are discovered only by holy sympathy with them; but heavenly truth in its purely vital presentment, — not seen, but seeing agent, — this is beyond the loftiest sympathy, or its reward, the loftiest perception. And this may suggest the valid distinction between Platonism and Christianity. The doctrinal resemblance of these has been always known and acknowledged. Not the least candid of these confessions is that recently made by Professor Blackie of Edinburgh University: "It is easy to see that Platonic philosophy and Christian faith, in their grand outlines, characteristic tendencies, and indwelling spirit, are *identical*." In what, then, do they differ? In this, that the one is a Thought, and the other a Faith; that a perception of truth, and this a possession by truth; there truth is entertained with sacred hospitalities as a heavenly guest, here truth itself, as a force in the nature, breaks the bread, and its guests are the hungered nations. We trust that we may be acquitted of cant. We shall not be suspected of that stale disparagement of Plato, which the foolish think a compliment to their own special faith. Invidious comparison between God's gifts is neither grateful nor graceful. That Plato was God's apostle to the intellectual class, and a truly celestial man, should not now need to be said to cultivated men. But also a cultivated man should see that what is Thought in Plato is Power, be-

cause Character, in Christ. Justly might he say, "I *am* the Truth." And this distinction shows itself in the different access which these two systems obtain to men. Christianity is for all, Platonism for some; this for a learned or thoughtful class, that for the human heart, wherever hearts beat and blood is red. So Platonism seeks to convince, Christianity to convert; this builds, that beautifies; Christ can raise the edifice, Plato illuminate the rooms.

Great is Light, sacred eternally; and sacred too, a boon for immortality, is Sight, its complement. Seeing and Being, Light and Life, — these two; and Life is the greater, but *only* Life is greater. High is his apostleship who can *show* us truth. One only is higher, — he who can *command* us by truth. Yes, the Messias ever prophesied by the hope of mankind is he in whom Truth comes as heat and quickening power, moving men by sympathetic compulsion, and originating a new historical impulse; for in him comes an access of spiritual power to the masses of mankind. Give social impulse, and the impossible may be achieved; cowards will beg for battle, misers to be mulcted, dwarfs will become giants, the clod of yesterday go to the stake, martyr to an idea or a hope, to-morrow. All the miracles of history are this. Let a heart bring true fire, and what is ice to it alone will be tinder to the flame it shall kindle. Few are the quickeners, but miracle-workers all; and the Captain of the little band was a Nazarene. He, standing for the fact of facts in the spiritual life of every man born of woman, namely, the need of absolute inward surrender to the informing outflowing soul, came not as the prophet of this fact, but as its presence, — not as a testifier, not as testimony. An unlearned man may deny the theory of Newton; he holds to the planet with so many pounds' weight nevertheless. So he who is earless to moral statement cannot make himself impervious to moral contagion. Deaf and blind he may be, but above his will does his secret soul steadily gravitate to commanding masses of its own kind. Hence Christianity.

But this life of self-sacrifice involves sacrifices that for themselves are not to be chosen, — loss of popular sympathy, loss of outward peace, loss perhaps of life. The world does

not readily forgive one for being too much its friend. The lover of men must perforce learn to love them as enemies, for if his good-will is conditioned upon theirs, it will soon lack the contingency on which it is based. This inhospitable reception of benefactors is easily explained. The successful man holds his advantages, for the most part, by the simple tenure of custom. But custom is always impure, sometimes terribly diseased, and principle accuses it. If the social and spiritual condition thus represented by custom be highly pathological, and the visiting principle be very deep and searching, its accusation takes a menacing extent, threatens all institutions, and a broad, irreconcilable antagonism soon develops itself. Then custom mans its bristling ramparts, while principle, clothed in the resistless might of meekness, which is God's strength, presses to the assault. But thus its vessel must be shattered. Its soldiers are martyrs; it wins not by arms, but by sorrows, and loses its forces to gain its victory. Jesus represents such a conquering defeat, and adds the crimson sacrifice of the martyr to the self-renunciation of the saint. As an expression, then, of this principle in the loveliness that it is, and the suffering it involves, he stands before us all, redeeming, saving us, to such degree as he wins us to a partnership in the toils and the glories of his spiritual sovereignty.

Yet this same life has been assimilated with the notion of sacrifice as a purchase. Our modern Church, looking back upon that history, seizes upon its perversion, erects that blunder of priest and people into the polity of God, and completes its folly by thrusting the martyr of Calvary into the wretched category of vicarious oblations. Thus he becomes an example, not of self-sacrifice, but of self-immolation, not of martyrdom, but of suicide; the significance of his whole life is elaborately reversed, and, instead of bearing the cross-banner of faith, and leading men through self-renunciation to moral victory and immortal peace, he becomes only the consummate price by which Love is to be bought, and Justice bribed, retribution made lawless, and the fruits of rectitude bestowed without warrant of the fact.

But Truth, ever seeming imperilled, or even subdued, still

preserves life and mastery. It is curious, as well as consoling, to watch the occult processes by which her unceasing restorations and recoveries take place. When the wind blows freshly up a flowing river, the unaccustomed beholder thinks it sure that the tide is running with the running waves; the practised eye sees the subtle glide of the current reversing this ostentatious seeming all the while. The Divine Fact does its work by hands that little suspect themselves of the service they perform. The earnest Calvinist preacher hotly asserts total depravity from the pulpit to-day, and to-morrow trusts his "unconverted" neighbor with gold, with his own good fame, with the life of his only child, or whatever is dearest. Thousands, theoretically loud for the colossal superstition here animadverted upon, do, spite of that, really pour from their hearts a spontaneous love, — do worship the excellent without pay or cringing, — and repose in God a pure trust, based neither on bargain nor blood. Thousands who acquiesce silently in this theory do never, in their own hearts, really think that the favor of God can or need be bought, and habitually forget to propitiate in their desire to serve him.

Yet Truth should also be served in the speaking and conscious believing of truth. At last we must pay for every falsehood we countenance. Pre-eminently does it behoove a nation, opening into such a future as ours, to put away every hindrance for the running of its race. However, theological error is sure, sooner or later, to wear itself out whenever action and sentiment have risen above it. The steady shaming of civilized week-days will, in due time, bring blushes to the cheek of barbarous Sabbaths. To action, then, let us look, and endeavor to recognize the one primal, universal condition of its purity.

Worship alone is pure action. Worship and sacrifice are one. Whatever has nothing of this celestial strain, as it issues not from the deep heights of man's being, so it ascends not to the high places in the memories and regards of mankind. Whatever is this, has in it the principle of eternal soundness, and is fellow, as in purity so in permanence, to crystals, to the blue of the sky and the light of stars. But what is worship? It is recognition of Absolute Excellence, no matter

how expressed, — a recognition in which the heights and the depths, the speech and the silence of man's being, his whole consciousness, and his whole underlying unconsciousness consent; and far beyond our knowing, far beyond our dreaming, runs the sacred thrill of homage, and the melodies of that which is more than promise, and more than private possession, the unnamed symphony of adoring hearts. All action *can* be this confession of Right, or Truth, or Beauty, — can thus spring out of pure spiritual necessity. Action is grand only as it is inwardly inevitable. Not what we please to choose doing is divine, but what in fealty to the Eternal Good we must do. And whatever deed has this spiritual genesis is worship, is sacrifice. Alas! the verbalities that in common speech usurp the name of worship, — how often are these inevitable in their pure spontaneity? How often are they the dim coming of dawn, the upward rolling of our inward sun, while within us groves warble their delight, the dews of more subtile skies sparkle over blooming and breathing fields, and, planet-like, our being rounds its voice into one total note of welcome?

Recognition, — Acknowledgment; of deed and speech this is the sacred circle. What is the high use of speech? To celebrate the facts of the universe, — the divine facts within, about, above us. All great literature is simple statement, metrical or other, and the virtue of the statement is to be inevitable. So much is *seen*, and must therefore be *said;* seen *so*, therefore said so. He is a silly man who tries to sing what does not sing itself within him. Mr. Carlyle's question, "To speak, or to sing?" seems easily answered in general. Speak your soul's prose, and sing its chant. Neither matter nor manner may the writer choose: let him submit himself to the Divine Fact. If that is melodious to him, what right has he to mutilate its expression? If it speak as prose command, then he will respond with duty or with precept. Let his writing be worship, and he will need neither to meddle nor make. He will see, also, that it is the fact alone which is great, not his own words about it; that he cannot varnish or embellish it. He can only follow it at a distance, trying to give it its own hues, to suggest its native splendor. God's

rhetoric, which is the hues of things and the gleeful play and glancing of affinities, he may pursue with his fleetest foot, and may fix it in his speech as he can; but to think of decking the sunset with his private ribbons, let him not dare or dream. He writes well who writes on his knees, whose soul bows while it records. And one could wish that, instead of the frivolous rhetorics with which youth are corrupted, are taught to think of manufacturing a style, they might rather be persuaded to follow the style of facts themselves, to report what *is*, because they perceive its divineness, and to report it *as* it is, not otherwise.

Art is also a worship, or it is affectation. The devoutness and the depth of its recognitions, and the purity with which these are presented, are the three measures by which its value is determined. The second of these measures is the more important in *real* art. To paint a weed, or to carve a Zeus, requires equally the attitude of worship; it is the grander or lesser order of facts perceived, which makes the chief difference between a pre-Raphaelite landscape and the immortal marble of Phidias.

But why pursue these details? One thing is good, namely, the fine flow and spending of the soul, the shine of Being through human eyes. And one preliminary to this is perpetual, — abjuration of that limiting principle which urges us not to give passage to spirit, but to grasp, detain, engross, — to make our bosom a terminus, rather than conduit, for the river of life. Life flows to us only as it can flow through us; and shutting the bosom to hold this selfishly, only excludes it, as closing the shutters shuts the light, not in, but out. Self-renunciation alone gives us the freedom of the heavenly cities. Once able to surrender ourselves to the Good as good, to Truth for Truth's dear sake, to Beauty for the divineness that is in it, the immortal highways lie fair before, the starward paths whose loftiest ascent no star-beam ever saw; for then we shall have passed through the iron gates that close between sensuality and the sky, between egoism and everlasting truth and peace.

Art. II. — CICERO THE ORATOR.

1. *The Fall of the Roman Republic. A Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth.* By Charles Merivale, B. D. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1853.
2. M. Tullii Ciceronis *Opera.* *Ed.* Josephus Olivetus. Edit. Tertia Emendatissima. Genevæ: MDCCLVIII. Tom. IV., V., VI.
3. *The History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* By Conyers Middleton. London. 1750.

In the little town of Arpinum, anciently a Samnite village, now belonging to the king of Naples, in the year 645 after the founding of the city of Romulus, was born Marcus Tullius Cicero, the man who was to extend the bounds of the Roman intellect, concurrently with the extension of her physical sway. In him of all the Romans centres the supreme intellectual interest of mankind, as in Julius Cæsar all the imperial interests of man find their approximate object of sympathy.

On two grounds the thoughts of modern civilization pay homage to Cicero; first, as a centre around which nearly all the Roman orators, and all the oratorical thoughts of subsequent antiquity, cluster; and next as concentrating in his single head the whole wit and wisdom of antiquity itself. Therefore to-day the senator in his study, and the schoolboy in the frontier school-house of America, are poring over the pages of this man's spoken and written thought, with an interest even yet akin to that with which the Italian youth listened to, and the Roman Senate obeyed, the most accomplished tongue that ever spoke to men; and to-day, wherever the languages of civilization are spoken, the figure of Cicero in his toga sweeps out before the eye of all youthful and mature ambition, the supreme embodiment of every art conducive to the one great art of varied and universal public speech. Whenever youth is to be encouraged, or a great oratorical achievement to be characterized, the describer utters the name of "Cicero," and the climax of comparative description is reached.

In those years of the first republics, as now with the modern republics, eloquence and war were the two instruments

of ambition; then, as now, Eloquence and War were the two wings of Victory. This young man chose words rather than wars by which to do the work of his life. It was well for Rome, it was better for the world, that he did so; fortunate for the city, because, by his single tongue and pen, he saved Rome from a position of humiliating and utter inferiority to Greece in intellectual prowess, — an inferiority more mortifying from its signal contrast with the supremacy of the Roman arms. And for the world it was fortunate, because the body of his speeches and his writings will to all ages teach the tongue and stimulate the pen, wherever polite letters flourish among the children of men. While the world has a Pantheon, this man's memory will command one of the most enduring monuments of all its bronze and marble. While civilized thoughts occupy the minds of men, Marcus Tullius will still *speak* to them.

The outline of Cicero's history is familiar to all readers. As an historical character and as a statesman, as a philosopher and *litterateur*, modern literature has freely discussed him; but, strange to say, as an orator he has rarely been critically considered. Literature has been content to rank him generally as dividing the world's oratoric empire with Demosthenes, and has then turned aside to contemplate him in other points and characters, — as the scholar, the patriot, the sage. Demosthenes as an orator has fared better. Probably no review of the Grecian was ever written, which did not mainly occupy itself with analyzing and characterizing his oratory.

The outside facts of Cicero's life are few, but interesting. He did not take great cities by the edge of the sword; he did not place a sceptre in the hands of an august lineage, but, by his unresting brain, for fifty years he maintained a sovereignty to whose intellectual supremacy no diadem was necessary.

We propose to consider Cicero the Orator; not the Statesman, — except so far as a glance at his statesmanship is essential to comprehending the dimensions of the orator, — nor even the Man of history, except as his history marks the march of his oratorical development.

It was about the year 670 from the founding of Rome

that the first tones of his young eloquence began to vibrate timidly upon the ear of men. The brilliant Sylla, head of the state, was crowning the circle of his accomplishments by the imperial art of Dictatorial administration. Aristocracy was, in his person, militant and triumphant; Democracy had cowered down in the Numidian marches with swarthy old Marius, and with sunken head was vainly mumbling over the memories of the Gracchi and the name of Brutus. Cicero's voice began to be heard, upon that side of questions which was rather popular than powerful; his instincts of action, like the instinct of eloquence itself, seemed to lead him at first in the popular and the anti-aristocratic direction. One of the first professional efforts in which he found courage to give expression to his elaborate training and his enthusiastic thoughts, was an example of intrepid opposition to the national autocrat. It was a case in which one of Sylla's favorites was the interested prosecutor. The leading lawyers, Hortensius, Cotta, and others, had refused it, from apprehensions of the royal patron who stood behind the prosecutor. When this case was called up for argument, the crowded judgment-hall saw with amazement a young man, hardly known to anybody, rise by the side of the accused. Looking calmly upon the bench of judges, he said, "I imagine that your Honors marvel why it is that, when so many eminent orators are sitting still, I should rise who neither for age nor ability am to be compared with them." All eyes were then bent upon him as he proceeded to explain why it was. Though not more than twenty-seven, he seemed to be possessed of conscious power. He was not significantly Roman in appearance; he was too pallid and thin and intellectual in his face and air. Midnight watchings by the lamp, rather than nightly marches in the field, had stamped their fatigue upon his features. He was tall and rather majestic in his figure and attitude. When he stood up, he seemed to take his position like a youth confident of a career and a destiny. He had not the imperious and dashing look of young Cæsar, but a more meditative and scholarly way. It seemed that he had before appeared in a few private causes; but this, men said, was the first time he had ever met the stare of the

crowd. Yet he was unabashed by the multitude, as he was unawed by the monarch. As his glance swept across the pushing crowd, it was collected and firm. As the multitude returned it, they marked features severe yet not uncomely,—no such atmosphere of luxurious longings investing them as they had noticed in the already glorious Hortensius. They might have perceived, had they scanned him closely, the chiselling of patient thought upon the high, smooth marble of his brow. In the nose, which is always an index of character, they might have seen in an aquiline and bold outline the sign of power, of tenacity, of toil, of enduring mental vigor. The dress which robed the new advocate was an apt apparel for a man who was at once a Roman and a thinker; it was the toga, not loosely girded, like the boy Cæsar's, nor gay with color, like the fast young men of his own age, but modest and close-fitting, with an academic rather than a civic cut. Through all the outside show of the man, through his delicate face, his thin form, his nervous action, intellect pure and severe looked out, like flame through alabaster.

Apparently, he was not ignorant of his danger in arguing this cause. He saw the glittering eye of the Dictator directed toward the proceedings, and in the opening of his argument he slightly propitiated the imperial ire by the declaration that he had dared to take the cause because he knew he was too young and insignificant to provoke a despotic exercise of the conqueror's power. But the argument, as it went on, revealed great and varied abilities. The description of the awful guilt of parricide, especially, was so vivid, that it provoked acclamations of applause from the spectators; and in the general management of the address there was learning, discretion, and philosophy both in illustration and conduct. During the whole of it, he bore down on the complainant, Sylla's favorite, with unsparing severity. He called him "broker," "enemy," "assassin"; and at the close he even ventured some rather uncourtier-like expressions concerning the gay tyrant himself. The accused man was discharged.

It was a curious coincidence, and one which might have struck the attention of the chief of the state, that, about the same time that this youth Cicero thus baffled his favoritism,

an orator more youthful still was defying his vengeance; and it is possible that young Cicero may have been aware that young Cæsar had refused to divorce his girl-wife at the bidding of the prince. If it be thought that the denunciation of Cysagonus the favorite, the complainant in this case, was really levelled at the enthroned principal through the insignificant agent, then this first public criminal argument, with which the forensic drama of Cicero's life began, corresponds not inaptly with the closing argument of his tragic career; for, as that was the old man's last philippic against the tyrant Antony, so this was the young man's trembling philippic against the tyrant Sylla. A practical logic would carry the coincidence still further; for, as Sylla was the inventor of the proscription, so Antony was the last Roman of the Republic who proscribed; and by the proscription of Antony, this youth himself was at last to die.

Cicero was now twenty-seven years old. His preparation for public speaking had been immense, as his ambition was boundless. His aspirations were intellectual, but they were wide and flaming as the walls of the world. Like Lord Bacon, he also could have said, "I have taken all learning for my province." Not Cæsar's heart panted with haughtier longings!

As a schoolboy he had been eminent among his fellows, and his precocity was not, as it often is, crude and unsound. The progress corresponded with the promise. As soon as he was able to form any conceptions of original force, he planned in his mind an ideal of the great and all-accomplished orator. To achieve this ideal he resolved to make the work of his life. Other arts he would master, other fields of knowledge he would explore, but all should be tributary and subservient to this one conception of overruling splendor. How all-embracing this plan was, he has himself told mankind in his great work, which has survived and will survive many generations, the Dialogue on Oratory, — a work which he wrote when his own recorded honors testified to the complete success of his struggle and his theory. There was no suggestion of the human mind, no flight of a frolicsome fancy, no burning pulsation of passion, that he did not claim to reduce to

the sure control of his instructed will. Often in the gardens and retired spots of the environs of Rome, the strolling citizen or marching soldier saw the young, pale man meditating, or reading, or practising, ever consumed with an inward fire, which beamed from his eyes, and burned on his tongue, and burst from his breast in all the glowing languages of the impassioned soul. All his life he was a learner, and when in his old age he spoke before the laurelled Cæsar, whose youthful defiance of the tyrant had more than paralleled his own, he was still a patient observer of the ways of men when under the influence of glowing utterance. But his elementary instruction, his preparation for the future *début* of his life, was at the very threshold unrivalled and universal. The greatest lawyers, philosophers, poets, and orators all left upon him the mark of their instruction. The most profound philosophers had given him the mystic teachings of their esoteric precepts. The luxurious disciple of Epicurus, the intellectual Platonist, the austere Stoic, — all had taken him to their temples, and walked with him in their groves. All the polite letters, the humanities of the day, had been instilled into his nascent genius by the fostering hand of the poet Archias; the same whom, in years long after, he was to defend and vindicate in his proud claim to the title of Roman citizenship.

But especially had he been trained to *speak*. All the most famous men of speech who were in Rome, or who occasionally visited the metropolitan republic, he took pains to hear. The Greek masters, who gave lessons in declaiming, he practised with every day. He had the discrimination, also, to appreciate not only the criticism, but the example, of woman in oratory. De Quincey, the English essayist, has said that the pure and racy idiom of the language is nowhere more characteristically shown than in the familiar letters of English ladies. So Cicero studiously sought, in the cultivated but careless conversation of the Roman ladies, a graceful strength of expression, and a polished cadence of utterance. To gain not only elocutionary but inventive power, he every day either composed something, or else tried to deliver in words of his own the already composed thoughts of others. And here he found the benefit of a practice precisely analogous to one

which a great modern orator, Lord Chatham, taught his son. For he soon saw that it was better to take thoughts in another language, and translate them into his own, insuring thus the invention of new words and new phrases. William Pitt translated into English from Greek, Cicero translated into Latin from the same language. In studying to get thoughts, in translating to gain words, and in declaiming to gain tones, he lost not a single day. Probably the history of men cannot show an instance of more unrelenting toil.

The first outbreathing of his genius assumed a somewhat poetical form. Poetry is always at the heart of the true orator; in youth it floods him with ideal splendors, and in his mature manhood it furnishes the rich and purple background of his thoughts, while in his declining age it opens vistas which stretch far back again to the flowery hours of his infancy and hope. In all his career, however practical he may become, we see the shaping of the poet-architect, though the walls of his structures may be Cyclopean in their strength. His sentences and passages which strike fire, or which bloom with beauty, come from the Hesperidean gardens of his heart and his imagination. While Cicero was yet a mere boy he composed a poem called "Glaucus," founded upon a pretty classic myth. It was even thought worth publishing, and survived its author for a hundred years. His playmates called him their scholar-king. But the chief thing by which he was known before this argument against Sylla's *protégé* was a martial poem, in heroic measure, upon his townsman, the warlike but unfortunate Marius. And finally, as soon as he came actually to open his mouth in public, it was seen at once that his mind was stocked with sweet and beautiful sentiments and studies.

In taking up this cause of Roscius, he showed not only ambition, but tact. In an organized state, talent has nothing to encounter so formidable as convention. It is the appointed nature of talent to move out of the regular and established order of things, to set routine and red tape at defiance, and often to startle conservatism by its seeming indecorums. Nothing therefore can be so favorable for a man of talent as an occasion out of the common line of things, "where the file

affords no precedent." Such an hour he must fiercely seize upon, if he would rise. It is the tide which may swamp him, but may also make him. Accordingly, this case was the making of Cicero. From that day the people had their eyes on him; they clamored for him in the street, and they voted for him whenever they saw him in the white garment of the candidate. Not all the sneering of aristocratic young Romans, who called him a new man, an upstart from the rural districts, could put him down. A voice had been heard which combined in its utterances passion, philosophy, learning, and modulation, each seemingly in its utmost possibility of attainment; and that voice was never more to be stilled till the assassins of Antony should seal its lips with death. From that time forward, through glorious days and gloomy days, through the honors of office and the dishonors of dependence, through hours of almost majestic power and hours of almost slavish submission, at the head of the Senate, at the head of the Legions, at the head of the Roman people in the Forum, militant and encamped, in the solitudes of exile and amid the cheerings of triumphal escort, that singular, supreme, sad voice was to ring its mellifluous changes upon the attentive ear of Rome.

But although Cicero had come out thus successfully, he soon began to feel a cause of anxiety growing out of his style of speaking. In his effort to strike the ear and rivet the imagination of his auditors, he grew too vehement in his manner, and, we should judge, screaming in his tone. This tension of the vocal organs soon began to wear upon his health, already delicate from hard study. So, after practising law very successfully for a year, he determined to take the Eastern tour, a trip equivalent among the Romans to the tour of Europe with us. His physician and friends advised him to give up speaking; they assured him he never would be equal to its physical wear and tear. "But," said he, with the true martial spirit of ambition, "I resolved to risk any hazard, rather than yield my hopes of glory; and as I reflected that, by moderating my excessive agitation of body in speaking, and modulating my voice, I could essentially relieve the strain of my elocution, I went to Asia for an opportunity of altering

and improving my manner of address." In Athens and Asia he was an object of marked attention and interest, not only from the reputation he brought with him, which was considerable, but also from the extraordinary displays which he made, as mere exercises, in their schools of eloquence. Masters of celebrated seats of oratoric learning journeyed from a distance to see this young marvel of rhetorical facility; and in his tongue they were forced to recognize with tears a new superiority from that mysterious West, whose iron arm they had already felt. They had submitted to the force of the Western arms, and now they *wept* at the force of these Western words.

When this tour was completed, he found his health much strengthened, and came back to Rome tinged with the high-colored styles of Asiatic thought, but chastened and curbed in the physical exertion of his delivery and action. His ambition, however, was stronger than ever, and he at once renewed his professional practice. But there were many among the military and fighting men of the day, who, observing his academic deportment, his critical taste, and his imposing learning, disparaged his performances. They pronounced him a literary fop, a book-worm, and a Græcist (*Græculus*). To say that a man was Grecianized, was equivalent to saying with us that a man is Frenchified or Germanized. It meant that he was a sort of dandified pedant. But with the mass of the people, and the liberally disposed among the superior classes, the young man won popularity every day. He contrived to charm the ears of the populace and the minds of the intelligent.

He found two orators reigning in the Forum with unrivalled sway, Cotta and Hortensius. Cotta's manner was calm and chaste and correct; that of Hortensius, glittering and glowing with fancy and fervor; he was younger than Cotta, and about eight years older than Cicero. He was manifestly more effective than anybody else in the courts, and for his hour was lord of the ascendant. Him Cicero fastened on as his rival and exemplar. As Themistocles said of Miltiades, his trophies would not let him sleep. They had had one encounter in a trivial case before Cicero went to

Asia, and in that the younger orator had been victorious. But the decisive struggle of their matured energies was yet to come. About a year after his return, while in full practice, Cicero offered himself to his countrymen as a candidate for his first office. This was a pacific year in the history of the military city. The Romans, tired of soldiers, sick of martial splendors, turned with one accord to men of peace: they sought civilians and orators for their chief offices. Cotta stood for the consulship, — the first magistracy; Hortensius sought the ædileship, — the second magistracy; and Cicero the quæstorship, — a magistracy which entitled him to the equipage of office when in his province, and a seat in the Senate when at home. Three great orators and three great offices. All three were elected, but Cicero was chosen by popular acclamation.

Sicily was his province by lot. He went there full of ambitious expectation. His rise in Rome had been so impetuous, that he fancied, as he said some time after, in his Verrine oration, that the eyes of the world were on Cicero and his office. While gathering the corn revenue of the Republic among the Sicilians, he found daily time to pursue his rhetorical studies, and was even sensible of a special and local stimulus to such studies; for the land had been famous of old for a school of eloquence, and the people of Sicily, he remarks in his De Oratore, were the first people who ever taught rules and shaped out an "Art of Speaking." After the year of his term, he re-entered Rome with the self-congratulation of a triumph; for he flattered himself that his administration had been signally successful, and that Rome must be on the look-out for nobody so much as *her Cicero*. At the fashionable baths of Baiæ, which lay in his route, individuals of his acquaintance whom he fell in with, instead of applauding, met him with the mortifying question, "From Rome or Africa, O Cicero?" To which he replied, with suppressed indignation, "No, from Sicily," and posted on to the great metropolis which had forgotten him in a twelvemonth. It is not surprising that the mighty capital should have dropped him out of mind, when out of sight. When the young Napoleon came back to France from that dazzling

campaign in Italy, in which he made his *début* before Europe, he was for a short time quiet in his little house in Paris. But in the midst of all the salutings and presentings of arms to him, he quietly observed to a friend, "In six months, if I don't do something to keep myself before its eyes, Paris will have forgotten who General Bonaparte is." Cicero did not sulk; he applied himself forthwith to quicken the sluggish memory of the city. Twenty-five years after, in pleading the case of Caius Plancius, he referred to this occurrence in a manner which showed how deep the wound it had given his feelings. "When I heard the question, 'From Africa?'" he said, "I almost dropped on the ground from disappointment and chagrin. But I do not know, your Honors," he continued, addressing the court, "but the matter did me more good; for when I learned that the people of Rome had deaf ears, but sharp eyes, I took care to have them see me enough. I lived in their sight, — I stuck to the Forum; neither my porter nor my sleep was suffered to bar any one from access to me." For five years he adhered strictly to this course, before offering himself as a candidate again. He spoke constantly in the courts and in the Senate. It is to be regretted that all the speeches and arguments of this period are lost. They would have enabled us to mark the successive developments of his rhetorical culture, from his Asian schooling to the time when it all bloomed out in the opening argument against Verres. Meantime he lived the life of a very hard-working professional and ambitious man. He declared that he never had any leisure; that the holidays of others were a change only, not a cessation of his toils. He cultivated men of art and letters, and like most orators, ancient and modern, was very fond of the theatre. He studied and noticed personally the two great actors of the day, Esopus and Porcius, — the tragedian and comedian. Macrobius tells a gossiping story about his entering into a contest with Porcius to see which could express one passion with the greatest variety, by means of the respective tools of their arts, words and pantomime. The author does not tell us the result.

All this time he kept himself full in the sight of the people. Every day the citizen, as he crossed the Forum, might see in

some corner of its ample space, under a sheltering canopy or in the broad shadow of a pillared temple, the Prætor's court erected, and, drawing near, might catch a glimpse of *the new man*, of whose speaking he had heard so much. Daily this man of many hopes and many toils was unveiling his genius to the Romans, and daily, with more and more earnestness of interest, they were turning to look upon the face of Cicero. All the time he was educating himself. When he was not arguing, he was studying or dreaming over the presages of his future, — nourishing "his youth sublime" with golden auguries and delicious imaginings. He had no intimates. Atticus was not yet "My Pomponius," — and he walked alone. He was made solitary by his genius, and by his conception of intellectual empire. This sequestered him from the common and vulgar interests of men. That which was to set him above men now set him apart from them. Genius is always lonely, — lonely in its heart for ever, lonely as regards companionship in its earlier days only. The child of glory, who feels struggling within him the mighty future, can only reveal it to his fellows by a commensurate career; such a career is its legal and appropriate evidence. Until, by some grand blow, he has made his mark upon the age, men of course will not give him a rank level with his own estimate of himself. He must wait his day, and seize it when it comes as famine seizes food. And thus Cicero waited his hour, — some hour which, by crowded interests, critical emergency, and signal attractivness, should illustrate for ever the rising reputation of its hero. That hour was hastening on.

The first year in which, by the laws, he was capable of municipal magistracy — his thirty-seventh — had arrived. Once more he unhesitatingly asked the popular suffrage. The offer was promptly responded to by the people, with remarkable unanimity and manifest applause. Thus he became Ædile. Hitherto he had been a steadily growing man, with no great, emphatic stroke of triumph; but the first of the memorable moments of his long career was at hand.

Among the many luxurious provinces which owned the sway of the iron race of Rome, Sicily was as rich as it was lovely. Cicero, as Quæstor of that province, while gathering

grain for Rome from Sicilian granaries, had been fashionably lionized and sincerely beloved by the islanders. The last Roman governor, Caius Verres, had, in his magistracy, outraged even the loose laws which Rome imposed upon the rulers of her provinces. Accordingly, upon the expiration of his term, the province impeached him before Rome. Two cities only, of all the Sicilian towns, did not join in the prosecution; they had been bought with executive bribes. With these exceptions, all Sicily implored their former guest to remember their ancient friendship for him, and to join with them in crushing the proud oppressor in the dust. But, on the other hand, that oppressor was of princely rank; all the nobility of ancient and of recent date was on his side; all social influence was with him; great Proconsuls, who had themselves governed, and whoever expected proconsular powers, were with him; most of the Senate appear to have sided with him; while in rear of these, but ranking with them, stood all that respectable body of citizens, who, in any state, are disposed to make the best of things as they are, and never want any disturbance of legitimate routine. This mass of influence was fortified and armed with the ill-got spoil and ready riches of the opulent transgressor; and, to crown the alliance of aristocratic power and uncounted wealth, Hortensius, the oldest and the highest of her orators, was to defend, in the presence of Rome, the most elevated and the worst of her criminals. Against this confederation Cicero was not afraid to take the field; and against this guilt, thus guarded and thus gilded, he resolved to launch the whole thunder of his genius and his art.

Among the celebrated trials of the world, none has ever been more celebrated than this; none ever excited in its day more intense and wide-spread interest. The parties to the suit, the subject-matter, and the counsel retained, all contributed their separate elements to this effect. The parties were a nation and a prince, — for the prerogative of Verres had been princely, — and the accusers were a noble province which boasted a national history, and might have risen to imperial importance; the subject-matter was a crime of the deepest die, committed, not against one person, but against a

whole population, — done, not in one moment of passion, but in many months of oppression long drawn out, — exhibited in the face of the world as upon a scenic stage. To Cicero himself there were some considerations of personal attraction connected with the matter. Aside from his interest in the Sicilians, it was the first time he had ever appeared as prosecutor; he was moreover to confront the nobility, to whose order he did not belong by birth, and who slighted him as palpably as he afterwards bearded them, when, at the close of the case, he published his argument. He knew that great expectation waited on the performance, in such a cause, of one who on ordinary occasions had already shown such powers. Finally, the field of topics which the issue itself threw open to his fertile mind and cultivated oratory abounded in every element of the picturesque, the pathetic, and the powerful in speech.

The day of trial came, and the Prætorian judge, sitting in the space which had been railed off from the open Forum, called on the case. But in all legal proceedings, ancient and modern, delays seem to be of the very essence of the management. The lawyer Hortensius, instead of going on with the case, moved that the conduct of the cause be intrusted to another than Cicero, a man named Cecilius, a Sicilian Jew. He supported the motion on the ground that this Jew had received personal and direct inquiries from the defendant, and therefore had a prior claim. This man was in fact a creature of Verres, and the motion was a trick of the astute lawyer to supplant his formidable adversary by a covert friend. Upon this interlocutory point Cicero delivered his first argument in the matter of Verres. As this was a mere preliminary, not touching the absolute merits of the subject-matter, the public attention was not much fastened upon it, especially as Cicero successfully met it in a quiet manner, and rather with raillery and sarcasm than by any labored effort. This dilatory plea being set aside, and Cicero decreed to be the advocate, he was then, according to the course of Roman proceedings, to get up his evidence. For that purpose he was allowed three months. In that time he ransacked Sicily for documents and witnesses. Before its expiration he was ready with his evidence, his brief, and his rhetoric, and at home again, courting

the conflict. Hortensius, his client, and his partisans, began to tremble at such alarming energy and celerity.

The day of final trial at length arrived. There was the same court in the same superb Forum. But far and wide around the elevated platform of the bench, beyond the central rostrum, and far even into the recesses of the pillared porticos and the gay arcades of shops, glittering with costly merchandise, a multitude personally interested in the event of the suit crowded with clamorous solicitude. Upon the gilded rostrum and the broad landing-places of the steps of the public buildings close at hand, they saw assembled many of the noblest families of Rome, and many of her famous men. The aristocracy were anxious, and the great men were curious. In front of the Prætor and the assistant Senators who were the judges, sat three men, who seemed that day the focus of all the multitudinous eyes of Rome. Caius Verres, the governor, sat there a prisoner; a large man, bloated with sensuality and excess. By his side was the man, at that time, of the first forensic reputation in the world, — his counsel Hortensius, a gentlemanly person, redolent of high and luxurious life; with them were two friends, representatives of the ancient families who befriended the defendant, a Scipio and a Metellus. Opposite, and alone, was that pale, worn figure, with closely girded toga, which, ten years before, more wan and worn even than now, the Romans had beheld slowly rising in the same place, to brave the most dazzling despot who had ever wielded the whole terrors of imperial law. Resolute and confident, though agitated and anxious, as they had seen him then, they saw him now.

At length there was a hush, and over the surging crowds the crier made proclamation of the case. The light was glancing across the vast quadrangle of the Forum, and lighted his bloodless features, as Marcus Tullius Cicero stood up. It fell upon the proud temples which formed the horizon of the scene; it glittered on the spoils of Sicily and the barbaric East accumulated there; it lit up the stony faces of the images of heroes placed around. Trophy and temple, image and statue, all mute and marble as they were, seemed to reflect the universal interest. Over the tossing sea of heads,

the glancing radiance showed the features and the dress of classic and of Eastern nations. Sicily was there, and Italy was there; even Asia Minor, a sister victim of sister vices, had sent her delegations to look on; Achaians and Athenians were there, to hear of the costly and precious gems of art which the infamous governor had ravished from their neighbors; every man interested in any opulent province, every man interested in exquisite works of art, every Roman interested in justice or injustice, — all were there; victor and vanquished confronted each other, — the Sicilian looked upon the Roman, and the Roman, in the plenitude of his condescension, seemed about to administer a princely equity to the province which was his beautiful slave. Never did this world's sunlight sparkle on a more impressive forensic scene.

Not Herodotus, when in the days of Marathon he read to the gathered tribes of Greece, at the great Olympic Games, the inaugural history of the race, beheld a greater or more splendid audience of persons or of interests. There the inventor of history read a story never to be forgotten to a listening nation whom he helped to immortalize; and here the first of living speakers was to grapple with a young adversary, to whom another nation owes a portion of its immortality.

But that vast and splendid concourse was destined to a partial disappointment. For many hundred years the world has been reading the argument of Cicero against Verres; but when the sun sank behind the temples on that day, neither Verres nor that magnificent assemblage had heard it. For Cicero, who was as good a master of forensic arts as of forensic arms, delivered only an opening and explanatory address, then called his witnesses, referred to his documents, read his depositions, took down his evidence, and rested there. He declined to argue the case further. This turn was a masterpiece. He had most voluminous and decisive evidence, and he had divided his subject into six long, minute, and comprehensive divisions of thought, upon each of which his speech was ready. But he had got a hint of another snare laid for him by the cunning of Hortensius. The judicial year was drawing to a close. Could the defence protract the trial till the new year opened, Hortensius, who had already been elected, would

be the first magistrate of the city, and more compliant judges would be appointed. It was to baffle this device that Cicero made but an opening argument, and only presented his invincible proofs. In this address he had so clearly distributed them, and he presented them in such logical sequence and lucid order, — they were so many, so minute, and so overwhelming, and finally so corroborated by his own confidence, apparent in his declining to argue upon them, — that, long before he had ended his examination, the defendant had ended all his hopes. When final judgment was called for, the great criminal, who had fixed the eyes of three nations upon him, was not to be found. He had fled into a self-imposed banishment.

Cicero's victory was complete. There had not been overmuch speaking in the case, but enough to give an attentive nation a confident certainty of his capacity. The trial had been of such signal attraction, that his success marked him the first of the Romans in the arts of peace. The Sicilians stamped his head, encircled with a laurel, on a silver medal, with an apt legend, illustrating the salvation of Sicily in the destruction of Verres. Two speeches he had made, and the rest he published. They were universally read, and they fixed his eminent position for ever. Those speeches, as we now read them in another land and a new language, exhibit the wonderful affluence and variety of his powers. There are very few extravagant passages in them; but they are full of picturesque ornaments, of biting sarcasm, and of railing banter, and they close with a commanding invective upon the unlawful "punishments" which Verres had inflicted upon a Roman citizen. To the well informed they evinced vast learning, critical taste, method, and a close grasp of his thought; while in their amplifications they made the distant transgression palpable and present, and gratified the fancy of the less cultivated. The governor of Sicily had enhanced the guilt of his rapacity with an act of audacious cruelty; he had dared to crucify a citizen of Rome, and, to add a moral torture to bodily pangs, the cross had been made to face that proud Italy, whose banner boasted itself the inviolable shelter of her citizen, on land and sea. Thus had Verres crucified a

Roman in sight of Italy, and for this Cicero, by his immortal plea, has pilloried Verres in sight of civilization.

It often happens that a man makes great advances in public estimation, which do not appear until — the signal being given by some conspicuous moment — the concurrent expression of that opinion which individuals have been long cherishing invests him with a new honor and stamps him with an accredited nobility. Cicero had not spoken much in this case, but so many eyes were turned upon him that it seems to have virtually given him the diploma of the primacy of Roman orators. Henceforth Cicero was a name to flatter and to fear. The youthful and the democratic element in the state turned toward him, — was disposed to lean on him. Young Rome began to love him, — Rome that stood by "the ill-girt youth," the boy-Pontiff; — that followed young Cæsar with fond eyes, as loosely and luxuriously clad he swept across the Forum. The ancient families also, Senatorial Rome, Rome mature and majestic, now turned its dignified regards upon the new man from Arpinum. He might well be proud; solitary and single-handed he had done it all.

Thus far we have critically followed him in the struggling and educating period of his life, — its most interesting phase. Henceforth, his history is but a record of displays on the acknowledged plane of eminence which he had reached, and which he has ever since occupied in the estimation of his own and succeeding generations.

When two years older, Cicero became eligible to the Bench, and was chosen to preside over those very Prætors whom he had addressed in the case of Verres. While Prætor, he encountered Hortensius again, and met for the first time the gaze of assembled Rome in front of the great rostrum in a purely popular question. It is a striking admonition to the rampant confidence of oratoric fledglings of the present day, that not till now, in his thirty-ninth year, did the first citizen of Rome think himself fit to address the great assembly which represented the popular majesty of the state. In the opening of this oration, advocating the grant of plenipotentiary powers to Pompey as Generalissimo in the East, he beautifully expressed this diffidence and distrust of himself

before that formidable public of the Commonwealth. The aristocracy, of whom Pompey was not yet the darling or defender, of course opposed the Oriental dictatorship with which it was proposed to invest him. It has been in all time the wont of aristocracy to crush youthful talent while struggling in its cradle, and to fawn before it when it has conquered its crown. Hortensius also withstood the proposition with all the force of his diction, the beauty of his action, and the sympathies of his established popularity. But Cicero painted over again those pages of the Roman history which recorded happy results accruing from a dictator's supreme powers; he evoked before them an image of the glorious commander whose bright supremacy no Cæsar had yet challenged, — an image as vivid in their imagination as that which afterwards received upon its stony front the expiating life-blood of his conqueror. Then the orator pointed to the East, whose armies were the subject of the controversy, — the lands symbolical of luxury, of vastness, of grandeur, — the East, whose jewelled satrapies had recovered their lustre and their power from the feeble hands of Alexander's heirs, — the now victorious East, which, under the mighty Mithridates, threatened the banners of the Senate with a vigor equal to her charms. And again Hortensius bowed his stately head in forced submission. The commission went forth; it created Pompey Imperator of the East, it virtually created Cicero sole Regent of the West.

It is a noticeable and interesting fact, bearing upon the state of public taste at this time, as well as upon Cicero's own oratorical assiduity, that even now, thus elevated and thus official as he was, he frequented and practised in the school of a well-known rhetorician, and, according to Suetonius, found there many of the first men of the day engaged in the same pursuit. Imagine a United States President snatching an evening a week to attend the private instruction of a Kemble or a Vandenhoff, and we may realize the position which the great Roman was only too happy to occupy in the meridian of a magnificent prosperity.

In the ascending gradation of Roman honors there was but one legitimate step more, — the Consulship. Only one

more beam of lustre could burn upon a Roman's brow; that beam consummated the brightness of his diadem. From the days when the Republic first spread her banner, with the great letters S. P. Q. R. upon its face, the Consul had been the supreme embodiment of all her executive faculties. Now, in her conquering pomp, her Consuls presiding over that Senate, which the warrior Pyrrhus aptly called a "Senate of Kings," were invested with more real grandeur than the showy dynasties of the Orient could concentrate on the occupants of their golden thrones, though far outshining "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." To that high eminence of majesty Cicero now aspired, at about the age at which the American Republic makes the Presidency possible to its citizens. With a view to this object, he spoke often, and cultivated popular arts. He seems, however, to have hardly needed the aid of arts to ingratiate himself with the people. When he offered himself as a candidate, with six competitors, — four of them of noble birth, — he was chosen without even a count of the wooden ballots on which the voters had written his name. It seemed as if the acclamations with which, fifteen years before, the people had chosen him Quæstor, had only rolled along like a tide, redoubling in volume, and reverberating more and more loudly as they broke at the foot of each successive chair of state to which their swelling impulse bore him. But how fragile is honor's hope! His father, a good old man, whose paternal pride found all its joy in anticipating his son's promotion among the children of victory, died just as the letters carved upon the stone tablets announced to Rome that her first orator was her first magistrate, — just as those letters announced to Cicero himself that the fond passion he had nursed in dreams of brooding ambition had passed from a burning expectancy to a cold, clear fact. Henceforth the legend of his life was, — Cicero, Consul.

The capital event of his magistracy was the suppression of the conspiracy of Catiline. The orations which he levelled at the head of that profligate traitor are in every schoolbook of oratory, and the story of the conspiracy, so far as it can be known, is known to all. The fourth and last of the speeches is noticeable, as the only occasion recorded on which he

ever directly crossed arms with Julius Cæsar in a purely oratoric controversy. Cæsar was vehement against the capital punishment of Catiline's comrades, — Cicero favored it. It must have been a memorable collision, — the first man of the Forum parrying the arguments of the foremost man of the world. The conspirators died by the hand of the law in the Mamertine dungeons.

The remainder of the life of this pattern orator naturally divides itself into two periods, partitioned by the battle of Pharsalia and the inauguration of the empire. Until, by the passage of the Rubicon and the year's fighting which succeeded, Cæsar had spread his imperial mantle over all the republican forms, oratory shared with war the alternate sway of Rome. Cicero, as ex-Consul, spoke as often as before. A little incident now lets us into one secret of oratory. It happened immediately after his resumption of civil life. He had engaged to argue a very important case, — no less a cause than the defence of the Consul who succeeded him in the highest magistracy, Murena, against a charge of procuring his election by corruption. Hortensius was retained on the other side. The case excited as much interest as would now the impeachment of a Judge of the Supreme Court, or the arraignment of a President for bribery. So keen had been Cicero's anxiety and nervousness in preparing the argument, that he could not sleep the whole night previous. Accordingly, he came into court unnerved and unstrung; and, for the first time in ten years, Hortensius had clearly the advantage of him.

On leaving the highest office of the state, he was not disposed to relax his toils or resign his oratoric altitude of power. As he had risen by exertion, he would now reign by exertion. He would be ever the power behind the throne. Whoever might be the nominal magistrate, Cicero would be acknowledged as possessing sovereign influence. Had he not saved Rome from sack and from the baleful supremacy of Catiline's silver eagle? Was he not indubitably her first citizen? Did not the world acknowledge him its first orator? Therefore the fires in his eye should not deaden, the furrowed brow should not relax. Still should the armed

tongue volley forth its imperative thunders, and the outstretched arm be clothed with the old autocracy. But alas! for him there was now no longer any future. He was still the same as when in the plenitude of his early hopes he had confronted the royal Sylla, — the same, with unabated energy and completed discipline; but for him no future any longer smiled. Another luminary was rising and about to appear in the ascendant with more dazzling brightness. To that other man of destiny, "the ill-girt boy," all honors but the last already had been given. One more circle of the official year was to crown *him* also Consul, — Glamis he was and Cawdor should be, — the greater was behind; and the glories of that "greater" were destined for a time entirely to eclipse the mild effulgence of the orator.

It is singular that Cicero should have been so long unsuspicious of Julius Cæsar's thoughts of empire. About six years after his consulship there was a debate in the Senate of ominous significance. The proposition was moved to take away one or both of the Gaulish provinces in which Cæsar had command, and out of which he was making a training-ground of revolutionary legions. In opposition to nearly the whole Senate, Cicero advocated Cæsar's continued command. He expatiated on his triumphs, and descanted with much simplicity on the patriotism which was willing to tarry out there in rude Gaul, and fight for the dear republic. And it was solely owing to the influence of his eloquence that those military provinces, the school of the soldier, remained to Cæsar. A short time previous, he had made, among other speeches, one of singular and poetic beauty. It was the well-known and often quoted argument for the citizenship of the poet Archias, his old schoolmaster, and now his friend. That beautiful tribute to poetry and letters was the spontaneous effervescence of his tasteful and cultivated genius. He discharged himself at the outset from all obligation to argue strictly the precise issue which the case presented, and preferred a general license to talk of whatever he pleased in connection with his eulogy of the claimant as a man of letters. Thus emancipated from the chains of severe logic, he revelled at will in poetic conceit, historical

allusions, and proud appeals to national and personal honor; winding up his tribute to letters with the suggestive apothegm, "Life without books is death." Another of his arguments separates itself from the general line of average forensic debates by its wit and humor, and original thought. It immediately preceded the plea for Cæsar, and was made in defence of a gay young *protégé* of his, named Cælius. This youth had a falling out with his mistress, who, by way of revenge, accused him of trying to poison her. She, though dissolute, was of high descent, and a most effective point of the speech accordingly was Cicero's picture of one of her renowned ancestors, stooping from his abode in Elysium, to behold and to reproach her. Of this speech, Charles James Fox, the great orator of the British Commons, always professed a lively admiration. He says in a letter to a friend, "I know of no speech of Cicero more full of beautiful passages." The same nervous sensibility which the orator showed in the defence of the chief magistrate, Murena, he also exhibited in the trial of Milo, who had killed the notorious demagogue Clodius in a street brawl. Such was the popular excitement at this trial, that Pompey, the martial friend of the Senate, occupied all the Forum and the avenues opening upon it with his soldiers and guards; but, although they were not inimical to Cicero, the presence of so many warriors, and the clash of glistening steel, extinguished the ardor of his confidence, and baffled his self-possession. He spoke but poorly.

But the hour was near when Cæsar and his Gaulish legionaries were to pass the Rubicon.

After the event of Pharsalia, Cicero was virtually silenced, as Hortensius had been in the presence of Sylla. He was indeed much respected by Cæsar's all-embracing sagacity; but his ambition was of that temper that could not brook subordination; and the august Julius now filled the whole scene of his supreme dominion. Cicero spoke in the Senate and before the Emperor not unfrequently, but without much enthusiasm. He occupied himself in musing and in writing. But in the pardon of the old soldier Ligarius, who had borne arms in Thessaly and Africa against the man of empire, he

won a success which must have freshened the wilted laurels of his long renown. As he spoke, the imperial chieftain trembled on his seat; and when he closed, the pardon was recorded with the seal of Cæsar.

But the hours of the Dictator were counted. His purple proved but the painted trappings of the victim; his temple, his altar, his priest, his statue with the kings, his image with the gods, were a solemn mockery. The dagger fell; the victim sunk at the base of the great statue in the Forum, and Brutus raised his bronzed arm, and called aloud on Cicero and Liberty.

And now, standing on the wreck of the past, the great speaker could once more send his voice around the Forum and the temples unawed and unabashed. He was old, but in presence of these events he became young. His early energy and enthusiasm seem to have returned. The fall of Empire, the reinauguration of Liberty, — this thought seemed to pour fresh blood into his veins. It was *his* Liberty, *his* Republic, *his* Rome again, — the Rome which in the days of Catiline had called him father, — "Roma parentem, Roma Patrem Patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit." How enthusiastically, and with what paternal solicitude, he urged the young Octavius to reinstate the Republic, history weeps to tell; for no panegyrics on that prince can hide the fact that, though he found Rome brick and left it marble, that *marble* was Cicero's tomb. But how vehemently, how brilliantly, and for a time how victoriously, Cicero rallied the Romans against the threatening usurpation of Antony; how he propitiated the legions which stood firm for the Republic; how, while the balance of war trembled, his eye took in every person of consequence at home and abroad, and his prompt tongue gave him the proper recognition; how he glowed and radiated over the assembly when irresolution chilled the public counsels; and how, like the ring of their trumpets, he pealed forth to the people the victories of the Senate's legions; — all this is embodied and revealed in those fourteen philippics which filled the measure of the months from Cæsar's slaughter to his own assassination. One only, the second of those addresses to the Senate and the people, was not actually delivered. The rest were

vollied forth on Antony and all his coadjutors. They are the most sustained and varied strains of invective ever heard by man. The full quality of the orator shone out in them. He had every motive for forensic exertion. He had everything to gain, — he had little to lose. Life without liberty had for him no comfort longer. With difficulty he had endured the regal state of that awful brow, "whose bend did awe the world." Never could he sit passive beneath the frown of a meaner autocrat. This period, therefore, forms an appropriate close to his great life. It is a period of almost agonizing eloquence, of moral sovereignty, and of patriotic love. It was the brief, bright twilight ere his sun went down beneath the near horizon.

We have space but for a very summary analysis of the leading elements of his oratory. The eloquence of Cicero embodies the most liberal and learned thinking of antiquity, — the best sentiments expressed in the purest Latin. He may almost be said to have organized the Latin language. He certainly developed and perfected it. When it seemed necessary, he coined new words; he constantly invented new phrases and forms of expression. His style is flowing and transparent, — a pellucid stream which, though sometimes foaming and roughened, is always the true mirror of the thought. Many call him flowery, in contrast with Demosthenes, who is called severe. But Cicero is not flowery in the sense of mere ornamentation. Diffuse he is, and copious, but all his matter helps on the argument. He is not so compact or cogent in his logic as Demosthenes, but he always is argumentative. The line of his battle is long drawn out with forces of many colors, but it is an organized line. There are no show troops that cannot fight. Demosthenes wields a few thoughts compacted together, inflamed with terrible lightnings, and hurled like cannon-balls. Cicero fires along the whole line with missiles of various force, and with varying effects, — but the *whole line* fires.

The sources and the material of his speeches unfold, directly or indirectly, the whole learning and the whole thinking of the classic ages. It is plain that he knew everything that was known in his day, and it is also plain that his mind was ever

working within itself, assimilating old material and creating new. This wisdom and thinking was inspired and brightened by enthusiasm, by lofty national sentiment, and by the intensest personal ambition. He knew how to touch the Romans in their personal and patriotic pride; he knew how to paint great views of national prosperity, historical or prophetic; he knew, also, the secrets of mens' hearts, and with subtle tact he often played on the pulses of humanity. He had undoubtedly a large and masterly understanding. He could argue closely and severely, but his taste and his tact taught him to work his understanding into popular forms. The Romans were not a thinking people. Vivid touches of fancy, passionate appeals to their masculine instincts, and a voluble and pictorial vehemence, were the master-keys to their soldierly impulses. Those who cultivated a dry, close, hard method, called it Attic; but when an Attic speaker addressed the assembly, there was no enthusiasm, and the Forum was nearly empty. When the Asian manner was exhibited, with its stamping foot and fluttering gown and flashing eyes, murmurs of acquiescence undulated over the eager crowd.

Cicero was not distinctively a *natural* orator. He was an orator of intellect, not of impulse. His orations all smell of the lamp. But he was a greater man than the orator of instinct; though a lesser orator because a greater man. His speaking is all bookish. His orations, as a body, are level, and they sometimes seem even flat. In reading them, we feel that they lack the quality of gushing spontaneity. Much of his eloquence — considered in an oratorical, not a literary, point of view — seems set and formal, grandiose and pretentious. While his declamation is always apt and somewhat telling, it is still plainly declamation. But though Cicero was not spontaneous, and was artificial, he never failed to be very effective; and *success* is the test of oratory after all. He had completely studied his art. He had seen that, to win the altitude of his ambition, he must either wield words which were half-battles, or swords which were whole battles, and he chose words; he had no alternative. To a man of literary and intellectual tastes, tormented with sympathies and glowing with life, there was then no other theatre possible than the Forum.

Literature had no specific hold on Rome, as it had on Greece. To make literature tell in Rome, it must be immediately connected with some of the great activities of the day. Otherwise the tramp of the triumph, the onward sweep of the banners upheld by the proud patricians, and the prodigal luxury of a conqueror's life, shut the Roman's eyes to all less obtrusive glories. Had there been then, as now, a world-wide arena of literary fame, Cicero might possibly have been content with it. But at that time even history had little prestige, and no rhetorical merit. It was a dry collection of facts. Cicero puts in the mouth of Antonius, in the *De Oratore*, the expression, "History has made no figure in our language."

Cicero then was a workman who manufactured his oratory, not a creator. Still, the manufacture was the ultimate reach and last perfection of art. It is clear that he fully understood the whole secret of oratory, and had a most sensitive appreciation of all its theory and points. In his treatises on the subject, he gives precepts which are just as applicable to the platforms of young America as of ancient Rome, and which will be practical for ever. His observations on the proper mode of practice for beginners, — how much more mischievous than no practice is bad practice; on the quaking panics of all good speakers; on the due proportion to be maintained between the prepared and extempore matter; on the impossibility of the speaker's moving others, without feeling more deeply himself; on his inflaming himself by his own words; on the danger of saying *too much*, or saying the wrong thing, — a danger now felt most forcibly in addressing juries; on the propriety of putting your strong points *first*, instead of last, — a reversal of the common practice, but one which we have heard a great living speaker recommend, and seen him successfully practise; and finally, how, while the orator's *nominal* attack is always upon the understanding, topics of conciliation and excitement are to be mingled up with it, as lifeblood permeates the system; — all these particulars, and many others, reveal his practical and sagacious control of his whole art. These precepts and his successes show how fully he had oratorized and Romanized himself, for he was by taste and culture Greek, not Latin. In his earlier visits to Athens,

there was a time when he seriously thought of abandoning oratory, and settling down to the calm pursuit of letters in an Athenian Tusculum, and Plutarch says he often told his friends not to call him orator, but philosopher. He was the greatest man of letters who has ever cultivated oratory.

His whole conception of the orator is exhibited, in the Dialogue on Oratory, by Crassus, — a man represented as being of universal erudition, infinite address, and exquisite sympathy. Into the mouth of Antonius, on the other hand, Cicero puts the description of a practical, natural orator, — a man not learned, but fervent, apt, magnetic. We remember to have heard an experienced judge of popular effects and their causes say, that, upon Cicero's own showing and description, this Antonius would be a more effective speaker than the other party to the dialogue, his favorite Crassus. The critic, although a very learned and accomplished orator himself, observed that profound learning often proved itself rather a stumbling-block than a prop to the speaker. Antonius represents the orator of action and fervor, — Crassus, the orator whose power is in his thought and rhetorical culture. There is distinctively an eloquence of character and a literary eloquence, and there are combinations of these in varying proportions. Sometimes character and activity are the primal motive-springs in a man, and literature only incidental; sometimes literary activities are chief, and action acquired and incidental. Men of the former class are often dependent upon the occasion; their speech takes its force, vitality, and interest from some present deed, — some crisis to which it points, or of which it is born. Such was Julius Cæsar. The latter class is composed of men whose minds are eloquent in themselves; they are idealists, dreamers, rhetoricians; they love to live in their thoughts, their broodings, their libraries. Such was Marcus Tullius Cicero. With all his masterly understanding, he clearly was not what could be called a man of action. On his inquiring face and kindly features was stamped the superscription of the sage, not the sovereign. When the aspiring Julius walked into the Temple of Concord, his head was high, his robes seemed flaunting with his movements like the banner in a victor's march, his lordly eyes

were suffused with a haughty confidence, and his proud lips looked as if bound with iron. When the Consul Cicero followed him into the Senate, he moved with the port of a philosopher and the conscious serenity of a saint. But in all vital oratory there must be some force of character, either inborn and permanent, as in Cæsar, or artificial, occasional, and the result of excitement, as in Cicero.

Although Cicero was a trimmer and timid, yet had he, nevertheless, a reserved force in his constitution, and in critical moments and for a short time it was very likely to appear in a manner equally astonishing to friend and foe. In his first criminal case, — the argument against the favorite of the Dictator Sylla, — he stood unflinching before that sovereign eye. To this unaltered steadfastness the aspiring blood of youth for the moment nerved him. In his conquest of Verres, panoplied as by a prætorian band in the midst of his patrician friends, he was remorseless, unsparing, and unfaltering. Not if he had heard the tramp of twenty legions behind that oiled and shining criminal would he have held his tongue. He had then his national name to make. In his whole Consular campaign — for it was a campaign, though conducted in the Forum instead of the field — against Catiline, he was courageous, alert, and utterly careless of personal consequences. He knew that, at every discharge of his invective against that band of traitors, fresh daggers thirsted for his heart's blood; but his denunciation was none the less scorching, deadly, sudden. Well might he boast, long after, "I did not fear the daggers of Catiline, I will not fear the assassins of Antony." The Catilinian conspiracy, because it was a failure, seems insignificant, and ranks w th that of Benedict Arnold or Aaron Burr; but had Cicero faltered on his Consular throne, the silver eagle of the traitors would have stooped with outstretched wing upon the Roman Capitol. In the foreground of that cabal was the delicate face and rakish robe of the dissolute captain; but behind Catiline, in the wizard vision of Cicero, as now to the calm vision of history, loomed out the colossal outlines of a grander, a more formidable, a more memorable form. When the gay and guilty Catiline, wavering under the awful b'ows of Cicero's

invective, burst out of the Senate, *he left the arch-conspirator behind him.*

In the final scene of Cicero's life, his philippics against Mark Antony were as bold as they were bitter. He showed himself full of the spirit with which Brutus had apostrophized him, as he tore the dagger-blade from the Emperor's gaping wound. The twelfth Philippic especially is conceived in the same spirit and key with the famous "sink-or-swim" speech which Mr. Webster attributes to the orator of our Revolution. Cicero's conception of liberty, to be sure, was not a democratic idea. It was liberty for the Senate and the upper classes, not for the multitude. It was for the laws of the ancient constitution, and the rights of the ancient Senator, not for the inalienable rights of the plebeian, and the Roman as a man, that he contended. But for liberty, as he conceived it, he battled and he bled; and he spoke for it, unshaken to the last, in the face of Antony, of death, and of conspiracy. He spoke for it in the same spirit as that in which John Adams spoke for the liberty of America, — as that in which Patrick Henry thundered at the third George. They spoke with halters on their necks, and red-coat regiments holding the royal sceptre before them. He spoke with the keen sword of Antony before his eyes, and the crimson banners of Cæsar's legions in the background.

We have spoken of the matchless clearness of Cicero's style; of its vast and prodigal variety of material; of the character of his argumentation, not closely logical, but logically calculated to reach the will through the ear, the heart, and the fancy; of the artificial yet practical character of his oratory; of the vital force latent in his character, manifesting itself always in the moment of his utterance, and sometimes wonderfully, in the oratoric conduct of his life.

Yet one consideration we will add, as necessary to a right understanding of his success as an orator. Though bookish and artificial, he had the power to give his productions the air of off-hand naturalness and spontaneity. This is the touchstone of the orator. If a public speaker has the genius to make carefully prepared oratory live again, so that no one

who hears is conscious of the lamp, — if he has the power to modify it at the moment of utterance in accordance with circumstances as they rise before him, to interject occasional sallies of vivifying present sympathy and impromptu allusions, and thus to work his material and to conquer with it, — he is an orator. His literary tastes may have led him to make careful preparation, but he shows that he has within him the power of extemporization, demanding only use and culture. Cicero's oratory must have been in appearance at least natural and unforced, or it could never have been so signally effective as it was on the will and passions, often leading to instantaneous action, — effective not only with tumultuous crowds, with the Forum, and with the Senate, but in presence of a single judge, the prætor, or before the imperial prince. An audience is only an individual multiplied, — a multitudinous individual, so to speak; and must be won, and braved, and bullied, like a single hearer. He who is not effective as a natural talker to an individual man or woman, could never conquer an audience; the tones and thoughts with which a great orator produces his winning or daring effects on an audience, are the same as those with which a man makes love, or a woman makes war.

An example of Cicero's power of extemporaneous speech occurred at the moment of his entering on the Consulship. For three hundred years it had been the desire of the Roman people to carry an agrarian law, dividing among them the public lands obtained by conquest. A democratic tribune, Rullus, had at length presented a bill to that effect. Uncontrolled excitement and enthusiastic exultation ruled the hour. But in the midst of the raging clamor, rising over the outcries of the tossing Forum, the modulated voice of Cicero was heard. He spoke twice, — the people heard him, and, like savages or wild animals before an acknowledged master, they yielded to the power of his words. The law was absolutely voted down, by the very rabble to whose passions its flattering promise was addressed. A speech which Quintilian mentions, but which perished in the wreck of the Republic, and was never recovered, must have been remarkably successful in the delivery. Not merely, says Quintilian, with

strong, but with shining armor, did Cicero contend in the great cause of "Cornelius." It was a speech in defence of a public officer indicted for corruption, and was delivered through four days, in presence of an immense concourse of people, who uttered their plaudits repeatedly, like echoes responding to its salient points. When the innocent children of those whom the imperial Sylla had proscribed presented their claims for relief from the disabilities to which they were subjected, Cicero admitted their justice, but opposed their petition on political grounds; and such was his marvellous power of persuasion, that, as Pliny says, when *he* had been heard, the children of the proscribed themselves "repented having asked for their legitimate rights and honors." But perhaps his most striking display of spontaneous eloquence was that occasioned by the statute which gave to the knights reserved seats at the public spectacles. The people were frantic at this preference, and the vast amphitheatre resounded with their rage. The great orator was walking in his garden when he heard of the tumult. He hastened to the scene of disturbance, — he presented his well-known form and features to the agitated rioters. It acted upon them like the reading of the riot act and the front of a regiment on a modern mob. He lifted his voice, he besought all who loved Cicero and loved law to come with him; and he led the way to the light and graceful Temple of Bellona. There he spoke to the assembled crowd. The speech is lost. Only one of its topics is even hinted at in the writings of antiquity; — that was the indecorum of a Roman's making any disturbance when the national actor, Roscius, was upon the stage. Other than this we know not what he said; but we know what is more important, that he turned completely the tide of the popular feeling, and that the conquered multitude accompanied him back to the expectant theatre, clapping their hands, and absolutely applauding the obnoxious knights as they took their disputed seats.

Cicero is always compared with Demosthenes. But they were essentially different. Cicero's idea was forensic splendor, splendor of thought and splendor of achievement; that of Demosthenes forensic soldiership. Cicero mounts the rostrum with

his toga arranged, with a flourish of gesture and an attitude of display. Demosthenes appears on the Bema as a champion, with his sword drawn, oiled, and girt, and ready for the fight. Business or war were his exclusive topics. But business and war were by no means Cicero's exclusive topics. The spacious circuit of his thought extended beyond the present moment, and far outside of the Roman walls. Had Cicero been narrower and more intense, he might have been more immediately effective. He was not a mere Roman, nor yet a mere orator. He was a citizen of the permanent and universal republic of letters. Demosthenes knew only two things, thought of only two things, loved only two things, — Athens and eloquence. He was for Athens, right or wrong, Athens everywhere and always. "Our country, however bounded and by whatever waters washed," was his motto. But Cicero did not give "up to country what was meant for mankind." He knew many things and loved many things, he spoke for many lands and for all time; and therefore he speaks to-day, and men of lofty sentiment and liberal culture listen to him with a fond appreciation, akin to the love of Atticus and Brutus for him in his own day. His mind was twenty centuries in advance of his age; and as in the time of Quintilian, according to that writer, so now, in the broadest blaze of modern civilization, the extent of a man's culture may be measured by his knowledge and appreciation of Cicero.

The best test of the vigor and originality of his mind are his thoughts on the relation of man to God. In an age when even the magnificent intellect of Julius Cæsar could not raise its view to a level with the thought of immortality, and caught no believing glimpses of a future and a judicial Deity, Cicero reposed on both these ideas with the faith of an accurate vision. In that sensual age and squalor of the soul, how large and liberal and beautiful it must have seemed to his contemporaries to hear him talk of the shadowy future, of his hopes, and the consciousness of a glory yet to be harvested from admiring posterity. To them, — disbelievers, materialists, — it must have seemed as curious and remote, as if an orator should speak now to us with prompt confidence

and glowing particularity of the *past states* of our personal existence.

It has been said that his influence in literature is passing away, — that soon he will be only a name and a great shade. We do not believe in this eclipse. While civilization endures, his felicities of composition, his words, his thoughts, so striking, so witty, and so clear, will embellish and flavor the composition of cultivated men. Even those who do not personally study him will indirectly, through other books and other men, be influenced by him. And the influence of his example of studious enthusiasm, of devotion to oratory, of a joy in abstract ideals, rather than the gilded sensualities of more earthly pursuits, will long survive. As Tacitus says of Agricola, "It remains and will remain an immortal possession."

Cicero in his lifetime had no adequate reward. His wreath, when at last he grasped it, turned into cypress. But if now, from that uncurtained future which his eyes in vain endeavored to explore, he is permitted to look back, he may gather his trophies, not from Rome, but from the world. And that great heart, so insatiable of glory, may be satisfied at last with applause for ever repeated, as successive generations arise and hail the name of Tully with grateful recognition.

ART. III. — UNITARIANISM, — PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

1. *Der Socinianismus, nach seiner Stellung in der Gesammtentwicklung des Christlichen Geistes, nach seinem historischen Verlauf, und nach seinem Lehrbegriff.* Dargestellt von OTTO FOCK, Lic. Theol. Privatdocent an der Universität Kiel. 2 vols. 1847.
2. *A Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy.* By GEORGE E. ELLIS. Boston. 1857.
3. *Studies of Christianity.* By JAMES MARTINEAU. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1858.

THE works whose titles are given above present to us Unitarianism as it was, as it is, and as, in our belief, it is to be.

Otto Fock's book is, so far as we know, the first attempt at a systematic exposition of Socinianism, and it is done in a style that will render unnecessary further essays in this direction. Such material as there was, — and there was a great deal, as everybody knows who has but seen the towering folios of the Fratres Poloni, — he has collected, kneaded, and compressed into these two volumes of moderate size and admirable arrangement. The first volume, beginning with a statement of the essential difference between Paganism and Christianity, then indicating the track pursued by Christianity in its historical development through Romanism and Protestantism, and the two types of Protestant doctrine, the Lutheran and the Reformed, points out the sources from which Socinianism naturally sprung, assigns to it its place in the line of Christian thought, and briefly tells the story of its fortunes in Italy, Poland, Holland, England, and America, closing with a sketch of Theodore Parker's system, and of the doctrine of the "New School." The second volume is devoted to the Socinian theology, of which it makes a complete and satisfactory exhibition, the whole matter being scientifically set forth, and every point being fully illustrated by abundant quotations, and references to authoritative writings. In one respect only the author, we are inclined to think, has failed to render all the credit due to the system he is expounding. While he cordially admits, and brings distinctly into view, the positive, spiritual elements of the Socinian theology, he regards them in the light of inconsistencies, and gives to them too little prominence as characteristic portions of the scheme, at once attesting its origin, and denoting its place in the unfolding of the Christian consciousness. Christianity, he says, did what Paganism never succeeded in doing. It reconciled the Infinite and the finite; it brought man and God together. Paganism constantly tended to a separation between heaven and earth; Christianity united heaven and earth. But early Christianity — Christianity under the form of Catholicism — stood upon Pagan ground, assumed that a breach existed between man and God, and attempted to close it by the formal and empirical device of sacraments. Protestantism made a great advance on this. Its doctrine of Justification by Faith revived the original idea

of the Church, reasserted the substantial harmony of God with man, and opened a door by which God might freely pass into every soul. But from Protestantism itself the Pagan element was not entirely eradicated. And presently we find it giving birth to two distinct types of doctrine, — the Lutheran, which represented the purely Christian sentiment of unity, and the Reformed, which reflected the old heathen and Jewish conception. It is with the latter, according to Fock, that Socinianism allies itself; it has its origin in the heathen admixture that clung about the roots of Christianity, and is to be considered therefore as a retrogressive, rather than a progressive movement. This judgment is perhaps just, if we take into account only the negative and rationalistic features of Socinianism. It is not just, if we estimate fairly its positive and spiritual side. On the contrary, when thus estimated, Socinianism may be pronounced an advance upon both types of Protestant doctrine. While asserting this, however, we confess that in the old Socinian doctrine the spiritual side was not made conspicuous, nor up to this time has it gained a decided ascendency over the less worthy but more obtrusive elements of dogma. That result we look for in the time to come.

Dr. Ellis's book gives us a very general view of modern Unitarianism in America. The author himself appears unmistakably in its pages here and there; but on the whole he confines himself to the subordinate part of reporter, and with singular candor performs his office. Through him the sect speaks in all its voices of affirmation, hesitancy, doubt, denial, and makes a clean breast of its heresies. No article of vagueness, inconsistency, or self-contradiction is withheld or palliated. There is something touching in the writer's confiding, manly way of letting the weakest points of the system he describes stand side by side with its strongest. At all events, it increases our respect for his heart, and convinces us that a system, counting among its advocates such men as he, must possess actual and great merits enough to redeem it in spite of its present defects, and secure for it a place among the living faiths of Christendom.

We owe the American Unitarian Association a debt of

profound gratitude for republishing, in form so convenient, the rich, vigorous, and thoughtful papers which foreign reviews have kept so long out of the reach of the popular mind. We infer from the cabalistic A. U. A. upon the back of "Studies of Christianity," that Unitarianism is about to be glorified, and is preparing its resurrection-robes. What heaps of excellent Tracts are remanded by the new apparition into the receptacle of ancient but useless paper we will not think of, but content ourselves with hoping that the fresh spirit will gain a respectful hearing. It is something only to have him so cordially introduced.

This book, like all Mr. Martineau's writings, shows what abundant and delicious fruit the Unitarian vine is capable of producing, and furnishes us with a luscious sample of the yield we may expect from a thorough and scientific culture of it in future years. Mr. Martineau is a child of Unitarianism. More boldly than any he pressed its original denials against the old theology; he more boldly than any has since pursued its lines of inquiry into the departments of historical research and Biblical criticism. More clearly, too, than any has he perceived the noble spiritual elements it contained. More profoundly than any has he apprehended their import, and evolved from them a system of belief which is a full century in advance of any recognized faith in Christian lands; a system grounded in the nature of man, and legitimated by all the facts of human consciousness; a system comprehensive because simple, and simple because deep; a system that sinks its shaft down through all the heavy and hard layers of tradition, until it reaches the very heart of the buried Jesus, and from that fountain draws water of everlasting life; a system in which God and man are united and dwell together, — not mechanically, not formally, but vitally, as Parent and child. Great, doubtless, was the influence of Channing in preparing the way for this grand manifestation. But Channing, prophet as he was, never completed an intellectual scheme of faith. That task was reserved for a mind broader in grasp, richer in learning, more commanding in logic, and more affluent in imagination. It is a wide space that divides Faustus Socinus from James Martineau; but the line of historical

thought connects the two. John Biddle, the father of English Unitarianism, no doubt arrived at his opinions from an independent study of the Scriptures; but in his later years, when his friends gathered about him and formed a sect, it is certain that he was acquainted with the writings of Polish Socinians, for some of their tracts were translated by him; and he is said to have made a version into English of the Racovian Catechism. This Catechism, of which an English translation had been made some time before in Holland, must have been rather widely distributed among the Unitarians of London and Middlesex, if we may judge from a Parliamentary resolution of 1652, which directed the sheriffs of the city and county to seize all the copies of it they could find, and cause them to be burned at the Old Exchange, London, and the New Palace, Westminster. The writers of the Unitarian tracts disclaimed the appellation of Socinians, called themselves followers of Mr. Biddle, and were careful to specify points in which their doctrine differed from that of the Poles. But in so doing, besides confessing their familiarity with the Continental system, they betrayed an essential agreement with it, their dissenting criticism not affecting the substantial doctrines which made the system what it was, but merely touching a few incidental points. Socinianism, of course, was obliged to modify its costume somewhat, in order to adapt itself to the climate of England, but it never lost its identity. Unitarianism was Socinianism Anglicized. Priestley was at bottom a Socinian; so was Belsham; so were other active and leading minds. The writings of these men early found their way to this country. Emlyn's Inquiry into the Scripture Account of Jesus Christ was republished in Boston in 1756, and widely circulated. It was a chapter in Mr. Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey, published in London, 1812, republished in Boston, 1815, with a preface by the American editor, that brought on the great Unitarian Controversy in Massachusetts. Our Unitarianism — the Unitarianism described by Dr. Ellis, and held by not a few prominent writers — is Socinianism Americanized; very different in many respects from the doctrine exhibited in the Racovian Catechism, but still inheriting all its leading characteristics. The epoch inaugurated by Dr. Chan-

ning, whose bloom we are now beholding in the "New School," as it is sometimes called, was produced naturally from the action of Unitarian ideas upon a fresh mind, living intensely amid the circumstances of its own age, and modifying its inherited beliefs by its original sentiments and active experiences of duty. Dr. Channing had no acquaintance with German theology or criticism, yet the whole development of modern Liberalism was contained in him, as indeed it was contained in Faustus Socinus, who wrote before neology was heard of. This is a point so interesting, that we shall make no apology for entering on it at some length, and with some minuteness. Let us, then, ask what Unitarianism was, is, and is to be.

Unitarianism, we contend, has not yet reached its maturity in the minds of much the larger number of its professed believers. It is still in a state of transition, and must await in the future its perfect growth as a system. When the new life of faith broke out in the sixteenth century, and Protestantism, indignant at the oppressive authority of the Papal system, cried, "Away with it! henceforth let there be established an immediate intercourse between the soul and God, — henceforth let the spiritual life obey its own laws," — words were spoken of deeper import than men suspected, — words too great to be set into systems of theology. The Lutheran doctrine absorbed but little of their significance. The Reformed doctrine succeeded no better in exhausting it. Protestantism was not a dogma, but a principle, including many dogmas, and flinging them off successively, to remain at last independent of them all. It builded no city of God, but it opened a way by which the intellect of man might travel on and on, past Rome, Augsburg, Geneva, Rakow, Westminster, Cambridge, Boston, to find the true city of God far off in the future time. Unitarianism, as a movement, was a legitimate offspring from the Protestant idea, — a step in its unfolding, — a protest against its infidelities. Its main function was to reiterate the doctrine of the soul's freedom from outward authority in applications not opened before, — to vindicate the claims of critical inquiry in opposition to the type-worship of the Church, — to plead for ethics against

dogmatics, — and, in general, to assert that religious conviction is independent of all dictation, and cannot abide captivity, whether enforced upon it by pope, presbytery, conclave, or creed. Unitarianism was a mile-stone indicating the point arrived at by the Christian intellect in its weary exodus from the land of bondage. Is it the last stone we must pass? Is there nothing but barrenness beyond? Has Unitarianism, as a theological system, no deficiencies which intimate that it is a movement, and not a conclusion? Let us examine this critically, and in detail.

And, to begin, its *denials*, — have they been pushed far enough in the direction of their inevitable consequences? The doctrine of Trinity has been plucked from Christian theology, — did not the whole fabric shake when its corner-stone was struck away? The deity of Christ, the infinite sacrifice, and all those other infinites and everlastings, — infinite sin, infinite wrath, infinite misery, everlasting punishment, — do they not fall out of the old structure past replacing, and reduce to the most moderate proportion its vast bulk and circumference? Since that assault, the entire building has been in a decrepit state. We may summon ingenious architects from Andover, New Haven, and elsewhere, men skilful in the composite order of theological architecture, to restore to the strong-hold of faith something of its old dignity, but no patching will make it habitable again for live divines. Wisdom would suggest that the ruin be abandoned, and new materials collected for another house.

Still more disastrous was the attack upon the Vicarious Atonement. To reject that doctrine was to reject the received philosophy of the universe; it was to wipe out the whole plan of Providence as sketched by Evangelical hands; it was to recast the order of history as previously conceived, and alter our view of all the moral economies of God. That doctrine removed, we have literally a new heavens and a new earth, a new deity and a new humanity. The huge cross which had been set up in the centre of the globe, blasted by the infinite curse and dripping with sacrificial blood, is taken down; the sweet powers of nature resume possession of the spot it had blighted, and the children of men, relieved from

the weight of its oppressive shadow, erect there homes of natural affection, pursue their noble toils, and feel themselves gladdened in them by the smiling sunlight of God. The laws of moral responsibility and of divine influence readjust themselves to man's conscience and soul, and the currents of human feeling are allowed to flow evenly on once more, unfretted by any jagged rocks of expiation.

More obviously, perhaps, but not more utterly fatal to the popular theology and its plan of redemption, was the denial of the doctrine of human depravity. This took away not merely the corner-stone upon which the structure rested, but the very ground beneath it, opening a gulf into which the entire edifice sank and disappeared. The old scenery that had for a thousand years in deep perspective filled the stage upon which the Church enacted its monotonous miracle-plays, the pasteboard representations of Creation, Eden, Expulsion, Incarnation, Calvary, Judgment, Perdition, must be removed to make room for a nobler drama. According to the new scheme, salvation is spiritual maturity and moral health, — its method is not rescue, but development. Progress from weaker to stronger becomes the law of history and of life, and the monstrous appliances deemed indispensable hitherto for the uplifting of mankind are cast aside, as useless machinery cumbering the theological ground. All this is most apparent to those who are willing to see the bearings of their principle. Has Unitarianism been willing? Has there been a sufficiently broad and fair admission of the fact that the old theology is completely eradicated by the denial of man's natural depravity? "Evangelicalism" perceives it, if Unitarianism does not. Hence the charge of concealment, which, in spite of the most earnest protestations from the Liberal side, it refuses to withdraw.

With equal persistency, but with very different feelings, of course, the members of the New School urge the same complaint. To them it seems that Unitarianism — not through hypocrisy, blindness, cowardice, or any base motive, but rather through a tender respect for opinions once venerated, and associations long cherished — has been backward in trusting to its own thought; has been satisfied with a half-

way position; in one word, has temporized with views it should have disowned.

To pursue this matter further, the Unitarian conception of God has lacked the crystalline clearness that should belong to that central thought. The Triune mystery has been discarded, — but the Divine Unity is not adequately comprehended. Laying too much emphasis upon the arithmetical question raised by the doctrine of the Trinity, suffering themselves to become engaged in an ingenious, but attenuated and superficial discussion of scholastic phrases and Scripture metaphors, our theologians have incurred the danger of missing the real point at issue, namely, the spiritual nature, the character, if we may so speak, of Deity. Certainly, the doctrine of Trinity, in itself considered, need not in the least disturb our simplest conception of the Unity of the Godhead. Imagine Deity to exist in a threefold, or a thirty-fold personality; if the persons live and work together in harmonious consent of mind and will, as the Sacred Three of the Athanasian Creed unquestionably do, there is but one God, supreme and undivided. The polytheism of Greece would have been entirely consistent with a strict belief in the Divine Unity, but for the "family jars" which disturbed the peace of Olympus, introduced caprice and conflict into the order of the world, and drove bewildered mortals about from god to goddess, till one was found sufficiently powerful, amiable, and unoccupied to attend to their little matters. Neither of the persons whose rights have been so much disputed by anti-Trinitarians has compromised in any degree the integrity of the Supreme Being, or introduced the least disturbance into the arrangements of heaven. That offence has been committed by another person, — standing in the background, and therefore not accused, — a person disinherited, reckoned an outsider and an outlaw, yet acting a part in history altogether too conspicuous to be overlooked. This personage is Satan, the "hypostasis" of malice. He, if not "consubstantial" with the "Father," nevertheless claims an extensive fief in the universe, divides its empire, and infuses the element of his demonic agency into the conduct of its affairs. Has Unitarianism expelled this foreign will from the world, and

extirpated his progeny? Does it not allow his ghost to haunt its theologic purlieus, and suggest dismal suspicions of God's absolute infinity, omnipresence, and omnipotence of Love, whispering misgivings in regard to the Father's disposition towards his erring, disobedient children, and insinuating doubts as to the probability that all men may be saved? A Report submitted to the Unitarian Association five years ago, admits that "those who believe in the final recovery of all souls cannot emphasize it in the foreground of their preaching as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system as a glowing hope." The same Report, in affirming that Unitarians "believe in the remedial as well as retributive office of the Divine punishments," thus at once defining the latter office and assigning it the first place, leaves an ingredient of vengeance in the providential economies which looks sadly inconsistent with the paternal character of God, and the spiritual unity of Him whose name is Love. The doctrine of penal retribution is the doctrine of retaliation, — an eye for an eye, — and that doctrine savors of the Evil One. Hell is the Devil's play-ground; upon the decease of that potentate it reverts to God, and none will allow even its fumes of sulphur to scent the air who are persuaded that its ancient proprietor has gone to his everlasting rest. Believers in the absolute, unmitigated, invincible goodness of the Father, in an all-embracing, all-subduing kindness which meets with no hindrance or check in the whole universe of matter and of mind, which recognizes no such entity as positive evil, and will tolerate no such misfortune as an unhealed wound or an abiding sorrow, — believers in a Spirit who is infinite in every imaginable perfection, — are alone justly entitled to be called believers in the strict unity of God. They alone attribute to him an undivided will, and a moral consciousness that is for ever consistent with itself.

Again, the Unitarian image of Christ, how undefined its shape, how vague its proportions! He is not God, for he possesses none of the natural attributes of God; he is not self-existent; he is neither omniscient, omnipotent, nor omnipresent. But he is not man; for to say nothing of a super-

human birth, which would seem to indicate that he was a superhuman being, he is exempted from certain finite conditions; his thoughts are infallible; his desires are immaculate; his will is unswerving; his goodness is divine. At one time it is made to appear that his dignity consisted in his character, — a character perfected through suffering, temptation, and victory, as all character must be, of course; at another time the stress is laid on his supernatural gifts of grace, which preserved him from the peril and the possibility of falling; and then speculation wanders away in a third direction, and dwells enraptured on his angelic rank and preexistence, by which both the other theories are discredited. Now he works on mankind through the laws of spiritual influence, the stimulating forces of a lofty soul charged with vital and quickening virtue; now his mission is accomplished by the preceptive power of his oracular teaching; and anon these functions of inspirer and prophet are lost sight of, while his offices of Mediator, Saviour, and Intercessor engross attention. Here a strong statement presents him as an exemplar of practical righteousness, appealing powerfully to certain tremendous moral energies, which wait only the touch of a mightier spirit to rise from their apathy, assert themselves victorious over the dominion of evil, and walk sturdily in the footsteps of the great Forerunner; there an equally strong statement sets him over against us as an exceptional being, commissioned to do for us what we are unable to do for ourselves. The Polish Socinians vehemently debated the question whether or not divine honors should be rendered to Christ. The Rakovian Catechism went so far as to declare that those who refused to invoke and adore him were no Christians. John Biddle, though allowing that Christ had no other than a human nature, thought him entitled to a subordinate kind of worship, as being "also our Lord, yea, our God"; and to this day the same mixed feeling seems in some quarters to be lingering, and still there are those who believe Christ to be an object of prayer. Unitarians habitually call Jesus not only Saviour, Mediator, Comforter, but also Lawgiver and Judge, "Sacrifice for sin," "Abolisher of death," "Forerunner into eternity, where he

evermore liveth to make intercession for us." Have we not in all this the fragments of two irreconcilable systems, — systems that not only conflict in their view of Jesus, but in all the details of connected doctrine are planted face to face in deadly enmity? Such inconsistencies may arise from an uncritical anxiety to do justice to all the expressions of Scripture, or from a disposition to maintain peaceable relations with other sects; but inconsistencies they are, through the meshes of which the historical and even the spiritual Christ slips away into the region of theological chaos.

The same looseness characterizes the Unitarian theory of human nature. Here, as elsewhere, the denial of what was held to be a grave error has not ripened into the affirmation of a positive and final truth. Unitarians speak of the nature of man with more freedom than they use when speaking of the nature of Jesus, because on this point they are less hampered by Scriptural phraseology. Still their judgment oscillates between the scientific and the traditional view. The doctrine of constitutional or organic depravity is rejected with almost superfluous heat, considering its utter absurdity, which forbids any practical belief in it; but are man's natural uprightness, perfectness, and ability cordially acknowledged? The original Adam, mythological progenitor of the race, has fallen from his high estate of angelic perfection into the opposite extreme of embryonic humanity. Eden is a nursery, instead of a paradise; the Fall is a stumble up the altar stairs of creation into the light of a new moral universe. The expulsion from the garden is the slow, reluctant march of the race towards civilization, with its weary discipline and laborious arts. That march must thenceforth, under Providence, be onward, from physical development, through intellectual and moral, to spiritual. How then can we think of the whole world of human beings as wallowing in the slough of hopeless imbecility at the epoch of Christ's coming? How can we suppose that, after untold centuries, and hundreds of centuries, of what must have been steady progress towards its goal, mankind had fallen into a pit where they must needs have perished but for special rescue from above? Yet our symbolical writings speak of "the withered veins of hu-

manity, and the corrupted channels of the world," through which God was impelled "to pour fresh floods of purifying life"; they describe mankind as "*separated* from God by sin," as "destitute of spiritual light," "without sure guidance or strong reliance," "trembling upon a bleak and desolate creation," "deserted, despairing, miserable, — God nothing but a mighty and drear abstraction that was never approached," all of which, with more in the like strain, implies that human nature at a particular epoch of history was in a decrepit and fallen, if not in an organically consumptive state. Only a blind, careless, or timid inconsequence could be betrayed into contradictions like these. If man, as has been often asserted, "never wholly forfeited his originally given ability to secure his salvation by a right improvement of his faculties and opportunities, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands," how can we allow his total prostration, in or near the 194th Olympiad, or even his hopeless imbecility at any single juncture of his career?

The same confusion blurs our idea of the individual's moral condition. One teacher maintains that every child is an entirely new creation, born into the world without taint or bias from ancestry, yet needing a Saviour's aid to unlock the bars of some imaginary prison-house; another concedes the terrible force of hereditary dispositions, and in the same breath contends for an arbitrary freedom of will, and a complete indifference of moral choice. It is urged that, "under a dispensation of justice and mercy, man is capable, by piety, purity, love, and good works, of securing the approval of God and fitting himself for heaven," — and straightway in another interest we have the intimation that "he does not rely on his own merits for admission to heaven, but, with deepest sense of sin, humbly trusts in God's pardoning goodness, through Christ, for salvation at last." Here is verily a blending of different theologies. The star of the new faith has not risen unobscured.

But still more remarkable, and we hasten at once and briefly to notice it, is the incoherence of the Unitarian speech about the Bible. The Polish Socinians stood fast by the inspiration of the Scriptures, and to their final authority made

constant appeal. The English Unitarians did the same. Biddle scrupulously adhered to the letter of the Bible. Priestley to the last retained his faith in Biblical infallibility. They claimed indeed the privilege, so speciously granted by the Protestant principle, of interpreting the sacred books after their own fashion, as did the other sects. These made the Bible a Lutheran or a Calvinistic book; those made it a Socinian book. The Trinitarian received the Scriptures as inspired only as they taught the Trinity; the Unitarians held them to be inspired only as they taught the Unity. Each party set up its own reason above the Word, and permitted its own prejudices to pronounce upon the record. Each party slily slipped its private dogma behind the veil of the holy text, and demurely worshipped as an Omniscient God the idol fashioned by the cunning of its own brain. It was the vice of the Protestant theory, which seemed to assume that a fallible understanding could read aright an infallible book. Priestley, who insisted that a disbelief in the written revelation must be followed by the denial of all religion, nevertheless declared that, even if Apostles had plainly taught that Christ was Maker of the world, he would not receive it. A bold assertion, but after all only the honest avowal of a position which men of different creed occupied without avowal. The inconsistency of professing to revere Scripture authority under these circumstances was probably not suspected, because the authority of Scripture was held on the strength of external testimony, which proved to general satisfaction that the books of the New Testament were genuine productions of apostolic men, authentic as histories, reliable as records of teaching, trustworthy as the repository of a Divine revelation. So long as the credibility of the Bible was supported by such outward evidences as Lardner and others accumulated, it is easy to see how men might theoretically hold their belief in its inspiration, while practically they disowned it; but the advent of scientific criticism put a new face upon the question, and compelled each party to define with precision the ground it occupied. The Roman Catholic Church, claiming, as Christ's representative, the exclusive right to expound Scripture, confines the Biblical critic to

questions of hermeneutics, philology, and archæology. Protestantism, arrogating to itself the special illumination of the Holy Spirit, but limiting the Spirit's aid to such as held fast the analogy of Faith, would restrict the scholar to the work of exegesis and comparison, would forbid his raising any question that might disturb the integrity of the canon, or impair the substance of doctrine. Unitarianism, to whose honor we record its constant friendship towards sound learning, threw the Book fairly open to a free investigation, demanded that it should be read and judged like any other composition, made bold to look into all its teachings, cross-questioned its prophets, historians, apostles, said, "If it is divine, the inquisition will do no harm; if it is not divine, let us know it, for truth alone is precious." The gravest admissions were made against the authority, the genuineness, the value of some parts of the Bible, the accuracy of its knowledge, the reasonableness of its views and doctrines, the trustworthiness of its chroniclers, the clearness of its teachers. Cautious men have allowed, that "manifest errors and perplexities, inconsistencies and discrepancies, are found in a close and careful study of the records, which utterly confound one who seeks to refer them all to inspiration from God."* And yet the inspiration of the book is affirmed. The theology of the Tracts rests, we are assured, upon the Bible as "the Word of God, the rule of Faith, and the great source of Truth." Of the Scriptures, one eloquent writer declares that "the matter is divine, the doctrines true, the history authentic, the miracles real, the promises glorious, the threatenings fearful," — that "all is gloriously and fearfully true"; another, that "they are an authority from which there is *no* appeal"; a third, that "they are the only record, and a faithful, true, and infallible record, of the essential facts and doctrines of revelation." The popular sentiment is shocked by a daring assault upon its cherished prejudices; it stands aghast, expecting every moment to see the citadel of faith razed to the ground, when suddenly it receives the quiet reassurance that, "within a very few definite restrictions and qualifica-

* Ellis's Half-Century, pp. 241, 251.

tions, a few grounds of caution, and a few allowances for manifest error, the Bible is entitled to the character for infallibility which popular belief has set up for it." * The public is referred to the scholarship of this and following ages for a final verdict on the authority and inspiration of the Bible, and then is told that "we know nothing beyond what the Bible teaches us, in any direction or upon any subject in which it undertakes to instruct us." † While the mood of inquiry is prevailing, the sacred writings are treated as a miscellaneous collection of human compositions; the mood of reverence succeeds, and then "the divine element in the Bible always has exceeded, exceeds now, and always will be acknowledged as exceeding, its human element." ‡ Marshalled in warlike array against Orthodoxy, Unitarianism calls in the aid of scholarship, and even opens arms of welcome to the Oxford malecontents, the terrible Stanley and Jowett; but, that victory achieved, it hastens to deplore that "venturesome scepticism, perilous and reckless audacity in theorizing, should have mingled only incidentally in the great work of Scripture criticism." § Mr. Norton may range unarrested through the Old Testament, long ago abandoned to the enemy; but when Köstlin, Baur, Zeller, and Hilgenfeld undertake a scientific survey of the sequestered vale of the New Testament, with a design to run through it the laws of universal literature, and connect it with the main centres of human thought, the old cry of profanation resounds on every side. This is not pleasant. It is by no means comforting to see a noble principle thus restrained by sectarian scruples, or perverted to the use of sectarian views. The manly mind is not rejoiced when men, who charge others with carrying theological prejudices into the Bible, carry their own thither with less excuse, and, after execrating the murderous instruments by which a foreign exegesis has wrung partisan confessions from the groaning Word, furnish a private torture-chamber with racks and screws of more cunning construction. Surely it is not to be wondered at that Unitarianism has a morbid habit of self-criticism.

* Ellis, p. 236. † Ibid., p. 285. ‡ Ibid., p. 285. § Ibid., pp. 274, 282.

But no objection to detached points like these touches what seems to us the radical defect in the system, namely, its idea of God, and his relations to the natural and moral universe. The older Socinians, as Fock has abundantly illustrated, did no more than sublimate the Hebrew conception of the Deity. They spoke of him as the Supreme Being, Creator, Governor, Guardian, and Sovereign Lord of the Universe, Disposer of all events, Judge of all souls. Like a mighty Oriental monarch, he sat afar off and high up upon the throne of the world, and between him and his children the old gulf was still allowed to exist, — a gulf which he could traverse by the flying ambassadors that went to and fro from time to time charged with his commands, but which otherwise remained impassable. A bounded Being was this majestic World-Father, solitary in his individuality; not immanent in his works, but external to them; transient, not permanent therein; their arbitrary Ruler, not their animating life; a *moral* Being, whose attributes were simply human attributes raised to the power of infinity. That this barren conception of God was adopted in the interest of man's moral freedom and personal responsibility, does but define more sharply its character. Protestantism, sinking down into the depths of the religious consciousness, or soaring away into the divine immensity on the wings of devotion, seemed to make man's personality a mere bubble on the surface of the infinite deep. Conscience and will were drowned by this overflowing of the Absolute into the vale of mortality. Mysticism on one side, Fatalism on another, menaced the logical destruction of virtue; and Socinianism, always more ethical than religious, came to its rescue, and undertook to detach the Deity from this too suffocating intercourse with the soul of his creature. In doing this, the bond of consanguinity between man and God was broken. The father and child lived henceforth on terms of friendliness, but not on terms of kindred. Piety gave way to logic. Devotion was sacrificed to distinctness. The understanding was set to perform the work of the imagination. And in place of the mysterious effluxes and influxes of a living, creative, inspiring Being, there remained a bare apparatus of ropes and pulleys,

by which the great Mechanician shifted the phenomena of his spiritual world. This sharp definition of Deity as the Artificer of the universe and the Preceptor of mankind has everywhere identified itself with Unitarianism. Evidences manifold betray its presence and its influence. Witness the action of this idea in an abhorrence of whatever savors of Pantheism, Mysticism, or Transcendentalism. Witness it in the doctrine which from the beginning has been an axiom in Unitarian theology, that God enters the world through the door of miracle, and that to believe he is always there, coursing through its veins of living law, is to endanger all worthy ideas of his personality. This absence of spiritual affinity between man and God accounts for several of our distinctive peculiarities. Hence arises a distrust of man's ability to discover moral and religious truth, to arrive at just conceptions of the Divine nature and attributes, either by the efforts of the reason or the instincts of the heart. Hence the depreciation, less common now than formerly, of the worth of natural religion, — the disposition to refer whatever was good in the ancient Pagan beliefs either to a special revelation or to an acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures; nay, the habit of questioning whether in the ancient beliefs there was anything good, — whether the grand sages of antiquity were not wholly in the dark as to the nature of God, the fact of immortality, and the solemn laws of the moral universe. Hence a current notion of religion, not as the soul's concourse with God, but as a scheme of doctrines vitalized by urgent solicitations addressed to man's hopes and fears, the whole wisely calculated to produce the practical righteousness required by the Divine will. Hence a view of Christianity as a moral system supplementary to the legislation of Moses, — a new law, the same in substance with that of Sinai, only more positive, comprehensive, inward, and pressed with more tremendous weight of promise and threat upon the human conscience. Hence, again, a theory of the Christian life which the "Evangelical sects" have not unjustly criticised as shallow and cold, — a theory more distinguished for rationality than for spirituality, setting great store by uprightness, almsgiving, and other good behavior, but throwing no searching glance into the mys-

terious recesses of the soul, overlooking the radical distinction between the moral and the spiritual character, and slighting the grand truth that goodness is the result of a principle planted far below the deepest roots of the will, and freely unfolding itself in the "beauty of holiness" and the fruits of love. The productions of the Unitarian pulpit literature, admirable often in reasoning, grave in thought, elevated in idea, but often also irresolute in doctrine and feebly sentimental in tone, coldly polished and heavily didactic, — the older collections of hymns crowded with good common-sense expressed in rhythmical prose, distinguished throughout by the homiletic and hortatory character of their contents, and by the persistency with which ethical platitudes were substituted on all convenient occasions for the strong figurative language of devotion used by the great bards of the Protestant Churches, — confess the old Socinian distrust of enthusiasms and fervors, whether Godward or manward, and betray the legal hardness of the system.

To the same doctrine of the Divine absenteeism must be referred that peculiar mode of defining a revelation which has always been a distinguishing feature of Unitarianism. The old controversy between Mr. Ripley and Mr. Norton — a controversy not yet formally closed — revealed the full extent of difference between those who, contending for a perpetual revelation of God in the human consciousness, maintained that the fundamental religious ideas were native to the mind of man, and those who affirmed that spiritual truths completely transcended mortal intelligence, and that even such primary beliefs as the existence of one God and the immortality of the soul were obtained solely through the medium of miraculous communication from above. The Polish Socinians, in scrupulous consistency with their theory, held that Jesus himself was caught up into the heavenly seats to receive immediately from God the truths he was commissioned to promulgate. We hear nothing now of such an ascent, Moses-like, into the awful mountain of law. The most eminent English Unitarians rejected the fancy, and left the wisdom of Jesus unaccounted for. But they none the less retained the idea that revelation was *teaching*, brought

from far, to be imparted orally by an authorized and accredited messenger. With this conception we have been familiar for a generation, — that God, looking with pity upon his darkling creatures, sent a special Ambassador to the earth, bearing certain transcendent truths, and amply furnished with credentials of miracle, that so the vacant understanding of men, compelled to receive all its ideas through sensation and reflection, and unable, therefore, to distinguish truth from error, might have the Divine instructions authenticated by the most palpable physical proofs. A view this which has the one merit of distinctness, but alas what demerits! Does it not cause that gloomy "Eclipse of Faith," that last scepticism, which, with smile sardonic and sanctimonious, refers the seekers after spiritual truth to the faint reports of sensations produced centuries ago upon foreign nerves, and with paralyzing positiveness, mistaking the recall of superstition for a "Restoration of Belief," demands that the doubter of the Book shall "surrender the words Conscience, Truth, Righteousness, and Sin," and frankly avow himself an atheist?

A word, again, on inspiration. Christianity, giving utterance to its loftiest thought in the language of the fourth Gospel, says, "God is spirit"; thus affirming what is elsewhere strongly affirmed in Scripture, that the presence of the inspiring power dwells in all beings who have reached the spiritual plane, and identifying inspiration in its results with the holy intimations enjoyed by the awakened soul.* Far below this is the thought that spirituality is one of the Divine attributes, that the Holy Spirit is bestowed as a special grace upon those who accept the supernatural message communicated by Christ, — an influence miraculously exerted for the support of a revelation already imparted and sealed, — an inward witness corroborating the outward evidences of its truth, — a Comforter diligently renewing the hopes it has awakened, — a Supporter aiding men to walk in the way of its commandments.

From the days of Faustus Socinus until now, Unitarianism has declared that the only certain confirmation of our

* If any desire more definition here, we refer them to "Studies of Christianity," pp. 189 - 192.

hope of immortality is the resurrection of Jesus from the dead; thus bidding men who wish anything better than conjecture in regard to the life to come, listen to the all but inaudible echoes of an archangel's trumpet, straying down through the noisy centuries, — thus suspending the burdened heart of the world upon the attenuated thread of historical tradition, which the slightest movement of an all-pervading, restless scepticism may break. Surely this appeal to eye-witness and ear-witness, this lack of the Master's faith in the heart's yearnings and premonitions, this inclination to dismiss as unentitled to a hearing the evidence offered by the world's great sages, and whispered by the all but universal persuasion of mankind, is scarcely worthy of those who claim the merit of inculcating rational and spiritual views of Christianity. When we read in Baxter, "The indwelling spirit is the great witness of Christ and Christianity to the world"; and in Cudworth, "The great mystery of the Gospel doth not lie only in Christ without us, but the very pith and kernel of it consists in Christ inwardly formed in our hearts"; and turning from these to Dr. Priestley, in some respects a representative Unitarian mind, hear him say, "Christ preached the great doctrine of the resurrection from the dead; he raised several persons from a state of death; and, what was more, he himself died and rose again in confirmation of his doctrine; the belief in which facts I call a belief in Christianity," — we are constrained to think the old teaching better in this than the new.

We are asking why the gospel of Unitarianism is *not* more cordially welcomed as good news by the people. The answer to such inquiry is suggested, we submit, by the foregoing sketch of its character. Unitarianism has made too much account of understanding and will, too little of intuition and spirit. It is essentially an ethical system; and although, unlike the austere moralism of the Hebrews, it twines the lovely wreaths of sentiment round its iron rods of law, still, when humanity presses against it its warm breasts, a chill strikes through the leaves. With all its noble speech about the dignity of human nature, it has not believed heartily enough in the worth of the "common people"; notwith-

standing its many tender thoughts about the dear God, it hesitates to send the vulgar criminal and the hardened sinner to meet his regenerating kiss. While it has refused to shut the Father out from immediate access to the heart of his child, and has opened the door of the intellect that the Divine Teacher might come in, it is not quite ready to leave its guarded house, to stand under the broad sky, to acknowledge a purely vital connection between God and man, and to trust the currents of celestial influence that are pressing in at every pore of sense, reason, affection, conscience, and soul. Unitarianism lacks organic heat and impulse, the outgoing abandon Godward which charms the popular heart; nor, for that very reason, has it the comprehensive sympathy with mortal needs which attracts the great body of the obscure and the toiling, the sin-sick and the sad. As its love of God is wanting in enthusiastic fervor, so its love of man is wanting in earnest heroism. Hence it wins neither the worshippers nor the workers; and, however extensive its negative influence in modifying the prevailing theology, it has failed hitherto in establishing itself as a positive and commanding faith.

And yet the system does contain the elements of a faith at once the most positive and the most spiritual that Christendom has seen. In its assertion of the supremacy of reason over the authorities set up by church and dogma, — in its claim to the right of distinguishing essentials from non-essentials in the Bible and the Creed, — in its assumption that revelation may contain doctrines which transcend the understanding, but none which contradict it, — in its vindication of the natural affections against the overbearing harshness of an austere theology, — in its appeal to the moral sense as the only divinely constituted judge of rectitude, Biblical or providential, — in the stress it lays upon the innate worth of every individual soul, — in its intimation of the spirit's instinctive yearning after holiness as after its native air, — in its constant iteration of the belief that man is the child, not the mere creature, of God, and its tacit implication that Christianity is a power sent to make actual the possibilities of his nature by opening to them the opportunities of an endless

life, — in the prominence it gives to the human character of Jesus, and its affirmations that all men, if they saw his image clearly, would be drawn towards him as to one who simply fulfilled themselves, — we cannot fail to discover the germs of a doctrine pure and undefiled, a religion natural and at the same time supernatural, planted in the soul, authenticating itself there, and there unfolding itself in vital intercourse with the Infinite Spirit. From Unitarian axioms may fairly be deduced the transcendental postulate that God reveals himself, and has always revealed himself, in the spiritual consciousness of man. Around this central oriflamme of truth, which has shone conspicuous in all the wars of theological opinion, and has rallied to its starry folds the deeply religious of every creed, the lineal descendants of Unitarianism are gathering. Without a shadow of reserve they accept the declaration that God has never left himself without a witness, and they delight in tracing the line of true and competent witnesses back through the saints and prophets of our Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, through the providential men of the ancient heathen world, the moralists and lawgivers, the seers and sages, founders of religions and priests of social order, to the very beginning of wisdom. With Augustine, they believe that "whatever is true, by whomsoever it is spoken, proceeds from the Holy Ghost." In all the world's Bibles they find revelations becoming fuller and clearer, as the human soul, the organ of revelation, has unfolded itself in the order of Providence. But, accepting reverently the witness of the past, and cordially recognizing the peculiar mission of those mighty spirits whose life has been organized in creeds and churches, they find in these only the grander expression of what the still, small voice in themselves is striving to utter, and, from their glorious Epiphany, strengthen themselves in a regard for the spiritual capacity of their own nature, and in the persuasion that the living God will not leave the faithful of to-day destitute of his original revelations. Melodious always the separate voices which take up the celestial refrain, harmonious the several tones; but the strains multiply and the harmonies deepen as the grand oratorio of creation rolls on, and, how-

ever here and there the solo of some mightier bard, rising from Judæan plains loud, long, sonorous, may go ringing and pealing through the galleries of time, while the very orchestra pauses to listen, and an audience of a thousand years hangs breathless on the immortal song, still the sublime chant is but a voice out of the rapt heart of humanity from which the whole infinite burden is pouring, an aria whose significance and beauty depend entirely on its complete accord with the unity that pervades the piece. *The Sonship of the soul!* The new school, as it is called, though in fact it is a very old school, adopt this at once, and frankly, as the crowning truth of their system. They see it illustrated by all holy scriptures, and demonstrated by all holy lives. They recognize its transcendent glory in the person of Jesus, and by it interpret the spiritual utterances of Paul. By its light they think they read more intelligently such words as these, finding declared in them no exceptional experiences made possible to a few by the mediatorial offices of Jesus, but the normal experiences of every heart which, by its own expansion, has become receptive of heavenly thought and joy. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." "He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged by no man." "Brethren, *now* are we the sons of God, and we know not what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him." The words of Jesus, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect," contain a whole world of theology. Here we have, in statement the most luminous, the doctrine that man is a being organically connected with God, having in his present embryonic state every celestial possibility folded up within him, with the power of assimilating to himself God's truth and grace, a natural tendency toward that which is highest, and an unbounded horizon stretching indefinitely across the grave. Here we have, under a figure the most impressive and simple, the stupendous thought which Swedenborg has

materialized, that Deity is composed of the same spiritual elements with humanity, that the infinite and the finite blend together in mysterious affinities; a doctrine vast, nebulous, indefinable, but inconceivably grand, sanctifying, and inspiring.

Christian theology has grown like a tree from one root-idea; this namely, *The Immanence of God in Humanity.* "A far closer union," says old Hugo Victor, "exists between God and man than between the soul and the body; for a closer union exists between spiritual natures than between a spiritual and a physical. God is a spiritual nature, and man is a spiritual nature." Synesius says, "The wise man" (that is, the heavenly wise) "is bound to God by a certain kindred, because he uses reason, which is the essence of God himself." "God became man, that man might become God," writes Augustine. But this idea was stunted almost at its birth by the pains that were taken to educate and shape it. At first associated with a single eminent instance, it was afterwards completely disguised and falsified by the popular conception of the "God-man," or the "Incarnation." Hence early and late it has been taught that God was immanent in ONE man, to the virtual exclusion of other men. The Logos was not the representative of mankind, but their substitute; they were beggared that he might be enriched. At first view, "Orthodoxy" seems to have an advantage in its doctrine of an indwelling God; but a nearer examination shows this advantage to be only apparent. For its indwelling God is a God who *dwells* in a single historical person, and does but visit occasionally the souls of others, on condition that they recognize the monopoly of the Only Begotten, and will repeat, word for word, the language that has been put into his mouth. The spiritual consciousness of man, instead of being admitted, is denied; nay, he must himself begin by doubting it, in order to become a sharer in the supernatural gifts of the Spirit of God. Barren and deceitful gifts! which can be enjoyed only on the condition of disbelief in the nature which alone is able to welcome them. We are told that God has incarnated and ensouled himself; we leave our dry records and traditions of past inspiration, we open our hearts to re-

ceive the immediate word, and straightway the symbol, framed to express the divine fact of perennial revelation, is thrust in our faces as an apology for it. The hope is crushed under its emblem. It is for some coming faith to recover the lost doctrines, snatched from us into the shades of ancient mythology; to reinstate it in the place that belongs to it in Christian thought; to give it such new and ample expression in philosophical formula, symbolical cultus, and organized humanity, as may be demanded by our modern age.

Would that Unitarians might perceive this to be their high calling. Whose is it, if not theirs? Noble fathers have done much to emancipate them from the bondage of the letter and the sign. To the roots of the old mythological tree they have boldly laid their axe, and already the sap creeps languidly through the branches, the foliage is turning sere, the roots no longer draw the sustenance they once did from the heart of humanity. It may stand a century yet defying destiny, but a tree of life it can never be again. Unitarians are the descendants of men who have brought this to pass. Let them honor their ancestors; they are worthy of honor. Few sects can boast a prouder lineage. It has its list of confessors, conspicuous among them Francis Davidis, John Biddle, and Thomas Emlyn. It can count its martyrs, Val. Gentilis, Jacob Palæologus, Michael Servetus, George Van Paris, Francis Wright, Bartholomew Legate, who refused the boon of life offered him when already bound to the stake in Smithfield,—the man of whom it was said, that "the poison of heretical doctrine was never more dangerous than when served in clean cups and washed dishes,"—and Edward Wightman, all of whom tasted death by fire rather than deny their faith. Unitarianism has its saints too,—one, Dr. Channing, whose claim to canonization has been recognized by a recent French writer, and others whose sanctity is cherished with all due honor in revering hearts. They who value the prestige of historical renown may boast of their connection with Longinus the philosopher, and Zenobia the queen. Who would sever the line of belief which binds him to Newton, Milton, and Locke, to Clarke, Lardner, Price, and Priestley, to Bentley, Mayhew, Buckminster, Freeman, and the Wares? From

such independent and progressive minds Unitarianism should borrow an impulse toward further progress, taking on itself the solemn duty of carrying forward the movement which they so faithfully labored on, and so hopefully inaugurated.

Art. IV. — GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

1. *Opere di* Giacomo Leopardi. Florence. 1845 – 1846. 4 vols.
2. *Epistolario di* Giacomo Leopardi. *Raccolto e ordinato da* Prospero Viani. Tomi II. Florence. 1849.

No more noble, no sadder name, in modern letters, arrests the student's eye, than the name of the Count Giacomo Leopardi. Measured by such judges as Niebuhr and Angelo Mai, he was the greatest scholar of Italy. The large number and the variety of his writings remain to us a testimony of powers which are seldom bestowed on man. His genius is unquestionable. He appeared as one of those prodigies in literature, like the Admirable Crichton or Chatterton, who are rarely seen, and who still more rarely bequeath to the world works of the highest value. Thus far his name is illustrious; but the circumstances of his life, his bodily and mental sufferings, and the desolate creed to which he abandoned himself, temper our admiration with pity and lasting regret.

In a very meritorious volume of "Essays, Biographical and Critical, or Studies of Character," by Henry T. Tuckerman, will be found an excellent summary of his life and writings.* It is not the object of this paper to give the full details of his career, but briefly to direct attention to one or two points of special note in his literary character, and, in reproducing one of his most remarkable poems, to expose the baneful and melancholy results at which overmuch learning and misdirected genius, without light from above, are not unlikely to

* See also the Prospective Review, and the London Quarterly Review, Vol. LXXXVI., which are quoted in this article.

arrive. A few preliminary facts will suffice our purpose at present.

He was the eldest son of the Count Monaldo Leopardi, born on the 29th of June, 1798, at Recanati in the Marquisate or March of Ancona, one of the stillest and dullest of all the dull towns of Italy, of which Mr. Tuckerman gives a most truthful and graphic description. Leopardi himself describes Recanati in terms of bitter exaggeration, as "a dark hole, a cavern, a place where he could not tell whether the men were more roguish or asinine, but where all of them were either the one or the other." But it had one resource for him, — his father's library; and here he buried himself in books, awaiting the glorious resurrection to fame, "that *first* infirmity" of his noble mind, but, unhappily, not the last.

The accounts of his early progress are wonderful. By the time he was eight years old, he had far outstripped the guidance of the two priests who had been appointed his tutors, and had taught himself Greek with the aid of the grammar of Padua. He soon plunged into a course of undisciplined study, which he himself describes as "mad and most desperate." For seven years he gave himself up to philological researches, and produced several commentaries and treatises that excited the admiration of the most learned men of Rome. Among them was one "On the Popular Errors of the Ancients," which contains direct quotations from nearly four hundred authors. In 1815 he published a complete translation of Moschus, and in the two succeeding years the first book of the Odyssey and the second book of the Æneid.

The labor of translation seems to have been to him a necessary part of mental discipline. He states that, when he was very young, his mind used to become quite uncontrollable and confused, after reading one of the classics, and he would then set himself to translate the passage to the best of his ability, during which process its beauties, being subjected to a long and calm examination, entered his mind one by one, and left him at peace. He considered, that, to become a good original writer, it was necessary first to exercise the mind well in translation; but he also thought that no one could be a first-rate translator without being a good original writer; conse-

quently, that a perfect translation was rather the work of age than of youth. His conception of the function of translating was to create anew, and he repeatedly declared that he had found by experience, that, in order to translate a true poet adequately, it was requisite to be a poet. He says, that, after reading anything that he thought really beautiful, he was in continual agony until he had cast it in the mould of his own mind.

Leopardi now vindicated his own idea, and his claim to the title of poet, — a true poet of sublime and original genius, — by his "Ode to Italy," and several other performances, which declared his patriotism and set him at the height of lyric fame. In poetry no less than in scholarship he was a faithful workman. He did not disdain the painful duty, after the first exhaustive efforts of the Muse, of finishing and smoothing, like the veriest mechanic of letters. He said that he was greatly inferior to every other writer in his manner of poetic production. He always used to obey the inspiration of the moment, and, during the first fervor, write down the ideas as they flowed; then he used to wait, sometimes for a month or more, until a second fit, after which he set to work with such slowness of composition that often he could not finish even the shortest poem under two or three weeks. This method is perhaps indicative of a brain easily liable to an access of lassitude, but it surely shows a fidelity of purpose which might shame the youthful cultivators of "easy writing." This extreme care was characteristic in no less a degree of all his translations. That an imputation of the *labor limæ* would not have reproached him, may be gathered from the following *Scherzo* or *jeu d'esprit.*

"When to the Muses first I went,
To be apprenticed to their art,
One of them took my hand and spent
A whole day leading me around,
To show the workshop and impart
The use of every instrument,
All the various tools I found
On every side, which all of those
Must use who work in verse or prose.

"I wondered as I gazed about,
But missed one tool; — 'Muse, where 's the file?'
'O,' said the goddess, with a smile,
'Our old one is worn out:
We make our verses now without.'
'Then why not have it set anew,'
I said, 'and polish more the rhyme?'
'It *ought* to be,' she answered, 'it is true;
But, child, we have n't time.'"

A series of between five and six hundred letters, addressed to his relatives and friends between 1816 and 1837, the year of his death, and contained in the two volumes of the "Epistolario," supplies us in part with his mournful biography. It is the common story of overwrought faculties and of genius whose course is not permitted to run smooth. Twice in his life he loved, and twice he was doomed to the bitterness of dwelling, *senza speme, in disio.* His long habits of ill-regulated application had reduced him to a fearful state of nervous depression. His labors had no relief, and his own brother, the Count Carlo, testifies that, "always sleeping in the same chamber with Giacomo, he used often to awake in the middle of the night and see him on his knees writing at a small table, until the lamp was quite burnt out." His father had some taste for letters, but he was a rigid Roman Catholic, and, living only four miles from Loretto, his mind was naturally much occupied with the legend of that place. His own comfort and ease, the maintenance of his own *santa pace*, probably caused in him that want of consideration for his children which Leopardi truly declares is a more common source of unhappiness than real unkindness. Whatever may have been his manner of treatment, it contributed to the wretchedness of his son, who, in a letter written in November, 1819, to his friend Giordani, describes a moral condition truly pitiable. He says: "I have not energy enough to conceive a single desire, — not even for death; not because I fear death, but because I cannot see any difference between it and my present life, in which I have nothing but suffering to console me. This is the first time that ennui not only oppresses and wearies me, but agonizes and lacerates me like a severe pain. I am overwhelmed with the vanity of all things, and at the condition of

men. My passions are dead, and my very despair seems a nonentity. As for my studies, which you urge me to continue, for the last eight months I have not known what study means; the nerves of my eyes, and my whole head, are so weakened and disordered, that I can neither read nor listen to reading, nor can I even fix my mind on any subject, whether of much or of little interest." Elsewhere he writes: "I weep at the misery of mankind and the nothingness of all things. There was a time when the wrongs inflicted on virtue by human wickedness moved my indignation, and my grief was aroused at the contemplation of crime. But now I lament alike the unhappiness of the slave and of the tyrant, of oppressors and of the oppressed, of the good and of the bad; in my sorrow there is no spark of anger, and this life of ours appears to me no longer worth the struggle. Much less can I retain any ill-feeling towards blockheads and ignorant persons, with whom I would rather confound myself. . . . . I perceive with extreme terror, that together with childhood both life and the world are come to an end for me, as for all those who think and feel. There is no real life from the decay of childhood to death, except for those, and they are many, who remain children all their days."

Throughout the self-revelations of this correspondence, no one can fail to see that his broken health and his impaired nervous system largely operated in producing the morbid mind. The weak nerves and the want of faith go together. Yet there is a kind of strength in this very weakness that leads us to question whether, even had he been blest with the rude health of a German, to smoke and study and feed as they do *tra gli Tedeschi lurchi*, his mind, after such an indiscriminate gorging of Greek letters, would have been capable of different conclusions. The oft-quoted remark of Alfieri, that in no country does the plant man flourish with so robust a growth as in Italy, is well illustrated by the scepticism of Leopardi. It is the scepticism of a great intellect, and is another solemn lesson that neither great learning, nor large powers of mind, are at all conducive to the highest wisdom. In 1824 he published that dark page of his writings, his celebrated poem "Bruto Minore," in presenting

which to our readers for the first time, we believe, in an English version, we have used here and there more liberty than literal exactness allows, with the design of endeavoring to give an illustration of Leopardi's own idea of translating.

In a letter written in French, at Florence, in the year 1832, he makes this bold avowal: —

"Whatever may have been my misfortunes, I have had the courage never to seek to diminish their weight by frivolous hopes of a pretended and unknown future felicity, or by a cowardly resignation. My sentiments with regard to destiny have been, and always will be, those which I have expressed in my 'Bruto Minore.' It is in consequence of this hardihood, that, having been led by my researches to a philosophy of despair, I have embraced it entire, whilst, on the other hand, it has only been the weakness of men who require to be persuaded of the merits of existence, which has led them to consider my philosophical opinions as the result of my particular sufferings, and to persevere in attributing to material circumstances what they ought to lay to the account of my understanding alone."

THE YOUNGER BRUTUS:

A POEM,

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

What time, uprooted, in the dust of Thrace,
After Philippi's day,
In desolation and disgrace
Italian valor lay,
When Fate for green Hesperia's land
And Tiber's hallowed strand
Ordained the destiny of trampling hoofs
And rough barbarians under civil roofs,
And called the Goth with his devouring brand
From his bleak woods — the starved bear's frozen home —
To rend the illustrious walls of Rome,
Brutus, amid the night,
All wounds, and dripping with fraternal blood,
Sat down, resolved to die,
And thus, in his despairing mood,
Piercing with empty words the drowsy sky,
Assailed Avernus and the gods most high.

Virtue, thou very fool!
The clouds, — the shadowy plains

Where the pale phantoms rove in restless trains,—
These are thy school!
Where thou, Repentance ever following nigh,
Didst learn thy lesson, proved by life a lie!

Ye marble gods!
Whether by Phlegethon, in hell,
Or in celestial clouds, ye dwell,
To whom we pay our duteous court,
We are your mockery and sport,—.
We, wretched race, from whom
You require temples,
Truth and pure temples, while you doom—
You whom we trust in, though we never saw—
Us to the insult of your fraudulent law!

So, then, our piety excites your hate!
And dost thou sit, great Jove, in state,
Thou God in whom we put our trust,
To be defender of the unjust?
And when thy storm the welkin tears,
Is it *thy* hand the wicked man that spares,
And strikes the good man to the dust?

Unconquered Destiny, the iron sway
Of hard Necessity, still drives along
The miserable mortal throng,
Poor slaves of Death! without relent;
And since we wretches find no way
To 'scape our wrongs, the vulgar cry, "Content!"
What, then, are injuries less hard to bear,
Because we know that they have no repair?
Is it a cure for pain to drink despair?

War, mortal and eternal war,
Against thy rule, unworthy Fate!
The brave man wages, filled with hate
Of that injustice brave men must abhor.
And when thy tyrant hand,
Victorious, bears him down,
Shattered, not conquered, with a smile
He tempers his disdainful frown
At the black shadows, even while
He plunges in his Roman breast
The bitter cure of his unrest.

The gods are angered if a violent man
Break into Tartarus,—their gentle hearts

Such valor moves not: yea, perchance they scan,
From their high seats above,
The pleasant spectacle of human woes,
Our toils, our troubles, our defeated love,
Serenely smiling in sublime repose.

O not in sorrow nor in shame
Did Nature, once our goddess and our queen,
To man a wretched life prescribe,
But free and joyous, without blame,
In the fresh world, among the green
Wild woods, with every wandering tribe:
But now that evil custom on the earth
Those happy kingdoms — that *were* so,
And meant to be so, at their birth —
Hath scattered, till no more we know
The temperate life devoid of sin,
Since wine and luxury came laughing in, —
Now that each manly spirit scorns
These altered, miserable days, —
Nature, unfair, to her first word returns,
And blames the wretch himself that slays.

Ye happy herds, all ignorant of crime
And your own destiny! ye flocks that stray
By brooks in meadows deep amid the thyme!
Calmly ye crop your fragrant way,
And slowly wander, still serene,
To your last passion unforeseen.
But should some torment — say the summer's heat,
Or the sharp gad-fly, or should you have drunk
Some pleasant poison — counsel you to beat
Your brains out madly 'gainst a knotty trunk,
No secret law would hinder your desire,
Nor darksome doctrine: no, ye souls of fire!
Of all the tribes that Heaven gave life,
Sons of Prometheus! unto you alone,
When you are weary with the strife,
And with your long calamities ye groan,
And life hangs heavy on your lids,
To you alone the suicidal knife
Great Jupiter forbids.

Thou, too, just rising, calm and white,
From the sea red with Roman blood,
Shine forth, survey the noisy night,

And with thy gentle beams explore
This fatal Macedonian shore,
Where Latin valor lies to rise no more.
The conquerors trample on their brothers' breasts:
The hills yet echo with the battle's roar,
And Rome, now tottering 'mid her ancient walls,
From her high top to her last ruin falls.
And thou, so placid in thy silent sky,
Thou who hast looked upon Lavinia's boy,
And the glad years that went so gayly by,
Those memorable years of joy,
And the large laurels that shall never die,
And thou upon the Alps
Wilt pour thy silent ray,
Silent, unchangeable as they,
When to the damage of our Roman fame,
Sunk in th' Italian, servile name,
Under the thunder of barbarian feet
That hushed and solitary seat
Shall echo with our shame.
Ev'n here, by their accustomed meads,
On rock or bough, the dreaming brood
Of beasts and birds, in slumber curled,
Filled with oblivion and their food,
Knows nothing of our wreck, nor heeds
The altered fortunes of the world.
And when, at cock-crow, on the farmer's roof
The friendly sun is red,
One will prowl forth to keep the rest aloof,
Lording it o'er the weak, plebeian throng;
Another, lighting on some rustic shed,
Will rouse the valley with his morning song.
O chance! O abject human race!
We are the refuse part of things.
Our grief disturbs not Nature's tranquil face;
From ocean's cave no louder murmur rings;
Man's little misery never mars
Your peace, ye many-colored meads!
Nor when he triumphs, when he bleeds,
Do you change color, O ye steadfast stars!

I call not you from your Olympian thrones,
Nor from Cocytus, you hard-hearing gods!
Nor thee, thou Night, nor Earth, whose common sods
I come to make more fertile with my bones,
Nor thee will I invoke, last ray of death,
Poor hope of being in the future's breath!

Can sighs or words appease thy tomb, Disdain,
Or gifts or garlands of the mourning train?

The days rush daily into worse:
We pass, and to a rotten race,
That follow after like a curse,
Must ill intrust our honor and our place,
And, with the honor of our lofty mind,
This the last vengeance that the wretched find.
(*He falls on his sword.*)

Come, now, thou greedy bird!
Wheel thy dark pinions round this hated form,
And in the earth from which it came
Tread me, ye beasts, until my dust be stirred
And scattered by the storm!—
Let the winds have my memory and my name!

Art. V.—THE FUTURE OF TURKEY.

1. *Turkey and the Turks.* By J. V. C. Smith. Second Edition. Boston: James French & Co. 1857.
2. *La Turquie actuelle.* Par A. Ubicini. Paris: Hachette & C^ie^. 1855.
3. *De l'Empire Ottoman, de ses Nations et de sa Dynastie.* Par M. Chauvin Beillard. Paris. 1845.
4. *Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman*, 1792–1844. Par Le Bon Jucherreau de St. Denys. Paris. 1844. 4 vols.

In a former number of the Christian Examiner* we gave our views of the Oriental Question, in its relations to the civil and religious liberties of Europe. In a second article† we attempted to describe the characters and conditions of the most important races composing the population of the Turkish empire, and to point out the difficulties which lie in the way of the Christianization and complete civilization of the Ottoman people. We now propose to state what has been already accomplished, and what further progress may be hoped for, in the social reforms which have been so auspi-

* Christian Examiner, No. CCVII. † Ibid., No. CCVIII.

ciously commenced in the only great Moslem state at present subsisting.

The cardinal principle of this civil and political revolution, — for in spirit and in effect it is nothing less, — as explained by Mahmoud, its most energetic promoter, is the legal equality of all Ottoman subjects, without distinction of religious belief. This monarch, whom the detractors of Turkey habitually style a savage and a brute, often declared that he hoped to live to see the day when Moslem, Christian, and Jew should be equalized in the state, associated in civil and military life, and visibly distinguished in nothing but their places of worship and the forms of their religious observances. The reform system is generally dated from the time of Mahmoud's wise and philanthropic uncle, Selim the Third, who, after having been deposed, was put to death by his successor, Mustapha the Fourth, in 1808. It had its origin in the liberalizing influences which the friendly intercourse between the governments of France and Turkey brought to bear upon the latter power, and the success of the great measures that constitute the system is in no small degree due to the encouragement and support which the friends of progress have uniformly received, first from France, and later and more efficiently from England. From the reign of Francis the First, whose capitulations with the Porte were the first proper treaty negotiated between the Sultan and any Christian monarch, down to the time of Napoleon, Turkey sustained closer and more amicable relations with the French people than with any other Christian nation. After the downfall of Napoleon, political and commercial circumstances threw into the hands of England the influence which France had before enjoyed with the Porte, and these leading powers of Western Europe have since acted in unison in the promotion of political, moral, and social improvement in the Turkish empire. In fact, nothing less than the harmonious action of such powerful allies could have enabled the reform party successfully to combat, and finally in a good measure to triumph over, the determined opposition with which, now by fraud and now by force, other Christian powers have resisted every plan of improvement, and especially every proposal tending to ameliorate the condition of the

Christian subjects of Turkey, and thereby to increase and strengthen the claims which the Turkish government already has to their loyalty and their attachment. It is a just tribute to the merits of one of the ablest and most philanthropic of diplomatists, to add that Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, who has represented the British government at Constantinople for the greater part of the last half-century, has taken the lead in counselling the adoption of reform in every branch of the Ottoman government, and that to him, more than to any other single person, belongs the high praise of having prepared Turkey for admission into the family of civilized nations. In a spirit of enlightened Christian cosmopolitism, this great statesman has been able to see that he might advance the cause of humanity in the Eastern world without prejudice to the interests of his own country, and though ever watchful and faithful in the maintenance of those special interests, it has been his chief ambition to identify himself with the progressive movement of the Turkish people, and to furnish the key for the solution of that great problem of the age, the regeneration of the Ottoman empire, as one of the cardinal securities of the civil and religious liberties of Europe.

We have shown, we think, on a former occasion, that Turkey is now the great obstacle to Russian aggrandizement in both Europe and Asia, and that the possession of Constantinople and its dependencies by Russia would carry with it the command of the Mediterranean Sea, and thus greatly curtail the power of both England and France. Those states, therefore, have a strong interest in maintaining the independence and integrity of at least the European and Anatolian portions of the Ottoman empire. But apart from this circumstance, and from the general considerations of humanity, which we may hope have in no small degree influenced the action of those great and enlightened nations, we must remember that both, as commercial and manufacturing states, have obvious motives for so elevating the thirty-five million souls who are ruled by the house of Osman, that they may feel more of the artificial wants of civilization, and thus create a greater demand for those products of European industry which France and England can best supply. They have reaped an ample

harvest in the revival of the Levant trade, but they have by no means monopolized the commercial advantages accruing from their own wise policy; and at the present moment Austria is perhaps more benefited than either of the Western powers, by a condition of things in Turkey which her statesmen have uniformly done their utmost to prevent.

Although Mahmoud did not live to witness the realization of his noble aspirations, the prediction involved in them has been fulfilled during the reign of his son and successor, Abdul Medjid, who, though himself but imperfectly educated, has shown a most elevated appreciation of the benefits of liberal knowledge and high social culture, and has always been prompt to adopt every suggestion of sound reform, and to carry it out among his subjects as rapidly as they could be prepared for its reception.

Although the germ of the reform system, or Tanzimat, as it is generally called, was contained in the earlier reforms wrought by Sultans Selim and Mahmoud, its complete establishment begins, properly speaking, with the reign of the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid. It was the consequence, or rather the direct application, of the principles proclaimed by the Hatti-Sherif, or imperial rescript, of Gulkhané, four months after his accession, November 3, 1839, and serves to mark the new political and administrative organization of Turkey in force since 1844. This word Tanzimat, the Arabic plural of Tanzim, or *organization*, does not signify a new order of things, as has sometimes been wrongly supposed, but, on the contrary, a return to the ancient forms, which had been corrupted by time and the interference of the Janizaries in the affairs of the government; at least, that portion of the Turks who may be styled the national party profess so to regard it. According to them, neither the Hatti-Sherif nor the Tanzimat has made any changes, either in the constitution or in the administration of the government. They have only restored it to what it originally was, and to what the holy precepts of Islamism require it to be. This view serves to explain the variety of opinion which exists among the reform party in Turkey, some desiring a *national* reform, that is, one founded upon the ancient institutions of the nation; others

proposing to model it entirely after the governments of Europe. We have said that the Tanzimat had its origin in the Hatti-Sherif of Gulkhané. On the 3d of November, 1839, a day memorable in the history of the regeneration of Turkey, Rechid-Pacha, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the presence of the Sultan and all his court, the whole body of the Ulemas, all the great civil and military functionaries, the officers of the principal bureaux, the representatives of all friendly powers resident at Constantinople, Sheikhs, Imaums of every rank, the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs catholic and dissenting, the Jewish Rabbis, all persons of distinction in the capital, collected in the great square of Gulkhané, read aloud the Hatti-Sherif which was to form the basis of the new constitution of the Turkish empire. The preamble of this charter, as it has been called, is remarkable. It runs thus:—

"Every one knows, that, in the earliest days of the Ottoman monarchy, the glorious precepts of the Koran and the laws of the Empire were authorities always respected. Consequently the Empire grew in power and extent, and all its subjects enjoyed the highest degree of happiness and prosperity. For the last five hundred years, from a variety of causes, our sacred code has been neglected, and our former power and prosperity have been exchanged for weakness and impoverishment. The strength of an empire is gone when its laws are no longer respected. These considerations are always present to our mind; and from the day of our accession to the throne, the care of the public good, the amelioration of the condition of the provinces, and the relief of the common people, have not ceased to occupy us. Now, if the geographical situation of the Ottoman provinces be considered, the fertility of the soil, the aptitude and intelligence of the inhabitants, it is plain, that, by taking the proper measures, the result which, with the aid of God, we hope for, may be obtained in a few years. Thus, then, full of confidence in the Most High, and aided by the intercessions of our Prophet, we judge it right to endeavor by means of new institutions to secure for the provinces that compose the Ottoman Empire the blessings of a good government."

The Hatti-Sherif proceeds to indicate those institutions, which were to bear upon three principal points, viz.:—
1. Guaranties to insure to every subject of the empire, Mussulman or Rayah (Christian), perfect security of life,

honor, and property. 2. A fixed mode of assessing and collecting taxes. 3. A regular system of levying soldiers, and fixing the period of military service. The Sultan bound himself by oath scrupulously to observe the provisions of his Hatti-Sherif, and sanctioned beforehand all the measures which it might be found necessary to adopt to insure the realization of the three principles which were to be the foundation and starting-point of the great reform. In fact, the Tanzimat, which was established soon after, and the application of which the government of the Sultan has not failed to carry out with a perseverance worthy of all praise, is not confined to ameliorating the political, civil, and administrative condition of the empire, or reorganizing and regulating the action of the different jurisdictions; but has extended to the *personnel* of the palace, which it reduces every year by getting rid of many useless offices, remnants of the Lower Empire, which contrasted strongly with the simplicity of the early times of the Khalifat.

The ordinance proceeds as follows:—

"For these reasons, hereafter every cause shall be judged publicly, in conformity to our divine law, after inquiry and examination; and no person shall be suffered to cause the death of another, either by poison or otherwise, until sentence shall have been publicly pronounced against him. No person shall be allowed to assail the honor of another. Every person shall hold his property, of whatever description, and dispose of the same, with the most entire freedom, and no obstacle to his complete control of it shall be interposed; thus, for example, the innocent heirs of a criminal shall not be deprived of their legal rights of inheritance, and the estates of offenders shall not be confiscated. These imperial concessions extend to all my subjects, of whatever religion or sect they may be; they shall enjoy them without exception. Thus, as our holy law requires, we accord to all the inhabitants of the Empire perfect security as to life, honor, and property. As to the details, which must be settled by an enlightened assembly, our Council of Justice, increased by such new members as shall be needed, to which shall be united, on such days as we may fix, our ministers, and the notables of the Empire, shall assemble to make laws touching the security of life and property and the mode of assessing taxes. The laws for regulating the military service shall be referred to a military council holding its sittings in the palace of the Seraskier. As soon as a

law shall be decided upon, it shall be presented to us for our approval; and, in order that it may be for ever valid and effectual, we will give it our sanction by placing the imperial signature at its head. This being done, any person, whether of the Ulemas or the grandees of the empire, or whoever he may be, who shall violate those decrees, shall suffer, without regard to rank, consideration, or credit, a penalty corresponding to the crime clearly proved against him."

In pursuance of these general provisions, while the framework of the government remained unchanged, various new administrative departments, judicial tribunals, and civil bureaux were established, the powers of executive officers limited and defined, the hereditary feudal chieftains in the remote provinces deprived of their much-abused arbitrary authority, and much progress made in the reorganization of the empire. High schools, professional and general, have been founded, and are still in successful operation, monopolies abolished or discouraged, important industrial establishments erected, and a new impulse given to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

We cannot, on this occasion, enter into more minute detail in respect to the Tanzimat, or the various codes which were enacted, and the judicial tribunals and other inferior jurisdictions which were organized to carry out its principles; but we cannot refrain from drawing attention to two essential features by which the government of Turkey is distinguished from all the older European monarchies, and assimilated to our own political system. The one is the complete toleration of all religious opinions, and of the public worship of every religious sect; the other is the absence of hereditary rank. There is in Turkey no other aristocracy than the temporary one of official position, which exists in all countries, and there is therefore little of that nepotism which is one of the most fruitful sources of corruption under monarchical governments, and the absence of which Busbequius, an Austrian Ambassador to the Porte three hundred years ago, thought so valuable a feature of the Ottoman political institutions; while, as he complains, in Christian Europe, "there is no room left for the encouragement of private virtue; all things yield to the accident of birth, and the high-born monopolize all the paths to preferment."

That in an empire so wide, and with a population of so mixed a character as that of Turkey, difficulties, both foreseen and unexpected, should arise in the execution of reforms, is altogether natural, and there is no doubt that some of the changes, especially the abolition of the feudal system in the eastern part of the empire, were attended with considerable temporary evil; but this is inseparable from all great revolutions. The eradication of deep-rooted abuses necessarily involves the sacrifice of some private interests, perhaps even of some public benefits, and the more energetically and unsparingly necessary reforms are prosecuted, the more sensibly the inconveniences of sudden and radical change will be felt. Notwithstanding, then, the partial disorganization in the provincial governments, which the introduction of the new system produced, no candid man acquainted with Turkey will deny that, at the outbreak of the war with Russia, there had been upon the whole a great progress, and that the march of improvement, under whatever discouraging circumstances, was going on with accelerating rapidity.

If it is true, as has been said, that there had been more disorders and violences in some remote provinces than before the suppression of the feudal system, it is also true that such irregularities had been more certainly and severely punished; and if more travellers in the Koordish mountains had been plundered, redress for such wrongs had been more frequently granted. Although, therefore, there was still a necessity for continued effort to secure the thorough realization of the proper aims and fundamental principles of the Tanzimat in Turkey, and though great moral, social, and political evils still existed there, yet so much had been accomplished, and the Ottoman government had given such an earnest of the sincerity of its professions, that it had an undeniable right to the countenance and sympathy of every people that believes progress to be the proper law of humanity.

If we compare the history of Turkey and Russia during the century which preceded the commencement of the late war, we shall find that the Ottomans are much better entitled to the character of a progressive people than the Muscovites. The commencement of that century was signalized by the

reduction of the peasantry of Little Russia, who had hitherto remained free, to serfdom; and thus the worse than African slavery which had been introduced into the Northern provinces more than a hundred and fifty years before, now became the universal condition of the rural population. From the conversion of Russia to the Greek Church in the tenth century, that country presents the unique spectacle of the gradual declension of a Christian people from freedom and comparative intelligence to personal slavery and barbarism, and furnishes an experimental proof that there are forms of Christianity so corrupt as to have crushed out the enlightening, elevating spirit of that religion, and to have impressed upon it a character whose only tendencies are to the degradation of its votaries. There is a class of writers, principally clerks of the *puling* school of theology, such as the insane "converted Jew," Wolf, the Rev. Mr. Palmer, who dedicates his ecclesiastical speculations to "the Censors of the Press in Russia," and their followers on both sides of the Atlantic, who are too much enamored of that compromise between old idolatry and Christian spiritualism, which they imagine to have constituted the religion of the "primitive Church," to be shocked at any iniquity, however monstrous, that stalks abroad in the garb of Oriental orthodoxy. To this class belong many English and American advocates of the interests of Russia in the late war; and it is impossible not to discover abundant evidence in their writings, that their opinions upon the relative claims of Turkey and Russia, and their testimony as to the actual religious condition of both countries, are so much colored by professional prejudice and professional interests as to be wholly unworthy of reliance. Among high-church Protestant theologians generally, the Emperor of Russia, or the actual civil head of the Russian, and the patron of the Greek Church, has come to be considered the great propugnator of the sanctity and authority of the *priestly office*, and, of course, of the power and privileges of a clergy which claims a divine right to control the consciences of men, derived directly from ordination, but exercised independently of a papacy. Papal Rome is a despotism, and the priesthood are its servants; the Græco-

Russian Church is an aristocracy, and the clergy are its nobles. Hence the hierarchy of the latter is full of golden visions for ecclesiastics who are ambitious of *power*, but fettered by institutions which forbid the hope of *supremacy*. To all such, the extension of the organization and discipline of the Greek Church over England and America is an object of earnest aspiration, and they would consider the annexation of Turkey to the dominions of the Russian Czar, as securing the predominance of Greek orthodoxy in Continental Europe and Christian Asia, and of course as greatly strengthening the *priestly* party throughout Christendom. The dignified position of the clergy in Russia is at present theoretical only; but under a limited monarchy or a republic it would become actual, as it has in Greece, and those views which would absorb the state in the church might at last meet their realization. The Muscovite Czars, in the midst of the all-pervading despotism which they have lately exercised over ecclesiastical as well as temporal interests, have been cautious to keep up the *show* of respect for clerical rank. When, therefore, a *pope* is knouted for allowing a passion for quass and brandy to carry him too frequently beyond the maudlin condition which canonical indulgence sanctions, the ministers of the law kiss the hand of the spiritual father before he is stripped for discipline, and they repeat the ceremony when, after due flagellation, he is comfortably robed again in his pontificals, the sacredness which is denied to the anointed person of the priest being ascribed in the fullest measure to his consecrated coat. With the British or American people there could be no danger of such awkward *qui-pro-quos*. "The flag covers the bottom," and whenever Occidental civilization can be brought to acknowledge obedience to the cassock, there need be little fear that it will fail to render due homage to him that wears it.

Considerations like these throw much light on the political partialities of Anglican Ultramontanism, and explain how Russian sympathies have gradually supplanted, among those who adopt high-church views in America, the reverence with which the hierarchical institutions of England were formerly regarded. In them, too, we find the origin of many current

misrepresentations respecting the religious interests of Turkey, of the hostile disposition manifested in certain quarters towards the operations of Protestant missionary associations in the different provinces of the Turkish empire, and of the attempts to disguise or discredit the highly important and beneficial services which those missions have rendered to the cause of liberal Christianity and progressive civilization among the Ottoman people.

But to return. The advance of Russian culture, if it advances at all, is like that of the clog or drag-chain, which moves along with the wheel whose speed it retards. The current of European progress, as it sweeps past the Muscovite eddy, must by little and little draw the waters of the refluent stream into its own channel, and therefore, though we cannot yet see that nine hundred years of Christianity have done anything towards elevating the Russian boor in the scale of humanity, we may hope that in some distant future he too will participate in that general movement which philanthropists tell us is carrying the species forward. Up to the present time, however, both he and the emancipated Hellene have retrograded rather than advanced, and the little light which glimmers over the vast empire of the Czars is chiefly confined to an aristocracy already half Germanized by the constant importation of Teutonic blood. But the civilized world, Turkey even, cannot wait for the turn of the tide in Russia, for the sprouting of those seeds of progress which the microscopic vision of certain ambitious churchmen has detected in Muscovite institutions. Since the time of Peter the First, Russia, as a whole, has made no advance, except in the power of annoying her neighbors. The moral, the intellectual, and the physical condition of the mass of her people has been in no respect sensibly improved. The administration of her government has been no whit less corrupt. The despotism of Nicholas was not less arbitrary or severe than that of the most tyrannical of his predecessors, and while his policy was equally hostile to human progress, it was far more aggressive than that of any former sovereign.

On the other hand, the Hatti-Sherif of Gulkhané, now the constitution of the Ottoman empire, has proclaimed that

henceforth stable, recognized *law*, not arbitrary *will*, shall be the actuating principle of government, and the progress which Turkey was making towards the realization of this great idea was one of the principal motives which led the Emperor Nicholas to commence hostilities against the Sultan, in order that he might prevent the establishment of a great free commonwealth upon the borders of his own territory.

It is impossible to enter at all upon the detail of alternate disappointment and success which had attended the efforts of the promoters of Turkish reform, and we must content ourselves with the statement, that, in spite of partial failure, there was upon the whole a great general gain. We cannot better express our own convictions, than by employing the language of a Frank, widely conversant with European and Asiatic Turkey, who, on leaving Constantinople in 1853, after a residence of twenty years in different parts of the empire, said: "When I look upon Turkey as it is, and consider the dangers to which it is exposed from official venality, domestic dissensions, and the corruption and rapacity of foreign powers, I despair of the success of any plan of reform, and even of the continued existence of the Ottoman nationality and empire; but when I remember the progress that has been actually made, and observe the vast improvement that has been secured in the condition of all classes of Turkish subjects during my residence among the Osmanlis, I find no room for any sentiment but thankfulness and hope."

Such was the condition of things at the commencement of the late flagitious attempt of the Emperor Nicholas to extinguish the kindling glow of liberty and knowledge, and to establish himself in a position of impregnable security, whence he might diffuse over the fairest portions of the earth's surface the blackness of darkness which had so long brooded over his own paternal dominions.* It is impossible at present to form a satisfactory opinion upon the consequences of the Russian war. It has accelerated — perhaps we should

* We learn by late arrivals, that the present Czar has prohibited the teaching of the Latin language in the Russian colleges. "The positive sciences," (Qu. *military* pyrotechnics?) it is announced, will occupy the hours heretofore devoted to the study of the humanities!

rather say precipitated — the action of the government in the introduction of further reforms, and the sanguine friends of Turkey, both within and without the empire, hope for rapid and general improvement, from the readiness of the Sultan and his ministers to comply with every demand of the Allied Powers for increased indulgences to the Christian subjects of the Ottoman state. In the reactionary fanaticism which these concessions have excited in the distant provinces, and especially among the Arab population, the dying struggles of Mohammedan bigotry, others see the tokens of the approaching dissolution of the Turkish empire, and of the subjection of its territory to the dominion of Russia, or its partition among the states of Western Europe. For ourselves, we hope better things than this; but we cannot but consider the too rapid elevation of the Christians to a *political* equality with those who have so long ruled over them as a very hazardous experiment. It violently interferes with the natural development of a progressive system, and it both excites a dangerous hostility among the Moslems, who are still the majority in numbers, and strong in the consciousness of moral superiority, and it intrusts dignity and power to hands scarcely better prepared to wield it than would be the newly emancipated slave of the cotton-field. Force must now suddenly complete a revolution which a single generation of persevering, peaceful effort would have accomplished without resistance, and there is no small danger that the necessary force can be obtained only by calling in the aid of foreign powers, in which case the probable result would be conquest, not pacification.

The Hatti-Sherif of 1855 *legally* establishes the principle proclaimed by Mahmoud as the ultimate aim of his reforms, — the absolute civil and political equality of all Ottoman subjects, without distinction of caste, rank, or religion, — and Mussulman, Christian, and Jew are declared to be entitled to precisely the same rights and privileges, subject to precisely the same duties and obligations. Strangers to the character of the Greek population in Turkey would have supposed, that, after a disfranchisement of four centuries, they would have been content with an equalization with their former

masters; but, incredible as it may seem, the publication of the Hatti-Sherif was received with no expressions of gratitude or satisfaction; on the contrary, it was met by a formal protest from the chiefs of that community, on the ground that, though it elevated them to the enjoyment of the same rights as the Moslems, it imposed upon them the same burdens. They had the audacity to insist on increased powers and privileges for their clergy, much beyond those exercised by the Mohammedan ecclesiastics, and to demand exemption from liability to military service. The latter point was yielded by the Porte, and a moderate pecuniary commutation proposed; but even this has been resisted, and it may be added, as a proof of the turbulent and rebellious spirit of these people, that the late revolt in Candia (Crete) was owing to three causes: the refusal of the Greeks to pay the commutation for exemption from military duty; their opposition to the construction of roads through the island; and a popular attempt to punish a few Christians for embracing Mohammedanism, while the Turks had permitted the conversion of more than two hundred Cretan Moslems to Christianity, without objection.

Although there are rumors of popular discontents, and even political conspiracies, in Turkey proper, yet deeds of actual violence towards Christians have been perpetrated only by *Arab* Moslems. If, as we hope and believe, the Porte shall prove itself able and willing to punish these outrages and prevent their repetition, there is little fear of any opposition to reform on the part of the Osmanlis, except the passive resistance of inaction, the *vis inertiæ* of a people attached to their religion and their institutions, and proverbially tenacious of habit and custom. If, on the other hand, the government of the Sultan shows any want of energy and determination in repressing the turbulence of the descendants of Ishmael, there is great danger that the contagion will spread, and the revived fanaticism of the descendants of Osman and his followers may be fired with an aggressive spirit, which can be quelled only by the subjugation or extinction of the race.

If the son of Mahmoud puts forth but a tithe of the heroic

determination of his sire, we have no doubt of the final and speedy triumph of light and civilization, and the rapid reconversion of European Turkey and Asia Minor to the Christian faith. The public profession of Christianity by converted Ottomans at Constantinople and elsewhere, the rapidly extending circulation of the Bible, and the free discussion of its doctrines, among the Turks, are facts which can neither be denied nor explained away by Occidental bishops *in partibus*, or other obscurantists; and to those who know the Turkey of former years they are facts of vast significance, *experimenta crucis*, which show that the prestige of Mohammedanism is yielding to Christian influences even among those most interested in its maintenance.

Unbelievers, of whatever cast, who learn Christianity from the Bible, will never adopt the creed of Catholicism or of Greek orthodoxy; and besides the influence of the source which is now radiating its light over Turkey, there is another circumstance that naturally inclines the Turk to sympathize with the Protestant forms of Christianity. This is the exemption of these forms from the image worship which, to the Moslem eye, is the most obvious characteristic of the Romish and Greek Churches.* We knew an instance, several years since, where a Turkish Pacha dismissed a complaint of intolerant Greeks against a small Protestant congregation in Asia Minor, for erecting a chapel without permission from the Porte, because, upon inspecting the building, he found no

* The Modern Greeks distinguish between their adoration of images and the idolatry with which they charge the Catholics. They adore *pictures* only, — not *carved* figures, "graven images," — and they profess to hold that all representations of the same saint are equally entitled to reverence, no one possessing more sacredness or virtue than another. Practically, however, they pay a much more ardent devotion to some images than to others, and when a very old and highly venerated picture of the Virgin was carried to the army of the Crimea, its arrival was announced by the commander-in-chief in a general order, which ascribed to it miraculous powers in as strong terms as the most bigoted Papist ever applied to the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe. As to the worship of the Virgin, persons who have been taught to believe that the Greek Church was not tainted with this superstition will be surprised to learn that the Triodion and other Greek rituals contain numerous prayers addressed directly to the Θεοτόκος, without any reference to any of the persons of the Trinity, styling her Μόνη βοήθεια ἀνθρώπων, Ἐλπὶς τοῦ κόσμου, and the like, and supplicating her τῆς αἰωνιζούσης λύτρωσαι ἡμᾶς γεέννης.

images or pictures. These, he said, as the signs and instruments of an idolatrous worship, were the ground of the existing laws against the multiplication of Christian churches, and rites uncorrupted by such superstitions were not forbidden by the letter or the spirit of the Koran. In a former article, we stated that political considerations had drawn the attention of thinking Ottomans to the essential character of the Christian religion; religion being in their view the necessary basis of all social institutions. There is no doubt that the simplicity of the Protestant forms of worship, as exhibited in the congregations gathered by the American missionaries in Turkey, have had a highly beneficial influence in disabusing intelligent Turks of their prejudices against Christianity, which they had before known only in connection with a *cultus* savoring of idolatry. The educational establishments of the American missions, and the mechanical improvements which some of them have introduced, together with the Turkish Bible which they distribute, have also been most efficient agencies in opening the eyes of the Moslems to the true character of that Christianity, which has done so much to place the English and the American people in so flattering a contrast to other Christian nations known to the Turks.

If to these circumstances we add the influence of political prejudices naturally disinclining the Turks to a creed which is at once the faith of their most dangerous enemies, the Russians, and their most despised subjects, the Greeks, we may readily see that the orthodox Oriental Church is the last Christian sect to whose teachings the Ottomans would listen, while Protestantism, as the religion of the Americans, from whom, if they have nothing to hope, they have certainly as little to fear, and of the English, who, in the present state of affairs are less likely to be regarded with political jealousy than Catholic Austria and Catholic France, is free from all the strongest objections of feeling which attach to the other two rival confessions. We have no doubt, then, that, if Turkey is left to herself, Protestant Christianity will make rapid progress, as well among the Turks as the Armenian and the Slavic population of the empire, and thus there will soon grow up an influence strong enough to countervail the illiberal tenden-

cies of other Christian sects in Turkey, and thus to insure the permanence of comparatively free institutions in that vast territory.

But suppose internal dissension and foreign hostility shall overthrow the present dynasty, and with it the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, what will be the fate of its territory and its people?

Demonstrable as it is, that the possession of Constantinople and the contiguous waters by Russia inevitably involves the humiliation, if not the submission, of all Western Christians, it is not to be supposed that the Protestant and Catholic powers will ever permit so disastrous a consummation. There is as little probability that they could agree upon a partition among themselves, or that they would suffer the erection of a multitude of petty native principalities in a territory whose governmental unity is so essential to the political and commercial interests of Europe. Equally visionary is the old dream of "the expulsion of the Turks from Europe," and the re-establishment of the Ottoman dynasty in the monarchy of Asia Minor, for the opposite shores of the Bosporus, of the Sea of Marmara, and of the Ægean can never long be separated in political destiny. The chimera of the restoration of the Greek empire at Constantinople,* — the investiture of *one seventeenth part* of the population with sovereignty over the whole, — which still lingers in America, is not only an obsolete, impracticable, and ridiculously absurd idea, but it has

* The Greeks, both Hellenic and Ottoman, confidently look to the re-establishment of the ancient Byzantine dominion, and, with their usual mingled vanity and superstition, long believed in an old prediction, that, after a period of four hundred years from the Mohammedan conquest, the sceptre should be wrested from the Ottoman dynasty by the Russian Czar, and magnanimously restored to Hellenic hands. The fated period expired leaving the flattering prophecy unfulfilled, on the 29th of May, 1853, and the people of Athens were weak enough to show evident signs of disappointment when the Constantinople mail arrived with intelligence that the Greek cross had not yet supplanted the crescent on the dome of Santa Sophia. During the war, every Greek in Turkey was a Russian spy, and so zealous were they in subserving the interests of the Czar, that on one occasion, just before the war, three Greeks, disguised as Turks, were detected in attempting to excite the Moslem rabble of Stamboul to a general attack upon the Christians, and especially the French residents of the city. The object of the stratagem, of course, was to *create* a necessity for the interference of the European powers, and to furnish a pretext for invasion by the Emperor.

been more than once formally rejected by the Emperor of Russia, both when the Western powers were so imperfectly acquainted with the real relations of the different races composing the Ottoman empire as to suppose such a thing desirable or even possible, as well as on more recent occasions. The suggested establishment of a Slavonic dynasty, nominally independent, but in reality in a condition of qualified allegiance to Russia, would never be consented to by the Western powers, unless after such a complete discomfiture of their fleets and legions as would leave the Emperor of Russia the undisputed master of the field, in which event he would certainly retain his conquests to his own direct use, and not through the medium of a trustee.

We are persuaded that the interests of Turkey, of Europe, of Christendom, of the world, demand the maintenance of the supremacy of the house of Osman in both European and Asiatic Turkey, as the best security against the encroachments of Panslavic, or rather Panczaric barbarism, and as the only means of the gradual Christianization and complete civilization of the Turkish people. But if, on the other hand, the government of Turkey is to pass into Christian hands, it ought to be organized with a free constitution, forbidding the establishment of a national religion and the exemption of the clergy of any sect from the jurisdiction of the ordinary civil and criminal tribunals, recognizing the absolute equality of all citizens before the law, containing the amplest securities for the rights of person and property, and effectively guaranteed by the great powers of Christendom. If those powers would, in good faith, unite in securing, for all, such *rights* as each demands for its own subjects resident in Turkey, — if they would surrender the mischievous *privileges* enjoyed and abused by those subjects, consent to a fair revision and adjustment of the commercial stipulations which have proved so fatal to the industry of the East, aid in the adoption of an equitable and enlightened jurisprudence, and urge the gradual introduction of the domestic institutions of Europe, which we hold to be a *sine qua non* of all effectual reformation, — there is abundant reason to believe that the Turkish empire would be better governed under Ottoman

rulers than it can ever hope to be by any of the other races which now aspire to its sovereignty.

We believe there is no alternative but the extension of the Muscovite empire from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and the consequent extinction of every spark of civil and religious liberty throughout a vast territory which is now pulsating with the first throbbings of new-born political and spiritual freedom, — the erection of a frowning citadel destined to command the incomings and outgoings of Europe, — and the general substitution of arbitrary will and brute force for the dominion of reason in the government of the interests of Transatlantic Christendom.

Art. VI. — MODERN IMPUDENCE.

1. *The Public and Private History of Napoleon the Third.* By Samuel Smucker. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.
2. Punch, *or the London Charivari.*
3. *Report of the Investigating Committee of the Stockholders of the Bay State Mills.* Boston. 1858.
4. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting, delivered at Edinburgh in November,* 1853. By John Ruskin, M. A. New York: John Wiley. 1854.

Perhaps there never was an age defined by such a variety of epithets — all more or less significant — as the present. The new phases of life and forms of action consequent upon the triumphs of modern science, in a great measure, explain this characteristic; but whatever may be the cause, the fact is patent. Almost every critical estimate of an author, history of an invention, and commemorative discourse, opens with a recognition of some peculiar trait, social, economical, or political, as the distinction of this era. So uniformly is the assumed quality or circumstance superior to what has gone before, so laudatory is the usual estimate and gauge applied, that we might infer as the sum total of the combined

surveys, scientific, literary, and philanthropic, the term *self-complacent* as the one that includes all others. In the individual such a condition of mind is justly regarded as antagonistic to all vital improvement. It is equally ominous as a social phenomenon; the most obvious remedy is to exchange, at times, the pæan for the protest, to courageously behold the defects, mark the degenerating tendencies, and acknowledge the blot on the brilliant scutcheon so confidently advanced as our challenge of pre-eminence.

Accordingly, we propose to consider this as the Age of Impudence;—a designation quite as justifiable as the more complimentary titles it so profusely enjoys; and far more healthful for us to make real, when the perfections of the time are sung and said with such unremitting vivacity, that the inhabitant of a distant planet might deem the eloquent report thereof an adequate reason for the millennium expectancy which, a few years ago, led so many weak optimists to prepare their ascension-robes. By Impudence we mean the self-assertion and practical claim, of whatever kind, unjustified by endowment; the unauthorized assumption which, in the fields of knowledge, the exercise of office, the functions of society, usurps power, dictates, takes possession; the exercise of will as regards others, uninspired by love or wisdom, the only guaranties for its legitimate sway; the complacent hardihood and defiant egotism which by mere arrogance and insensibility seizes on the oracles, or snatches the prizes, and tramples on the sanctities of life; the audacity of irreverence, —the apotheosis of conceit.

In English history perhaps the most notable example of ferocious impudence is that of Jeffreys, the bloody arbiter in the time of Monmouth's rebellion; and in French, Barrère;—both which arrogant monsters have been so vividly portrayed by Macaulay. Citizen Genet was the incarnation of political impudence. Ranke's History of the Popes exhibits an epitome of clerical, which reached its Protestant acme in Calvin's intolerance. We may trace variations of this quality in provincial, military, and social annals, from Henry the Eighth to Lauderdale, from Claverhouse to Robespierre, from Rob Roy to Vidocq, and from Brummell to Bomba. Fanaticism is the

hot-bed and prolific nursery of impudence; bigotry is its strong-hold, fashion its shrine, and the world of opinion its limitless arena.

The national modifications of impudence are remarkable. Often in the Irish it is alleviated by a kind of unconscious wit; Dean Swift used to forgive his impertinent servant because of his facetiousness. Among Italians it is apt to be dramatic; we have seen an angry waiter, when an impatient *habitué* has left a restaurant in a rage at neglect, — declaring his intention of never returning, — solemnly lift his skullcap, roll up his eyes, and devoutly thank Heaven. The French, under the guise of etiquette, and with an external politeness aggravating the offence, exhibit the coolest impudence; a vulgar Englishman exceeds all the world in arrogance; and it may be doubted if any but a Yankee could have the effrontery to stop a procession for his convenience. Yet such impudence we have twice beheld. On one occasion the *cortége* was a fire-company on the run, who obeyed an authoritative gesture, under the impression that they were to be directed to the scene of conflagration; and, in the other case, a religious fraternity. In both cases astonishment checked vengeful indignation, until the perpetrator had escaped. In the latter, the object was to light a cigar at the signal-torch and holy candles!

There is a popular error which confounds decision of character with presumption, and the legitimate audacity of conscious genius with mere arrogance. No mistake can be more indiscriminate. Moral courage, born of disinterested conviction, nerved Columbus and Luther before popes and queens. It was the self-respect of natural superiority that enabled Burns to bear himself as a true man amid the conventional patronage of Edinburgh society. Kean maintained his histrionic innovations by virtue of their genuine inspiration; a great political exigency, appealing to a master-spirit, justified Pitt's firm stand at the helm of state, amid the uproar of faction. Assurance rose to sublimity when Cæsar encouraged frightened boatmen in a tempest, and lorded it over pirates who had made him captive, by the mere force of his personality; when Cromwell dissolved the Parliament and

Bonaparte scattered the Deputies. But there are exceptional instances, wherein, by a rare coincidence, a great crisis and an adequate will and resources of character combine to make the assumption of power instinctive and obligatory, — a kind of moral necessity.

Yet even where a certain honest purpose and a genuine humane impulse obtains, the brazen element of impudence alloys the gold of merit, as we discern in the narrow tyranny of Puritanism and its uncompromising disciples, in the gross impositions of Romanism, and in the cold exclusiveness of the Establishment. The princes of literature thus endanger the potency of their own enchantments; — the most popular historian's charming style reacts through his pertinacity in unqualified statement; Alison's copious research is deprived of half its value by the arrogance of his Tory prejudices; and the most eloquent art-critic of the day chills his glowing pictures by dogmatic depreciation.

Impudence has ever been the grand resource of critics, charlatans, and minor officials; but its manifestations differ in kind. Such brutes in the peaceful field of letters as Dennis and Gifford have given place to the sprightly shallowness of Francis Jeffrey, when he declared that Wordsworth was no poet, and to the confident rhetoric of Ruskin, when he complacently denies the traditional merit of Claude and Domenichino, and orders art-students to "cast Coleridge at once aside as sickly and useless, and Shelley as shallow and verbose." Cagliostro had not the capital of the Yankee Hume, who unites roguery to undoubted morbid nervous conditions, and ekes out the profit of "manifestations" by cunning mendacity. Law created a mirage to lure his victims to ruinous speculations, while Hudson traded on a basis of economical science. "No other ability," wrote one in Fielding's day, when London authorship was at its lowest ebb, "was required than that of the writing-master, no other stock in trade than a pen, a little ink, and a small quantity of paper: ignorance, which would have been helpless had it stood alone, was rendered marketable by impudence." Now-a-days a certain amount of superficial knowledge and a degree of verbal tact are an indispensable element in combina-

tion with the other staple, to insure either profit or notoriety in print.

Our most familiar experience attests the reign of Impudence. If we travel, the autocrats of car or steamboat, of inns and baggage, usurp our free-will unchallenged, and disdain explanation, if we are submerged, crushed, or famished, with a cool temerity that would bewilder the slow but exacting pilgrims of a former generation, to whom post-boys were obsequious, landlords devoted, and even porters deferential. The picturesque rocks of the Hudson are profaned with advertisements of cosmetics; Punch exhibits stereotyped caricatures of juvenile impertinence; an ambassador's lady at Washington is besieged, in the church aisle, by strangers importunate for invitations to her forthcoming *soirée;* a State governor sneers at a great work of art, ordered by his fellow-citizens and crowned with European fame; a prosperous tradesman, who, in youth, could never distinguish "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle," holds his white-gloved fingers to his ears at the opera, in distress because of a prima-donna's false note; a dishonest bankrupt bows, with patronizing grace, to his swindled creditor; a bold-faced hoyden at a watering-place assumes belleship, and ignores the very existence of modest loveliness and natural aristocracy at her side; wise matrons stand neglected against the wall at assemblies, while pert boys and girls absorb the talk, space, and refreshments; "ton," "wit," "blood," or the precedence they once guaranteed, are assumed by vulgar ambition with unblushing effrontery; the white hairs once "a crown of glory" are regarded simply as the badge of "senility"; domestic servitude, of old a profession of honorable pride and beautiful loyalty, is deemed ignoble, and only a casual expedient to be impertinently endured; the reserve born of a consciousness of the holiness of family ties gives place to the most flippant communicativeness destructive of conjugal and filial instinct; salutations are curt, the claim of superior knowledge in every sphere unrecognized, self-respect lost in self-assertion, and the "daily beauty" with which reverence and consideration invest human intercourse and elevate social functions absurdly sacrificed to selfish pertinacity and unswerving presumption.

Brandreth and Barnum are the popular oracles. An English satirist belittles our peerless chief in a tale, without reproach; and his dilapidated sepulchre shames the land he blessed; hospitality is no longer deemed a sacred pledge of respect, but a means of obtaining, without cost, the materials for satire. Everybody thinks he can do everything and has a right to go everywhere; hence the frequent coincidence of pitiable ignorance and mercenary pretension, and the gregarious level of social life. The uneducated man of fortune dictates to the architect, criticises the new poem, professes a medical and theological creed, and selects and appraises "old masters"; the self-styled artist expects orders without knowing how to draw; the tradesman assumes to enact a special economy without having served an apprenticeship thereto; merchants become agriculturists, sea-captains, manufacturers, daguerreotypists, philosophers, engineers, dentists, tailors, brokers, doctors, editors, financiers, and so on through all human occupations, shifting at will the professional livery donned elsewhere under sanctions of probation and authority. In affairs as in society, in the learned professions as in mechanical arts, in the family and in the mart, we thus find impudence effecting transitions, appropriating titles, and pretending to universal knowledge.

Ovations are cheap, inquests a farce; conventions are held to advocate "rights," not to recognize duties; the subdued manners acquired in retirement or abroad, where a certain wholesome discipline and method prevail, quickly change when the young are exposed to our free social life. Foreigners marvel at the precocious self-assurance of youth in this country and the slights put upon age; a hospital for old men was, in the estimation of an experienced and benevolent traveller, our great charitable desideratum. The intense is demanded in fiction, the *outré* in costume, the extravagant in action; blushes are obsolete; boys and maidens, in the original sense, are traditional; dignity old-fashioned; respect exceptional; personalities rife; modesty almost a myth. Self-distrust is deemed equivalent to imbecility, simplicity to ignorance; fitness is ignored, ceremony abridged, the present deified, the past contemned; to be eager, exacting, abso-

lute, is the current method; responsibility is evaded, life profaned.

The most prominent European ruler of the age owes his position to unscrupulous impudence; the ruffian in the American Congress carries the day; the most daring of modern impostors is the only acknowledged prophet of this continent; Tupper's plagiarized platitudes are the most salable philosophy. Let an individual pursue art, literature, politics, science, any object which makes his name familiar, and it becomes the topic of jokes, personal gossip, and caricature; let a bard achieve a beautiful verse, and forthwith its associations are degraded by parody. So common have become the intrusions of our confident natives upon illustrious men abroad, that Carlyle, not without ample provocation, calls us a "nation of bores"; so inveterate and unscrupulous are lion-hunters at home, that a distinguished stranger becomes acquainted with the truly estimable and really interesting forms of Cisatlantic character only by some fortunate accident; not a great patriot, not a glorious name, not an honorable achievement in our brief annals, but has been vulgarized by partisan ribaldry or presumptuous authorship; for

"Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame."

Of course there is a reverse to this picture. Probably the latent beauty of daily life, the unconspicuous charms and truth of character, infinitely transcend their obvious perversions. Yet, under institutions and modes of living such as prevail among us, the inner circle yields more or less to the vibration of the outer; what is apparent illustrates, to a certain degree, all that is interior and private. It is difficult to escape conformity, to neutralize contact and example; our social, like our national life, is singularly diffusive; and we are therefore justified in regarding prominent facts of society, of manners, expression, and action, as significant and representative. The vocabulary of our day indirectly attests the reign of impudence. When were the adjectives *fast* and *slow*, and the nouns *snob*, *humbug*, and *toady*, so essential to the mere description of average experience? They become indispensable as terms for recklessness, vulgar pretension and show, — the constituents of impudence. It is the same in the

current history of civic life; "Lynch law," "vigilance committees," "lobbyism," "municipal corruptions," are such familiar designations, that we are insensible to their arrogant lawlessness. As we write, one of our temples of science has been made such a bone of contention as to become a by-word of reproach; the blackened ruins of a hospital in the heart of our civilization attest the Vandalism of a republican mob; and the respectable contagion reaches the street boys of the city, and they fire its finest monument of architecture.

The past few years have revealed unparalleled cases of financial impudence; corporations have become its unchallenged sanctuary; and even the villany of the swindler is overshadowed by the extent and temerity of his matchless effrontery. The prevalence of his moral hardihood has changed the real significance of words, so that the once noble titles of philanthropist and patriot, to half mankind, convey the idea of railing and pretence, instead of benevolence and love of country; to bully is deemed more effectual than to persuade, to brow-beat than to convince; stump-speaking, which is little else than self-recommendation, is the favorite process of a political campaign; bold assertion is substituted for wise conjecture even in the discussion of unexplored subjects, a claim for an offer, defiance for veneration; and yet so vital is the latter sentiment to faith and to charity, that an eloquent divine, in pleading with that large class who love more than they know, and aspire more than they believe, yet tremble because without the pale of a creed, exclaims, "Whatever to you is sacred, be that to you religion!"

The popular system of lectures has developed, to an incredible degree, the impudence of the rostrum. Formerly uncommon knowledge of a special branch, or professional eloquence, was deemed indispensable to a public speaker; now free scope is given to the ignorant and the flippant. But it is not these who mainly exhibit the platitudes of rhetoric; men of education and talent suffer themselves to compromise their self-respect and pander to a morbid appetite for intellectual dissipation under the name of popular lecturers. Two of the most successful in this vocation acknowledged to us that they repudiated it, when most profitable, from sheer self-

reproach, being heartily ashamed of making money by claptrap and superficial logic. With a few brilliant exceptions, those who serve up a secular mental repast for a consideration owe the privilege of addressing their fellow-creatures to matchless effrontery, weaving alternate jokes and pathos with crude fragments of knowledge, and confidently "giving an opinion" on topics scarcely glanced at, — on men and things which neither research nor endowment, experience nor insight, authorize them to discuss.

Editorial impudence has no bound. No audacity equals that of the controller of types and a daily or weekly sheet. Without the discipline of scholars, or the refinements of gentlemen, or the dignity of manly citizenship, we see self-constituted journalists not only undertake to instruct the public, but to violate all the courtesies of human life, the sanctity of unblemished private character, the good name of the living and the peaceful fame of the honored dead; to asperse motives, misinterpret facts, minister to low tastes and degrading jealousies, and all this under cover of an irresponsible "we," and through the mean attacks of the pen, wielded, not in open and fair combat, but under the base disguise and cowardly intrenchment of an anonymous press.

This detail connects with one of the most provoking forms of modern literary impudence, the abuse of our vernacular. The liberties taken with the English language through affectation, extravagance, and unmanly verbal artifice would strike a writer of the Elizabethan or Queen Anne's day as the height of impertinence. Words are coined *ad libitum;* foreign idioms transferred to the Anglo-Saxon without remorse; old ideas recast in quaint aphoristic moulds, that they may pass, with the unthinking, for original conceptions; ingenuity in diction made to hide poverty of thought; verbal conceits substituted for metaphors, far-fetched adjectives for rational argument, and dainty superlatives for discriminating analysis. If these perverse writers could once conceive how such impudent expedients repel healthy minds, how evanescent is the conservative power of verbal dilettantism, what an outrage it is to good taste and good sense, to the congruity and true force of speech, to the grace and dignity of letters, nay, to the self-

respect and integrity of cultivated manhood, they would abjure the emasculating process, and shrink from profaning literary art by rhetorical assurance.

More trying still is impudence in science. Insanity is regarded by the poet as the only excuse for irreverence in the astronomer; how any mind can explore the laws and wonders of creation only to find material for self-assurance, is a psychological mystery. Better the simple awe of the Psalmist, the devotional interpretations of the "world's gray fathers," than the self-complacence of a modern *savant* who nomenclates a flower, or announces the strata of a mountain, with no corresponding sense of the beauty and sublimity, the divine marvel, they for ever enshrine. The truly profound and comprehensive naturalist is the most unpretending of men. Humboldt, Arago, and Agassiz impress us as reverent and indefatigable *seekers* in the realm of nature, conscientious and tolerant reporters of the normal facts of the universe, whose infinite relations subdue while they occupy their patient intelligence; but the more limited explorers, the special discoverers, seem to hold a natural law as a private emolument; they announce the constituents of a mineral or the generative habitudes of a shell-fish, as if they were personal trophies of insight or evidences of consummate knowledge. Of all impudence, that of the naturalist is the greatest anomaly. To emerge from the temple of nature in a supercilious mood argues more than heathen insensibility, and yet we hear the *petit-maîtres* of science claim and dictate with an emphasis rarely encountered among the votaries of abstract truth, of letters or art. Even in religion much of the phraseology in vogue betrays this vulgar arrogance. Instead of the subdued language in which faith is expressed in the Gospels, as something intimate and intuitive to the soul, the parlance of the field and the forum is deemed appropriate for the most solemn utterances of humanity, and a slang phrase circulates unchallenged as the expression of religious sentiment! It would seem indeed as if reverence had become an obsolete sentiment, — as if every human thing had lost its sacredness, and the wholesome awe that enriched and purified humanity of old were lost in the pride and pleasantness of material well-being.

"Young America" is perpetually in the foreground; men who have grown gray in honorable service, to whom polity or principle has been a life-long study, whose integrity is unimpeached, and whose humanity years of domestic and social love and loyalty attest, are flippantly lectured by young citizens, inexperienced in public life, and whose private achievements exhibit no martyr's warrant or superfluous wisdom. Instead of knight and seer, we have the filibuster and the fogy. "Aujourd'hui," says Balzac, "le succès est la raison suprême de toutes les actions." "The true philosopher's stone," wrote Jerrold, "is only intense impudence." Yet what is the actual triumph to which this boasted talisman leads, and how far is success thus obtained a real success? Dr. Johnson defined a large class of visionaries as those "who mistake notoriety for fame"; success, in the last analysis, is satisfaction, and the "show of things," — is, according to Bacon, devoid of poetry not less than truth, unless "conformed to the desires of the soul." Accordingly, pecuniary gains, *éclat*, position, achievement itself, only deserve to be called successful when they are legitimate and genuine. The victories of impudence are melo-dramatic, temporary, spurious. The so-called reformer may despise conservative opinions, but when he disregards the conservatism of human instincts, his action is suicidal; the social intruder may boast immunity from irrational deference, yet the outrage he commits upon the self-respect of a circle or an individual is fatal to the very consideration he thinks to seize by assumption; the writer and speaker may poise himself on the wings of blind ambition, but his defiance of the experienced, the venerable, the true, the becoming, the patient, and the holy, only recoils, however unconsciously, upon the personal influence he thus strives to organize; the shallow critic may turn down his collar, wear his hair long, and deal in conventional phrases to gauge the skill of singer or author, painter or architect; yet the process makes no impression upon the only class which the enlightened censor aims to reach and impress. "There is nothing," remarked the most efficient antagonist of shams, "so contemptible as a discovered quack." And the great error of the votaries of impudence in society, art, letters, science, and finance, is their

apparent unconsciousness of their certain ultimate fate, which is *to be found out.* But there is a deeper lesson in this prevalence of audacity. The insolent spirit of mechanical triumphs, of material progress, is in direct opposition to spiritual and human welfare; locomotion may diffuse, but it does not generate, thought, moral energy, and love, — the distinctive felicities of life. Facility of intercourse is only valuable in proportion as we have something precious and true to communicate; steam, chemical agents, electricity, — all the natural forces so proudly claimed as our vassals, — are but *means* of good; to exult over them and presume upon them argues a narrow perception or a steeled heart; they only complicate and expedite, but leave intact the "issues of life," which depend on inward conditions and personal sympathies, acquisitions, and relations; and these attain depth and beauty through a spirit directly the reverse of wilfulness and self-sufficiency. The most vital interests of humanity are fostered by a receptive, not an aggressive temper; her most permanent glories are latent; truth, wisdom, love, content, all grow up through self-forgetfulness and meek aspiration. The graceful willow bends to the storm; the fragrant violet blooms low; the sparkling minarets of the iceberg are but exponents of a deeper crystal mass hidden beneath the waters; the eternal stars glow on while dazzling bonfires expire in darkness. Nor does Nature alone in her secret laboratories, her gentle dew, her silently moulded crystals, and hushed but radiant cloud-looms, breathe of the potency of tranquil, unostentatious processes; vicissitude for ever checks and chastens, interposing uncertainty, enforcing dependence, proving that the "battle is not always to the strong," and that a "haughty spirit" is prophetic of a fall, so that the wise ever "rejoice with trembling." The most favored of fortune not seldom breathe an echo to the bereaved queen's adjuration: —

> "I swear 't is better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow!"

There never was an epoch or a country demanding more firm repudiation of the conventional, and more strict allegiance

to the essential standard of success, than our own. Public faith and sympathy kept high the ideal of art in the fifteenth century, as did chivalric enthusiasm that of honor and courage in previous times; the concentrated zeal of minorities elevated the religious sentiment during the long period when Europe responded to the appeal of Luther; patriotic wars, dramatic genius, maritime adventure, political amelioration, subsequently raised the feeling and the intelligence of men to a plane of disinterested zeal and speculation. But now that commerce and science occupy the energies once absorbed in art and chivalry, now that comfort is the aim and wealth the goal of desire, the material and outward success they crave wars perpetually against what is genuine and lofty in character, and harmonious and beautiful in life; and it requires a moral heroism to acknowledge and pursue that satisfaction which is absolute success, — to write, to behave, to honor, to suffer, to enjoy, and to live, without base conformity, facile presumption, unreal equipment and profession.

"What a wonderful incongruity it is," wrote Bishop Butler, "for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action or vehement in it!" Perhaps some future historian of civilization will detect and announce a law of equilibrium in the moral universe, an absolute law of compensation in human experience, which will hallow the claims of a gentler and less assuming tone of manners, spirit of faith, and method of action to the intellect, as Christianity already does to the heart. Even within the sphere of the world's recent experience, it is not difficult to trace the materials for such an inference. Have the terrible scenes of the Indian mutiny no relation to the arbitrary national self-aggrandizement which preceded them in English foreign policy? Does not the humiliated liberty of France reproach her military character, which so crushed the nation during Napoleon's wars, as a proximate cause of her new and complete subjection to despotism? Is it not easy to find in the reckless enterprise of this country, her abuse of prosperity and arrogant disregard of honorable prudence, the occasion of the widespread bankruptcy whence she is but now slowly emerging?

On a beautiful Sunday in June, when exuberant foliage,

pure breezes, and an unclouded sky announced the perfect advent of summer, we listened in a prosperous Western town to an earnest preacher, who told his hearers he despaired of awakening their spiritual instincts, because youth, progress, and success, free scope, self-reliance, and material well-being, precluded distrust of life; he spoke of the few and far between visits of the angel of death, of the paucity of aged people, and of the newness, activity, hope, which made it so difficult to realize that to-day was not for ever. A week had elapsed, when far away we read in the journals of the unprecedented ravages of a pestilence in that self-confident community.

There is indeed a private discipline which we habitually regard as the special antidote for the bane of impudence. We speak of an experience which "takes the conceit out"; and life itself, by virtue of its inevitable disappointments and precarious tenure, is the everlasting antagonist of presumption. Great men testify that their success has been achieved through a long series of discomfiture teaching aptitude and patient wisdom; Pallissy, the potter, burnt up half his house before he seized the secret he sought, and Jenny Lind acquired a beautiful humility, which led to her subsequent vocal triumphs, in the sad interval when her voice was lost. The English public-school system was long advocated as the most salutary means of reducing to a just level the self-estimation of boyhood. We have heard a complacent limner from one of our new States, who left home elated with an idea of his genius, fostered by newspaper praise, declare that a single day at Rome convinced him he was no painter. Another American artist wept in the corner of a church, the day after he landed in Italy, at the distant goal revealed to him by the first sight of a masterpiece of sculpture. In both instances the modesty of soul thus born heralded true progress and high fame.

A friend of ours, who in early youth set up for a wit, assures us his greatest moral benefactor was a kindly humorist, who, by deliberate and well-aimed raillery, undermined his intellectual complacency before it became chronic; and a venerable countryman, whose youthful visit to England was coincident with the era when what is called the "noble art

of self-defence" was fashionable, has related to us that, upon returning thither in his old age, he was surprised at a rural inn, one evening, by a visit from a bluff, courteous farmer, who came to thank him with tears for a flogging received at his hands, twenty-five years before, in punishment for his impudence. "Sir," said the brave fellow, "it was the first time I had ever met my deserts. The chastisement made the more salutary impression, because administered in cool blood and by a gentleman; it transformed me from a bullying jockey to a quiet 'respecter of persons,' and thus laid the foundation of my actual prosperity."

If success in literature and political wisdom, art, or executive labor, is to be estimated by the heritage of sympathy or indifference which follows the finished career, then the gracious qualities infinitely transcend in conservative virtue the triumphs of impudence; Berkeley and Cowper are loved for their modest benignity, now as when they lived; Wilkes and Thurlow are still synonymes for arrogance, while Addison and our own Irving owe not a little of their enduring fame to that gentleness which is power. Hook, with his facetious hardihood, may vastly entertain us in our less earnest moods, but Hood compels sympathy, even in laughter, by the humane spirit of his wit. Our admiration for unconscionable Lady Montague is cool, for feminine De Sevigné affectionate. With all his constitutional infirmity, it is difficult to feel interested in egotistical Haydon, while the unpretending and saintly self-devotion of Allston hallows his works to our fancy. The ostentatious array and confident air of Murat affect us like the unreal pageantry of a melodrama,—the calm self-denial of Washington as the elemental force of heroism. Compare a Mexican chief's bulletin with Perry's first despatch from Lake Erie; Milton's plea for "unlicensed printing," with a revolutionary harangue of Mirabeau! The history of literature abounds with the temporary successes of experimental impudence. Yet it is to be considered that Chatterton, Ireland, and Macpherson worked on a real foundation, either of ambition or genius, which redeems and partially consecrates elaborate imposition. Practically, too, such a *ruse* as they achieved was an actual triumph of learning or in-

genuity, often harmless in intent and creditable in execution; but modern literary impudence is more subtle and perverse; it consists in trading on fictitious capital, assuming rank on the most shallow pretences, ignoring authority, setting up self-born oracles, and presuming to teach where the mental endowment demands the attitude of a learner.

It is a law of character, that the existence of a gift is in the inverse ratio of its ostentatious manifestation. Those born to rank, instinctively assert it less than those to whom it is an acquisition; the consciousness of power is averse to its gratuitous display; self-distrust, self-dissatisfaction, accompanies great minds, from the exalted standard they cherish, and the intelligent sense of difficulty and responsibility, of which they are best aware. Washington accepted the leadership in the war of the Revolution, with an emphatic declaration of his sense of incapacity, so sincere that it was to his admirers the prophetic evidence that he would be "clear in his great office"; Michel Angelo, at the age of eighty-four, when crowned with the fame of unrivalled achievements in every branch of art, had, as his favorite motto, *Ancora imparo*, "I yet learn." "That which I know," said the dying Laplace, "is limited, that which I do not know is infinite." Modesty and merit are proverbially allied. Buffon's famous definition of genius as patience, is only another manner of saying that the perseverance born of conscious defect, the humble, steady toil which a distant goal inspires, the self-immolation impossible to excessive self-esteem, the high effort prompted by a far-off perfection, are the only means of legitimate triumph. The quack in the *piazza* vociferates, while the sage in his garret thinks. Paradise Lost first appeared in a cheap edition, and the copyright was disposed of for five pounds; the Columbiad was published in an elegant illustrated quarto. Correggio only ventured to call himself a painter when encouraged by the testimony of acknowledged exemplars in art; Cellini filled pages of minute history with the details of his work; — the one adorned a church with frescos on whose dimmed hues the modern artist gazes with despairing love; the other sculptured chalices for a pope and salt-cellars for a king.

Ethics and poetry (which, truly defined, is sublimated wisdom) ever proclaim this verity. The least ideal of English bards, whose lines are proverbs, long ago uttered a memorable warning against a "little learning," and another concentrated an elaborate plea for modesty in the declaration that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Shakespeare makes his reflective hero include the "insolence of office" among life's keenest disenchantments, and refers the most "fantastic tricks" of poor human nature to "brief authority." Alfieri speaks of the *pochi detti* of the brave and the *molti* of the coward, and Mr. Carlyle truly tells us that the "unconscious is the alone complete," and that life "begins with renunciation"; and the holiest of oracles has declared that "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Of an identical tenor are the idealizations of art. Dependent childhood and devoted maternity are the subjects of Raphael; self-subduing love is the golden thread in the harsh warp of the stern Tuscan's mediæval poem; the heroines of the drama and the novel for ever dear are some Cordelia whose voice was "ever low," some Una with her lamb, some Beatrice who wins the poet-soul to paradise, some Lucia who suffers without ire, some reticent Genevieve with "gentle wishes long subdued, subdued and cherished long." The recognition of a law, the espousal thereof by the soul, not imperious and wilful appropriation and pursuit, is the method of progress and of peace. What is hygiene, — the condition of health, — but obedience to the laws of physiology? what is honor, but acquiescence in the just claims of others? what is artistic perception, but the estimation of a work according to its own law? what is judicial wisdom, but respect for the laws of evidence? what is love itself, but yielding to an idea "dearer than self"? Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth, that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy: — "The water-lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

The factitious life in religion, society, enterprise, art, and letters is as spasmodic as in morbid bodily conditions; constitutional resources, natural and real, in the former as in the latter, are the only pledges of reality and endurance. Yet the impudent life-theory in vogue mistakes the wilful for the soulful; makes enormous capital of half-truths; in medicine, lures the imagination to repose upon inadequate remedies; in theology, substitutes a formula for a conviction; in politics, conceals by a narrow and temporary issue essential principles and scope, and evades statesmanship to enjoy office; in art, multiplies cheap mechanical expedients, and shrinks from personal originality which alone creates ideals; in life, prefers the tactician to the hero, the charlatan to the seer, the amazon to the woman, the prodigy to the child, pretence to power; and even in the highest sphere of consciousness, seeks in legerdemain the consolation once felt to be only enshrined in spiritual intuitions. Those two vast sources of truth and beatitude, — the past and its legacies, and the present of the soul and not of the world, — whence piety and poetry draw such affluent inspiration, are hidden from the prying, pert, and confident gaze which looks only before, as upon a domain to be conquered and possessed; while subdued and earnest eyes, that have glimpses of the infinite, look "before and after," around and within, as upon a realm of wonder and divine passivities, to be realized through reverence, work, and love.

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

On several occasions we have expressed great satisfaction with the indications of theological activity and progress in the Church of England, and especially with the recent valuable contributions of Jowett, Stanley, Alford, Trench, and others, to the criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures. We have now the pleasure of bringing to the notice of our readers an important and timely little work on the text of the New Testament.*

We say timely; for though much has been said of late, both in England and this country, of the necessity of a revised *version* of the Scriptures, very little attention has been given to the *text*, which is to be represented by such a version. But this is a very important matter. It will make a very great difference in the respect to which any new version may be entitled, to know whether it represents what happens to be the received text, or a text founded on a compromise with prejudice, like that of Knapp or of Hahn, or one which is the result of the best scientific criticism of the age, like that of Tischendorf. It is well known to those who are acquainted with the text of the New Testament, as revised by Tischendorf or Lachmann or Griesbach, that it is not uncommon to meet with elaborate expositions of matter as Scripture which is entirely spurious; proof-texts which never proceeded from any Scripture writer in any form, or not in the form in which they are quoted; and attempts to remove difficulties which exist only in corruptions of the original text.

The design of the work of Rev. Mr. Green is to awaken an interest in the subject, and to contribute something to the establishment and confirmation of a correct New Testament text. He would have us read the New Testament as the Evangelists and Apostles wrote it, and not as it was corrupted long after they were dead. He has given critical comments on more than two hundred passages of the New Testament, which are *materially affected* by various readings, and has indicated the reading which he regards as the true one; and, which is the peculiar merit of his book, the reasons on which his conclusion is founded. He states these reasons with remarkable clearness and conciseness, weighing the evidence with great care, having excellent tact as to what is material and what immaterial, and applying with good judgment the established principles and rules of criticism in relation to the internal marks of genuineness or spuriousness.

Though we differ with Mr. Green in regard to one or two doubtful passages, we have met with no recent English writer on this subject

* A Course of Developed Criticism on Passages of the New Testament materially affected by various Readings. By Rev. Thomas Sheldon Green, M. A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; Head-Master of the Grammar School, Ashby de la Zouch. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons.

who has given better evidence of having laboriously and carefully considered every passage on which he comments, who has reasoned more correctly, or who has manifested, in general, a sounder judgment. He is altogether free from any doctrinal bias, and does not, like several of his predecessors in England, think it necessary to apologize, or make solemn professions of his orthodoxy, when he pronounces a text spurious or corrupt in the light of evidence, and in accordance with the demands of criticism.

The conclusions of Mr. Green, on the texts which he examines, very generally coincide with those of Tischendorf, and go to confirm the opinion, which is now nearly universal among scholars, that that indefatigable German has given us by far the purest text of the New Testament.

But perhaps it may be asked, Where is the necessity of such a book as Mr. Green's, commenting on a little more than two hundred passages, when we have the completely corrected text of the whole New Testament in the edition of Tischendorf? The answer is, that Tischendorf, like Griesbach, gives, in the text, merely his decisions; and, in the margin, the authorities by which each reading is supported. But Mr. Green gives not only the authorities, but the critical *balancing* of authorities, and the *process* of critical reasoning, relating to internal as well as external evidence, by which he arrives at his decision. The book will therefore be an excellent companion for Tischendorf's or any other critical edition of the New Testament. It will be an excellent guide to theological students in the practice of textual criticism. In the critical editions of Tischendorf, and others, we have in their margin a register of the authorities on which their decisions rest; but on account of the great number of minute abbreviations and other marks, this register presents to the young student an appearance of intricacy and confusion. Of the *steps* of the reasoning connecting the adopted text with the cited authorities, of the various considerations which affect these authorities in particular cases, and of the internal evidence or probabilities which belong to each case, a critical editor can rarely give any intimation for want of space. But Mr. Green, selecting a large number of the more important passages affected by various readings, and exhibiting his process of reasoning, and not only his authorities, but his manner of estimating and applying them, has given the young student a model of critical investigation which he can apply to all other passages of the New Testament. We should have been glad to see Mr. Green's remarks on some other passages; for instance, Gal. iv. 25; Luke ix. 10, 54–56; Rom. xvi. 25–27; 1 Cor. x. 9.

On these accounts we strongly commend the book of Mr. Green to those who are interested in the text of the New Testament. We should like to have it republished in this country. What better service could some bishop of the Church to which Mr. Green belongs perform for the Bible, than to cause to be republished, for the use of clergymen and students of theology, a work which goes far to establish the true text of more than two hundred passages of the New Testament?

GERMANY.

Our half-yearly chronicle reports the following recent publications, mostly theological:—

Of *Kuntz's* "Handbook of Universal Church History" we have the first volume of the second edition; the second part extends to the second Trullan Council.

"The Original Order of Public Worship in the Lutheran Churches of Germany, its Subversion and Reformation." Second greatly enlarged edition. Vol. I., by *Kliefoth*. Schwerin. This volume treats instructively of worship in the Old and New Testaments, and in the early Church until the time of Cyprian.

Bachman's "Laws of the Pentateuch, relative to Festivals; a new Critical Inquiry." W. Schultze, Berlin. The author, who has since been induced to undertake the professorship at Rostock vacated by Baumgarten, has attempted in this work to overthrow the results of Hupfeld's Programmes of Jewish Feasts, (to which is now added a third, treating of the Year of Jubilee,) in the spirit of Hengstenberg and other enemies of sound critical inquiry.

"The Gathas of the Zaratbastra," edited, translated, and illustrated by *Dr. Martin Haug*. First Part. Brockhaus, Leipzig. This is the first attempt at a scientific understanding and translation of the oldest songs of the Zendavesta, which in antiquity are equal at least to the Vedas. The author is known as a master in that province. He is an assistant of Bunsen in the *Bibelwerk*, of which the remainder of the Pentateuch was to appear last month.

A well-meant critique has been published by *Wiegardt*, in Berlin, with the title, "Bunsen's Bibelwerk, or Colloquies for all, by Alethophilos."

"Donatus and Augustine, or the First Decisive Struggle between Separatism and the Church." By *F. Ribbeck*. Bädeker, Elberfeld. This work has the practical aim of dissuading from Separatism, to which the author himself, as a Baptist, was once addicted. It is thorough and broad.

The fourth volume (Parts I. and II.), just published, of *R. Vormbaum's* "Biographical History of Evangelical Missions," contains the biographies of George Schmidt, Moravian missionary in South Africa, and of Th. Salomo Schumann, Moravian missionary in South America. Bädeker, Elberfeld.

"Wicliffe as Precursor of the Reformation," an Inaugural Discourse delivered in Leipzig, by *G. V. Lechler*, contains nothing new. Leipzig, Fleischer.

"Gregorii Nazianz. Oratio Apologetica de Fuga sua." Cum Select. Annotat. ad Editionem Benedict. Ed. Alzog. Friborg. Brisigar. (For Catholics.)

Ph. Heber's "Heroes of the Christian Faith on the Rhine before the time of Charlemagne." Supplement, concerning Siegfried the Dragon-Killer. Frankfort. Valuable as reaction against the present extravagant estimate of Boniface, the first apostle to the Germans.

"Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," by *W. Prisac*, Canon of Aix-la-Chapelle, and Knight of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Coppenrath, Münster. The time has passed when travels in Palestine possessed scientific value; this work ranks with numerous others of the same class, better calculated to edify than to instruct.

"John Huss and Jerome of Prague." By *C. Becker*. Nördlingen. Designed for popular use.

"Constantin et Théodore devant les Églises Orientales. Étude tirée des Sources Grecques et Arméniennes." By *F. Néve*. Louvain, Bruxelles. 1857.

"Notes of a Citizen of Amsterdam concerning Swedenborg, together with Accounts of the Author," (F. C. Curo, who died toward the close of the last century,) by *Scheler*, Librarian, (Rümpler, Hanover,) contains very attractive extracts from the diary of an admirer, but not a follower, of that extraordinary man.

"Johann Friedrich der Mittlere," Duke of Saxony. By *A. Beck*, in two parts. In this work the founding of the University of Jena, and the theological disputes of that day, are profitably handled.

"Leonis P. VIII. Privilegium de investituris Ottonis I. Imperatoris concessum, nec non Ludovici Germanorum Regis Summorum Pontificum Archiepiscoporum Coloniensium aliorum Sæculis IX., X., XI. Epistolæ. Ex Codice Trevirensi nunc primum edidit *H. T. Floss.* Præmittitur de Ecclesiæ periculis Imperatore Ottone I. Disputatio." Friborg. Brisig. A meritorious contribution to ecclesiastical jurisprudence.

"The Development of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Age." Two Lectures delivered before the Evangelical Union in Berlin, by *F. von Quast.* With copperplate engravings. Berlin. The work of one of our greatest art-critics.

"The Religious Discussion at Ratisbon in 1541, and the Ratisbon Book, together with other Writings of the Time relative to that Matter; from original Sources." By Pfarrer *Hergang*. Fischer, Cassel. In German and Latin we have here the documents appertaining to that first attempt at union between the German Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.

A second amended edition of *Thiersch's* work, "The Church in the Time of the Apostles, and the Origin of the Writings of the New Testament." Heyder, Frankfort. The author has abandoned for the present the continuation of this work, distinguished for its merits in the way of inquiry and of presentation.

Nitzsch's "Discourses on Christian Dogmatics for Students of all the Faculties." Wiegardt and Grieber, Berlin. This work, printed from the notes of a hearer, revised by the author, is too difficult of comprehension for the general reader; but for theologians it will be serviceable as illustrating his other works.

Peip's "Christosophy" (Dümmler, Berlin) is dedicated to Liebener; and, like that author's "Mystik," though deficient in clear fundamental ideas, is a fervent and pleasant book.

"The Pentateuch grammatically dissected." By *Hecht*. School-Book

Depository, Brunswick. Very useful; a *pons asinorum* for those who, with an imperfect knowledge of Hebrew, are desirous of consulting the original text.

Clarus's "Elements of Christian Mysticism in the Life of St. Antony the Eremite." Coppenrath, Münster. Developed on the basis of Görres's Mysticism of Asceticism.

Lämmer's "Ante-Tridentine Catholic Theology of the Time of the Reformation." Schlawitz, Berlin. This work fills a sensible gap in developing more exactly the doctrine of the Church of Rome as already affected by the positions and negations of the Reformers while yet unbound by the decrees of Trent, from 1715 to 1745.

F. C. Baur's Manual of the History of Christian Dogmatic. Second edition. Fuss, Tübingen. Revised and brought down to the present time.

Wohlfarth's "Philip Melancthon" (Fleisher, Leipzig) contains nothing new.

W. Neumann's Commentary on Jeremiah (including Lamentations), in 2 vols., notwithstanding its sickly sentimentality, is philologically a useful work.

Ewald's "History of the People of Israel," Vol. VI., embraces the age of the Apostles to the destruction of Jerusalem. It is especially valuable for the insight it furnishes into the connection of the doings of the primitive Church with the history of the time, and into the state of the Roman law. Another volume will bring the work to the close of the century, and its own, and contain the much-needed indexes.

"History of Protestantism in its Newest Development," in 2 vols., by *T. E. Törg.* Freiburg. A very skilful presentation of all the important phenomena, and instructive, though judged from the Roman point of view.

"The Austrian and Würtemberg Concordat." By *Reyscher.* Tübingen. Second edition. An acute critique, which has created much sensation.

By *Tolowicz,* the "Bibliotheca Ægyptiæa," a repertory of the works and treatises relating to Egypt, to the year 1857. Leipsic. Arranged according to subjects, and embracing many smaller and less known writings.

"Peter Martyr Vermigli." By *C. Schmidt,* Elberfeld. This work belongs to a collection which has been commenced of the Fathers of the Reformed Church. The author shows himself an able historian.

An eighth improved edition of *Hase's* Church History.

"A History of Student Life in Jena, from the Foundation of the University to the Present Time," 1548–1858. By Dr. *Richard Keil* and Dr. *Robert Keil.* Brockhaus, Leipzig. Welcome to all who have had pleasant experience of a German student's life.

"The Theology of Jena in its Historical Development." By *B. G. Frank.* Breitkopf, Leipzig.

"From the Life of Schleiermacher, in Letters." 2 vols. *Reimer.* Berlin. A work the more attractive and important from the fact that there exists no adequate biography of that great theologian.

"Science of the Logical Idea." By *K. Rosenkranz.* Königsberg. (Hegelian.)

"The Etruscan proved to be Semitic by Explanation of Inscriptions and Names." By *F. G. Stickel.* With woodcuts, &c. Engelmann, Leipsic. The fact is abundantly proved by the celebrated Orientalist, and gives us one Semitic language the more.

"The Book of Kings of the Ancient Egyptians." By *C. Richard Lepsius.* First Part. Text and Tables of Dynasties. Hertz, Berlin. A work of twenty years, designed to restore with the greatest possible completeness the series of Egyptian kings, with names and dates.

Uhlemann closes his "Handbook of Egyptian Antiquities," with the fourth volume, containing "The Literature of the Ancient Egyptians explained and illustrated by Specimens"; with two lithographic plates. Wigand, Leipzig.

"The Isthmus of Suez, illustrating the Project of a Canal, and the Exodus of the Israelites." With six plates and a map of Northeastern Egypt. By *M. T. Schleiden.* Leipzig. This well-known naturalist here furnishes very exact geographical investigations; and, possessed as he is of the results of the most recent criticism of the Pentateuch, endeavors to show that, according to the oldest document, (the Elohistic,) the march of the Israelites was not through the Red Sea, but across the narrow neck which separates the Mediterranean from the so-called Sirmonis Sea.

H. Wiskeman's "Doctrine and Practice of the Jesuits," (Cassel,) has taken the prize offered by Dr. Mariot in Basle, and exposes in the Protestant sense the lax moral principles of the Order.

D. Schenkel's "Christian Dogmatic from the Stand-point of Conscience," (Wiesbaden,) is a new investigation of the idea of religion on Schleiermacher's ground, with an attempt to supplement his positions by introducing the idea indicated in the title. The unionistic standpoint.

Roeth's "History of Western Philosophy. Vol. II. Greek Philosophy. The most ancient Ionian Thinkers, and Pythagoras." Mannheim. The author, who has since died, (a Professor at Heidelberg,) endeavors with monstrous diligence, but without much critical caution, to carry out his fundamental idea of the derivation of Greek philosophy from Egyptian priests; and at the same time to prove that the Orphic poems, as the Alexandrians and Neoplatonists maintained, constitute a great didactic poem, — the work of Pythagoras, the reformer of the Orphic Mysteries.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

At first sight there is something quite unaccountable in the void, left so long unfilled, between Arnold and Gibbon, the earlier and the later history of Rome. The stately empire of the Cæsars is known to the English reader only in its germ or in its decline. Our knowledge of the great Julius has been left to be gathered from the anecdotes of Plutarch, the dramatizing of Shakespeare (in which he plays so poor

a figure), the vacillating partisanship of Cicero, or the declamation of Sheridan Knowles; and of the consummate statesmanship of his successor hardly a sketch had been given, at all worthy of the imperial topic. The splendid pages of De Quincey were our best hint of the dominion of "the Cæsars," — even more overwhelming to sovereign than to subject, — yet only from a single and exaggerated point of view. Perhaps there is something in the temper of the English mind, which makes it unable to approach that brilliant and formidable despotism with the calm balance of historical judgment. Certainly the void we speak of has been one of the marked phenomena of English historical literature.

Our readers are aware how well it has been filled by the successive volumes of Merivale's "Romans under the Empire."* The appearance of this last, and a careful reading of all six, enable us to bear our thankful testimony to its very great ability, its intimate and masterly scholarship, and in particular to the singular interest and power of discrimination in the characters it draws of the men who won or lost in that great game whose stake was the dominion of the world. Only the rarest and slightest indications of his ecclesiastical prepossessions bias Mr. Merivale's historic judgment. Calm, clear, full, and accurate, down to the location of a village or bridge, or the posting and encampments of a cohort, he has spread before us a picture of the imperial age of Rome, which leaves as little to be desired as we can easily conceive in a work of the sort.

Two things are especially noticeable in his narration; — his easy and intimate familiarity with the Latin literature, so that his lightest touches of color, or light or shade, have the *genuine* look we demand in a drawing from nature; and the freedom of his critical handling of his material. It is this last, in particular, which will strike the majority of readers. The bitter partisanship of Tacitus, the credulous anecdoting of Suetonius, the *chronique scandaleuse* of Dion and later tale-writers of the Empire, are sifted and cross-questioned, and made to yield at least an intelligible, consistent, and *human* picture of men whom we had put quite beyond the pale of our humanity, at best bestowing on them the mock-charity of a verdict of "morally insane." We see how slowly the painstaking, anxious, and somewhat narrow understanding of Tiberius was warped from his one idea of a model state, till his name became a synonyme for the sullenest terrors of despotism, and his memory was cursed in Rome, as the fountain-head of tyranny, much as the name of "Jeroboam the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin." Caligula is not made out, certainly, the most amiable of men; but just as little, the hair-brained despot, the monster-madman we had taken him to be. Claudius is fairly redeemed from the contempt to which he had been left, in default of any advocate; and shown to be, if not a genius, at least a man of fair understanding and more than fair attainments, who in a sincere, pedantic way of his

* A History of the Romans under the Empire. By CHARLES MERIVALE. Vol. VI. London: Longman & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 606.

own did try a task beyond his strength, to rule the state after the antique Roman polity. It is not till we come to Nero that we are suffered to feel mere scorn or hate for the heirs of the Julian name, who followed their illustrious head with so unequal steps. And our common humanity is glad to believe that the darkest blots that rest even on him are the infamous scandal only half excused by the reaction from the base dread of his base tyranny.

We do not mean that Mr. Merivale writes as a vindicator of the Roman despotism, or an apologist of the men who wielded it. But his is the first instance we remember of criticism so scholarly and able, so clearly, consistently, and fearlessly applied to the historical authorities of the period, — particularly to Tacitus, whose warped and saturnine assertions we have too easily been content to take as fixed fact. Tacitus is an historian whose great merits are shown to lie in the line of imagination and picturesque effect, and away from the line of sober judgment and trustworthy testimony; — a brilliant story-teller, a bitter partisan, a critic morbidly austere, too willing to point his moral and adorn his tale by what has no better authority than court scandal and lying memoirs of Agrippina and the rest. How much is strictly original in Mr. Merivale's criticism we do not know; but we owe him, in our judgment, quite as much gratitude as to the race of critics who have undermined our faith in Livy, the picturesque, unrivalled, immortal story-teller of early Rome.

Three volumes of the work are occupied with the revolutionary period of the Roman Republic, — the half-century from the death of Sulla to the complete organization of the imperial power under Augustus. That before us brings the history down to an epoch where the author seems content to rest, at least for a season. But we trust he will not delay to fill the void of the century still remaining before we come to Commodus and Gibbon. This volume has a special interest in the picture it gives (along with the base chronicle of Nero's reign) of the first Christians in Rome, including those "of Cæsar's household"; and of the fatal revolt of the Jews, — the last bloody struggle for national independence against the sullen, all-absorbing dominion of the Empire City. "With the reduction of Palestine," says Mr. Merivale, "the consolidation of the empire was complete. From the Mersey to the Dead Sea no nation remained erect, and the resistance of the last free men on her frontiers had been expiated with their blood. The overthrow of Judæa, with all the monuments of an ancient but still living civilization, was the greatest crime of the conquering republic. It commenced in wanton aggression, and was effected with a barbarity, of which no other example occurs in the records of civilization." Its story is drawn, in feebler lines, after the vivid and passionate narrative of Josephus, — but drawn merely as one scene in a drama, the interest and depth of whose plot are already exhausted. Indeed, writer and reader grow a little weary together, after the pitiful extinction of the Julian house in Nero. The wretched struggle for empire which followed — which made Vespasian the fourth Emperor in about a year — is drearily void of dramatic interest in this pains-

taking detail of its plots and marches; and the last struggle of the German tribes, under Civilis, on which the lost books of Tacitus drop so sudden a veil, is not told with half the spirit and vigor of our countryman, Motley. In saying this, and in referring to the chapters that follow Cæsar's narrative of his wars with wearisome detail, we have specified almost the only drawback to our great pleasure and satisfaction in these volumes. And we repeat now the expression of our gratitude, that so much of intellect, scholarship, and candor has been brought to the unfolding of perhaps the grandest subject which all secular history affords, — unless it be that second, more enduring empire which Christian Rome founded on the ruins of the first.

THE appearance of a new version of Herodotus,* with the promise of so remarkable and fresh a chapter of antiquities as that promised in Mr. Rawlinson's volumes, offers topics of interest which we cannot pretend to despatch in a brief note. Designing soon to give our readers a carefully prepared view of the wide field, but partly excavated by the extraordinary skill and enterprise of these learned Englishmen, we shall at present only indicate what manner of work it is, and something of the nature of the ground it covers. Two or three symptoms, lying on the surface, make one at first sight a little suspicious and dissatisfied. Like Mr. Gladstone, the Rawlinsons are very needlessly shy of the Greek names of the Pantheon, and disturb us with the hybrid deities of Latium, and the associations that belong not to the Hellenic Olympus. Then a scholar — and one not a scholar would hardly care for the book — naturally looks for the text of his author at first hand; and is a little sorry to find, for the quaint, naive simplicity of the Father of History, only a translation, abridged to meet the decorum of English speech. Then a remark or two about oracles (Vol. I. p. 92), and an argument (which we should have supposed quite obsolete) that Tyre *was* captured by Nebuchadnezzar, because Ezekiel prophesied that it *would be* (p. 514), show us that history is getting a little tangled with dogmatics, and we begin to feel suspicious about our witness. Also, to one not an adept in the mysteries of ethnology, it seems incredible that the laborious argument as to races and forms of speech in Western Asia, so thoroughly obscure spite of all deciphering of stones and arrowheads, can tell for so much in our veritable knowledge of ancient history. And the reader of only average intelligence in these matters is apt to feel a little disappointed with his first few hours' study of these pages, — to shrink from the weariness of the process, and to cavil at the leanness of the result.

We hope to show hereafter that this first impression is a mistaken

* The History of Herodotus: a new English Version, edited with Copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most Recent Sources of Information; and embodying the Chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been obtained in the Progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, assisted by COLONEL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON and SIR J. G. WILKINSON. In four volumes. Vols. I. and II. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

one, — at least the latter part of it. Certainly there is an interest, to the coldest imagination, even solemn and profound, in the laying bare of secrets so long hidden, — in gazing on relics of nations buried in the dust of forgotten antiquity before Herculaneum was swept with its lava-flood. As the traveller will never forget the thrill with which he first saw those misshapen relics just lifted above the soil under the shadow of Vesuvius, so one who has seen from a little way the explorations of the last few years in the farther East, will not forget the sense of curiosity and delight, not unmixed with awe, that he felt at the first tidings of Nineveh and its sculptured rocks, and the deciphered inscriptions on the bricks of Babylon the great.

What a patient, conscientious, accurate scholarship, eminent in this one field, can do to put the general reader in possession of facts so unexampled in their kind, and of so strange an interest, is faithfully done here. These volumes have none of the dashing adventure, none of the excitement of discovery, that in Layard's narrative made the plain of the Euphrates of a sudden the favorite and familiar ground of our travelled fancy. But the research in them is one which rewards our patience in another way. Those curious, intersecting lines among the histories we call sacred and profane, on ground common to Berosus, Herodotus, and Isaiah; and the parallel reading of these most remote records of history or mythology, with the brief, dim hints of Hebrew Scripture on the one hand, and the last results of modern ethnology, geography, and antiquities on the other, — above all, the glimpse we get, imperfect and far away, of this scene so early and so eventful, in the obscure dawn of civilization and social progress, — reward well the careful student, who will be grateful to find the knowledge he has got from the charmed page of Herodotus enlarged, confirmed in the main, and cleared up in many puzzling obscurities. The life of the historian, though both more and less full than we could wish, is a valuable introduction to the work. Its critical remarks and discussions are satisfactory in the main; and one is particularly glad to find the good faith of the historian defended, and the merit of his tale set forth in contrast to the lean, dry annals of earlier or rival chroniclers.

The first volume of the work — a noble octavo of about eight hundred pages — contains, besides the Life and Dissertations, only one book of the History, covering, mainly, the antiquities of Asia Minor, Assyria, and Persia. The second contains Books II. and III. The great episode on Egypt, occupying all the second book, — perhaps the most curious and entertaining of all our pictures of the ancient world, — is abundantly illustrated by Sir J. G. Wilkinson, so as to be one of our completest manuals of Egyptology. And no student of Herodotus needs to be reminded of the later topics of interest, among the Libyans, Ethiopians, and Scythians, the Magian (or Chaldæan?) religious revolt under Smerdis, the imperial constitution of Darius, and the momentous conflict of Marathon and Salamis. Probably the main and characteristic value of the work is to be found in these first portions, which include so marked a specialty of its several contributors. But we shall be glad to meet them again on more familiar ground. And any undue

Hellenic prejudice will be overcome by the satisfaction of having the body of intelligent English readers put in possession of so large a mass of scholarly investigation, of so high and unimpeached authority.

THERE would be something ungenerous in passing a hasty and supercilious criticism upon the well-meant first attempt of an industrious scholar in a field so very remote and difficult of access as that which Mr. Dunlap has explored.* The penalty of entering such a field is to be inevitably half understood, and often wholly misjudged. Only one who, like the investigator, has made it his special beat, has a right to pronounce a verdict of true or false on a tithe of the wilderness of assertions his work contains. In style and apparent purpose, as well as by its title, this volume reminds us of Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect," — a work about as little satisfactory, considering its undoubted ability and its very great range of reading, as anything we remember to have met. No author, whatever his accomplishments or learning — especially if he be young and previously unknown — can expect the majority of men to accept, on his mere say-so, a series of propositions which make such immense havoc of their prepossessions, and deal, by dint of such terrifying generalizations, with all the mythologies at once. Imagine the scandal of an average reader at such statements as the following: —

"Israel (Saturn) contends with Elohim, and conquers. Israel and Uso (Aso, Esau) are opposed. Esau is Samael, which is the name of Azazel and Satan; he not unfrequently obtains the epithet Mars, 'wild boar,' Old Serpent Satan. Samael is Satan, and probably the Angel of Death. Abel (Bel) is killed by Kin (Iachin, Agni, Chon, Moloch). So Siva strikes off the head of Brahma. Baal is both Sun-god and Malach-bel (Baal-Moloch). So the Hebrews have their Malak Ihoh, the Angel of the Lord, who wrestles with Jacob. Both sides (of Hercules) were regarded as Two Beings united into one personality and adored together as Moloch and Chiun. In Tyre they were Uso and Hypsuranius, or Baal-Moloch and Baal-Chiun, who constitute the dualistic conception of the Tyrian Hercules. Movers says that the Two Pillars in the temples were the emblems of these two hostile sides or Brothers, and that they were regarded as the greatest gods of the Phœnicians." — p. 300.

Our complaint of this book, as well as of Mackay's, is not that every one of these assertions may not be true, but that they stand as bare assertions, — some of them, as we know, copied from writers of very doubtful authority, — utterly unsupported by any evidence, and being merely the utterance of a particular school of mythological symbolism or speculation. We shall not be surprised, one day, to find some writer advancing, as an established and familiar fact, the reckless surmise of Ghillany, that Moses offered up Aaron in sacrifice on Mount Hor, and that the Passover, in its first form, was a veritable cannibal banquet! Only this is to be said of Ghillany, that, in however perverse fashion, he yet has a rough logic of his own, and fortifies his assertions by what he regards as proofs.

* Vestiges of the Spirit-History of Man. By S. F. DUNLAP. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The paragraph we have quoted as a sample is among the less repelling and learned-looking that might be gathered from this volume in scores. They certainly indicate a very large amount and a very peculiar line of reading. Some pages are little else than bare catalogues of names, in which Sanscrit and Celt, Hellenic and Chinese, Hebrew and Oscan, Aztec and Dacotah, (or sources at least equally odd and wide asunder,) furnish each its shred to the strange-patterned tissue. No doubt the argument of the book has its leading thought, which makes its coherent and shapely in its author's mind; but it is not well enough digested to be either intelligible or helpful to the reader. We do not dispute that diligent study might gather many hints striking and valuable, — perhaps enough to reward the pains of search. But it is a task which few readers will impose on themselves, excepting those who are themselves explorers in the same track, and seek these hints as guides in a line of investigation quite independent.

We have said enough to indicate the placid, cool, amazing heresies of this volume, — seemingly quite unconscious of the faiths and prejudices which it brushes aside so lightly. But it compares very advantageously in spirit and temper with the volumes we have named in connection with it. There is no cynic or partisan spirit manifest, no parading of what is damaging and offensive to the presumed opinion of its readers. Its tone is calm, thoughtful, both intellectually and morally sincere, so far as we have means of judging. It is a real faith, and not the mere shadow and mock of one, in which the writer would merge the dim traditions and wild mythologies and fair humanities of old religion. Quite aside from any argument or theory, too, the general reader will easily glean from these handsome pages many a curiosity of information, many a quaint illustration of lines of thought and habits of life very far away from our familiar knowledge or our every-day scholarship. We gladly give the author honor for the manful, earnest, painstaking way in which he has gathered his harvest of erudition, and trust that a maturer skill may yet thresh from it breadcorn, to the nourishment and strength of more ordinary minds.

As a comprehensive manual and brief of the history of the Mohammedan faith, of its sects, its dogmas, its discipline, and its ritual, the small work of Hackluya* will be found very convenient. It is well put together, without superfluous words, and with as much clearness as the subject will allow. Successive chapters are given to the geography, ethnography, and history of the Arabian peninsula; to the life and adventures of Mohammed, whose work and purpose, in the author's opinion, were those of a religious reformer; to the Koran and the four orthodox rites; to the daily prayers, feasts, and fasts of Islam, with an account of the Kaaba, and the ceremonies of pilgrimage; to the story of Mussulman proselytism, from the first Caliphs to the Ottoman race which at present rules; to a catalogue of the various dynasties which

* Histoire de l'Islamisme et des Sectes qui s'y rattachent. Par LEBLANC D'HACKLUYA. Paris: Victor Lecou. 1852. 16mo. pp. 145.

have risen from the ruins of the Caliphate, from Spain to China; to the philosophical and religious parties of Islam; and, finally, to the principal poets, lawyers, and historians of the Mussulman people.

Most of the facts contained in these chapters are generally known and admitted, though it is not easy to find so good a statement of them. Some things, however, are mentioned, which we have not before noticed in a book of this kind; as, for instance, the explanation of the hundred grains of the Moslem rosary, representing the name of Allah and his ninety-nine attributes.

M. Hackluya's explanation of Schiism is a little different from that which we have been accustomed to see. "Ali," he says, "wished that religion should always harmonize with reason, and should be supported by the study of nature. Schiism glorifies individualism, and destroys social life; and this explains the national inferiority of the Persians to the Turks." He regards the Koran as favorable to the progress of thought and freedom of inquiry, and asserts that there is greater variety and latitude in the Mohammedan creed than in the Christian. He shows that the wildest vagaries of Christian thought have been surpassed by speculations which Islam has suggested and authorized. Proudhon's doctrine, that "property is robbery," is anticipated in the work of the Persian Mazdak; and this doctrine, which a Sultan embraced, could only be exterminated from Persia by fire and sword. Every shade of opinion, from ultra Pharisaism to the blankest atheism and moral indifference, is represented by some Moslem sect. The "Mewlevis" had precisely the ecstatic dreams and visions which the Spiritualists of our day pretend to have. The "Rouffais" laid great stress on the exact measure of future reward and punishment. The "Calenders" seem to have been a sort of barefooted friars, whose whole duty it was to go without shoes and to hate other sects. The "Soukkiouts" were the *know-nothings*, and their boast was that nobody should find from them what they believed. The "Hebibuharis" spent all their time in calling themselves "miserable sinners," and praying the Lord's forgiveness. Yet, like good High-Churchmen, they were exclusive, and boasted that they were the true Church, and better than other men. Many such entertaining details may be found in M. Hackluya's book.

THE latest issue of the New York Library of Catholic Literature which has come to our hand is the History of the Jesuit Missions in Japan and Paraguay, by Mrs. (or Miss?) Caddell.* It is the most instructive book of the series. It tells the story of missionary efforts as remarkable as any recorded in the history of the Church. No "curious and edifying letters" can relate a more thrilling tale of self-sacrifice, heroism, diplomatic caution, brave patience, and fervent piety, of the wisdom of the serpent joined to the harmlessness of the dove, than the tale of the attempt of the Jesuit fathers to Christianize Japan.

The tale is more painfully interesting that it is finished, and we can

* A History of the Missions in Japan and Paraguay. By CECILIA MARY CADDELL. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 12mo. pp. 298.

see the end of the tragedy. It is sad that such persevering effort should end in such disaster; but the whole history of Catholic (and, so far as we can see now, Protestant) missions is fated to close with this disheartening issue. The author of this book has accomplished her object in exhibiting the virtues and sufferings of a band of modern martyrs. It is of small moment to the Roman Church in their estimate of worth, that mistake and failure have marked the lives of their saints. They judge their men rather by the amount of trials they bear, than of success which they achieve. They lose no faith in propagandism, because it has so little to show on the final trial balance. If they have been driven off their ground, they rejoice to be able to show that they fairly occupied it. If they can save no more souls there, it is a subject of rejoicing that they have secured already the salvation of so many souls. They think of the work done for heaven as a positive work, and quite separate it from all connection with the progress of civilization.

But it is impossible for a Protestant thinker to view missions in that way. And this book, with most histories of the kind, is another testimony to the immense waste of zeal and power involved in religious propagandism. There is no form of human labor which produces so little for so large an outlay. Catholics have a great advantage over Protestants in their missionary operations, not only in the more picturesque and attractive form of religion which they bring, but in the superior freedom of their unencumbered movements. The expense of their operations is chiefly in human life and in waste of brain. They have not the nuisance of costly organizations at home, or expensive sinecures which stand between the active missionary and the supporting public. Their evangelists go free to their work, and take care of themselves. Yet even they do scarcely anything for the real welfare and improvement of the people among whom they labor. At least this is the impression which the story of their labors, however enthusiastically told, is sure to leave. The lives of the Jesuit fathers in Japan and Paraguay seem to have the same negative result as the lives of Grant and Judson. The waste is only one degree less lamentable than the waste of life on the field of battle. The record of missions favors only too much the cold secularism of Buckle's view of civilization.

Among the most unpretending yet most instructive books which the present struggle in India has called forth, is the brief yet comprehensive sketch of "British Rule," by Miss Martineau.* It is pleasant to find one who has so often been reported as nearly gone returning to that early task, which she discharged so admirably, of enlightening the popular ignorance of her countrymen on questions of practical moment, with powers neither chilled by years nor abated by disease. Commencing with the earliest knowledge of India, she brings her narrative, with an interest that never flags, and the intention at least of impartial justice, with descriptions that are vivid as paintings, and biographies that

* British Rule in India, a Historical Sketch. By Harriet Martineau. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857. 12mo.

have the charm of romances, down to the outbreak of the present insurrection. Here, at the most interesting period, when a fearless, vigorous, and thorough statement of the causes of the Sepoy revolt is so much needed, she closes with some characteristic sketches of "Modern Life in India"; leaving with us the impression that this "strangest of political anomalies," the government of one hundred and eighty millions by a handful of commercial adventurers, at the distance of half the globe from their island home, through frequently clashing boards of directors, for the pecuniary benefit of an English stock-company, has providentially resulted in the general good of the conquered country. And yet the fraud, oppression, cruelty, spoliation, which had apparently promoted industry, security, comfort, peace, and productiveness up to the present civil war, are presented without any disguise, as suggestive of that alienated feeling which has expressed itself in such exaggerated reports of savage vengeance.

At the close of the ninth chapter, Warren Hastings is thus generously presented: — "He committed crimes and inflicted misery as unnecessarily as wickedly. But, these crimes apart, he was a great benefactor to both countries, by amalgamating them to a greater extent than any other man had or could have done. He was the first Governor of India who could and did converse with any natives in their own tongue. He was the first who opened the potent resources of intellectual sympathy, by cultivating Oriental literature, and interesting the best minds of Europe in the history of our native subjects in Hindostan. He made the way easier for future Governors; and finished with his own strong hand the revolutionary period which perhaps no other could have brought to a close. It is impossible to esteem him, and impossible not to admire him. Without any appearance of a conscience, and as little indication of a heart, he had a most effective understanding; and deserved whatever praise can be commanded by vigorous and patient resolution, and a life of strenuous purposes carried out in unfaltering action. He could hardly have been a happy man at any time; but was strong enough to keep his foes at bay, and win a final victory in the form of an acquittal from charges for which he had in fact undergone a protracted punishment of disgrace and suspense."

Her contrasted view of the native army in the fourteenth chapter is still more striking: — "A stalwart soldiery of tall stature and unmixed blood; men believing nothing, and insisting upon everything they were accustomed to; with no faith, but plenty of superstition; servile to power, and diabolically oppressive to helplessness; prone to self-torture without any power of self-denial; bigoted to home and usages, without available affections or morality; smooth in language and manners, while brutal in grain; incapable of compassion, while disposed to good nature; good-tempered in general, with exceptions of incomparable vindictiveness; timid for a twelvemonth, then madly ferocious for a day; frivolous and fanatical; liars in general, and martyrs on occasion; scoundrels for the most part, and heroes by a rare transfiguration; — such were and such are the Rajpoots of whom our Bengal army has always been largely composed."

In a "plain, unvarnished tale," the well-known and truly Honorable Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, has set before us the double crime of our country, — cruelty to the Indian blending with oppression of the Negro.* It is an artless story, arousing every generous heart, showing how great have been our offendings in connection with slavery, and how freedom has been benumbed with sleep while tyranny forged fresh chains. It is a new chapter in our bloodstained annals. We have been too easily led to think that some fiercer savages in the Florida everglades commenced that costly, protracted, deadly warfare with the United States, by preying upon the property and sacrificing the lives of the citizens of Georgia. This is simply because the aggressors have been telling the story to suit themselves. Now that we look through Mr. Giddings's researches into the documentary history of the times, we find that almost a century before the United States had any control of Florida these free exiles harbored there, married with the Indians, dwelt in a sunnyside peace, and multiplied upon a congenial soil. The unprovoked destruction of "Negro Fort" by United States troops in 1816 commences the series of outrages, perpetrated at the dictation of slaveholders, to destroy the last hiding-place of the fugitive slave. When only three persons escaped without injury of the hundreds who held this strong-hold in a foreign territory, when the few survivors were dragged into hopeless slavery, and the peaceful shelter cursed for ever as a scene of fearful outrage, the newspapers affected to wonder that these hunted-down, outraged, enslaved, massacred Seminoles and exiles were so savage against their unoffending neighbors, that they practised all an Indian's wiles, and murdered with an Indian's relish for his enemy's blood.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not a more pathetic tale than this calm abstract from public despatches, national treaties, and official proclamations; nor a more fervent appeal against a system which changed a scene of Arcadian blessedness into a howling wilderness, sent out its bloodhounds upon the track of men born in freedom, wasted forty millions of dollars in conquest of a thousand Seminoles, and defaced our national honor by the violation of flags of truce and treachery to the most solemn engagements.

In this disgraceful picture of a strong nation crushing a weak tribe, and almost extirpating it, without any protest from the humanity of the nineteenth century, there are two slightly redeeming features. While the United States executive protested that "it could not in any way interfere to protect the exiles," distinguished officers like General Taylor and General Gaines repeatedly refused to participate in the gainful crime of manufacturing freemen into slaves, shielded these prisoners of war from Southern capture, and speeded them on to their Western homes. And again, when our government had actually made a sale of thirty-one exiles, under the pretence of their belonging to the Creek Indians, and the slave-trader imagined that they were within his hope-

* The Exiles of Florida. By Joshua R. Giddings. 12mo. Columbus, Ohio. 1858.

less gripe, the independent action of army officers delivered them almost by miracle, and landed this last remnant of the colored freemen of Florida where the promise of territory of their own was made good by putting them at the mercy of their ancient enemies, the slaveholding Creeks!

It is generally known, we suppose, that the result of this unjust action of the United States was to oblige these natives of Florida to fly from the forays of the more numerous Creeks into Mexico, where again they have been harassed by the Texans, on account of their keeping this back door open for fugitives from slavery.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

In "A Journey due North,"* George A. Sala, a favorite contributor to "Household Words," has given us an exceedingly curious narrative of a summer spent in Russia. It has been likened to Eothen, but those graceful "Traces of Eastern Travel" give perfectly distinct pictures of places, are full of reliable information, and only borrow their dreaminess from the regions over which the words seem to float as a native sky. But Sala seems purposely vague, digressive, fanciful, extravagant, scornful of places and times. Generally, one can neither tell where nor when he is writing, nor upon what precise theme. Every intelligent reader has certain views of this semi-Asiatic, semi-barbarous despotism, Russia; but as you advance in the "Journey due North" these grow less and less clear, — the mistiness which the writer professes to feel is imparted to the reader. After many pleasant hours spent in the most agreeable chat with one of the funniest of "paper-stainers," as he calls himself, only a few general impressions remain, though those are as boldly marked as coin just dropped from the mint.

Sala is justly severe on the universal bribery which curses every country of underpaid officials, and rises to a fabulous height in Russia, every man connected with the government living, not upon his salary, but upon extortion and peculation, bribery and villany. In the time of famine the government decrees pecuniary aid. But "do you know, my reader, that long months elapse before the imperial alms reach their wretched objects? do you know that the imperial bounty is bandied from hand to hand; and that to each set of greasy fingers, belonging to scoundrels in gold and lace, and rogues with stars and crosses, there sticks a certain percentage on the sum originally allocated? The Czar gives, and gives generously. The Tchinn lick and paw the precious dole; and when it reaches its rightful recipients, it is reduced to a hundredth of its size."

The spy-police receives the execration it deserves. Its influence is shown in the general terror, in the hang-dog look, so common through the empire, in the dread each man bears of his neighbor, in the eagerness of the nobility to find a perpetual exile abroad. Yet Sala does not

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* A Journey Due North. By George Augustus Sala. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858.

pause to show that such an absolute tyranny cannot be continued in the nineteenth century save by this hateful enginery; and that the people have proved themselves incapable of freer institutions, and unwilling to accept them as a gift.

Egypt, we had thought, presented the most perfect picture of servility to be found amongst the living. But the Russian peasant seems just as willing to be insulted, robbed, beaten, trod upon, cut to pieces in sport. The only difference — that the Egyptian Fellah calls himself free, while the Russian peasant is not ashamed of his serfdom — is balanced by the fact, that the Egyptian is not a white man, while the Russian is. The Egyptian belongs to a country and a race banned by a prejudice which does not hang its yoke about his Russian brother. "I have seen," he says, "a gigantic policeman walk down the Nevskoi from the Pont de Police to the Kasan Church, beating, cutting across the face, pulling by the hair, and kicking every single one of the file of droschky-drivers who, with their vehicles, line the kerb. To the right and left, sometimes on to the pavement, sometimes into the kennel and under their horses' feet, went the poor bearded brutes under the brawny fists of this ruffian Goliath." And yet such proverbs as this he declares are common among the suffering class: — "A man who has been well beaten is worth two men who have not been. Five hundred blows with a stick will make a good grenadier; a thousand, a dragoon. 'T is only the lazy ones who don't beat us."

One redeeming feature in this universal degradation is the mercifulness of the Muscovite husbands. The old story of a Russian bride presenting her spouse a horsewhip upon the wedding-day, he pronounces to be fabulous; and the general conduct of the husbands he declares to be humane to all around them, — the farmers also to their cattle, and the parents to their children. An over-sad tale closes this seventeenth chapter, of a Josephine whom he met at a French barber's fireside, a harmless, spectral idiot, who had been bastinadoed by the police because she would not submit to her mistress-milliner's orders, and give herself up to a life of low vice. A few roubles slipped into the hands of the police by the old ogress, and the girl is so cruelly beaten that she attempts to take her life, and, after having been saved by the barber's humanity, relapses into the sad condition of permanent idiocy.

Sala's dashy style of narrative is certain to be popular with a class; many cosmopolitan hits are exceedingly good, though intensely bitter; there is a freshness about the pages like those of the discovery of a new land; and yet who can help regretting the wanton caricatures which make one suspicious of the whole narrative, the frequent digressions which consume the space due to more important topics, and the frivolity with which public vice is described and national profligacy laid bare?

Mrs. Johnson * is the daughter of Dr. James T. Barclay, Ameri-

* Hadji in Syria; or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson. Philadelphia: James Challen and Sons. 1858. 12mo. pp. 303.

can missionary in Jerusalem, and author of the able work on the Holy City noticed in our number for March of this year. She writes more elegantly than her father, and her sketches have the grace and lightness of a skilful artist. Under cover of personal adventures and impressions, some curious information is given concerning manners and customs in Jerusalem, which can be found in no other work of the sort. There is the account of visits in disguise to the mosques of Omar and of Nebi David; of the interior of houses, Jewish, Turkish, and Christian; of the shops and shopkeepers, and all that they have to sell; of the harem and its inmates; of a Turkish wedding, at which the author was present; and of numerous excursions, north, south, east, and west. The religious sects of Jerusalem come in for discriminating notice, and are treated candidly, although it is easy to see that Mrs. Johnson is a zealous Protestant Christian, and no lover of any kind of religious legend or pious mummery. Perhaps the most interesting description in the volume is that in Chapter XX., on the "Fruits of Palestine." The number and variety of these, in all seasons of the year, will astonish those who are accustomed to think of Palestine as a land accursed, of stony mountains, barren plains, and rivers dried up. The catalogue of vegetables and fruits here given is rather an illustration of a land flowing with milk and honey.

The chapter on "Mohammedanism," in the main correct, but defective in one or two points, seems, from its style and method of treatment, to be the work of another hand. If Mrs. Johnson herself prepared it, it is very creditable to her scholarship. The short account of the "Druses," whom Mrs. Johnson saw only for a day in passing by their coast, is less reliable than the account of the Moslems. The only typographical mistake which we have observed in the volume is on page 46, where the *four* daughters of Philip the Evangelist are by a misprint changed to *five*.

An Oriental custom is to reward the successful physician with overwhelming gratitude; sometimes instead of more solid remuneration. Mrs. Johnson mentions the excess of reverence which prompted some of her father's patients to worship him upon their knees, which afforded her many opportunities of seeing harem-life in its best estate, and which no doubt opened to a female Giaour those forbidden gates, the tomb of David and the mosque of Omar. And now that the insignificant results of both of these visits have been twice given to the public with illustrations, we would respectfully remonstrate against any future repetition of the hazardous experiment. An hysterical laugh, the unconscious lifting of the veil, the natural exclamation of surprise or terror of a young woman encompassed by strangers, would result in consequences of which we shudder to think. No longer excused by the desire of obtaining additional intelligence, objectionable too as a wanton intrusion into places peculiarly sacred, an insurmountable obstacle ought to be the wanton hazard of life for no imaginable good to anybody. Mrs. Johnson herself was in no little peril. And we were grieved to find her mentioning as a slight affair, that, upon their visit to the Chapel of the Nativity, her party were so irreverent as to wound

the feelings of the worshippers and cause their own expulsion, at the peril of something worse. Is not the same respect due from us to strange religions that we exact from strangers towards our own services?

THE portion of India visited and traversed by Mr. Minturn * has become very familiar to English and American readers in the thrilling stories of the recent rebellion. Many of the cities which he describes have been the scenes of terrible conflict and carnage, and as such have been photographed for the million in the widely circulated illustrated newspapers. Meerut, Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Cawnpoor, and Lucknow are now far better known than the cities of Mexico, the Hindostan of our Western hemisphere. Even before the late rebellion, Bayard Taylor's picturesque narrative had done much to open to his countrymen the wonders of the great Asiatic peninsula, and his graphic delineations had rendered it difficult for a fresh American traveller to add much to our stores of entertainment.

Mr. Minturn has done the best that he could with this disadvantage. Though by no means so practised or so brilliant a writer as Mr. Taylor, he has produced a very pleasant and interesting volume. His observations in the countries which he visited, Brazil, Australia, Southern and Central China, Singapore, and India, both in the Presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, are those of an intelligent and clear-sighted judge of the facts as they appeared before his eyes. He differs with Bayard Taylor in the estimate which he puts upon the Chinese; he rates their capacity, their industry, and their worth much higher than his predecessor, and much higher than the usual estimate of missionaries. Of the Indian races, particularly the Brahman and the Mussulman, he has a very poor opinion. He vindicates the course of the East India Company, and insists that their government of the peninsula, their dealing with the tribes, and their treatment of the native princes, have been on the whole singularly wise, just, and humane. He has no sympathy with the wholesale abuse which has vilified the acts of this great body. He places the Hindoos in the scale of civilization very far below the Chinese. This view, no doubt, will be questioned by many competent judges.

Others will question, and perhaps with reason, Mr. Minturn's remark, that in China "opium-smoking does not produce those deleterious effects which are universally attributed to it here and in Europe." We have heard repeatedly a very different testimony. Equally doubtful is the statement that the elephant "will not breed in captivity." The keepers of Zoölogical Gardens in London and Paris might bring some evidence on the other side. We were not quite prepared, either, for the information that gold in Calcutta is "not a recognized currency." It may be so; yet a pocketful of sovereigns will there buy a man anything

* From New York to Delhi, by Way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By ROBERT B. MINTURN, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 488.

that he wants, as well as a bag of rupees. English and French gold is good currency anywhere, where the foot of civilized man treads.

Mr. Minturn's book is beautifully printed, and is furnished with an excellent map.

"ALGIERS in 1857" * is the title of a slight book, written in easy, narrative style, by an English clergyman, in the fruitless search of health for his consumptive wife. A keen sportsman, a tolerable botanist, with some appreciation of good living, he has made his three months' stay in French Algiers a very inviting experience to those who are wearied of a monotonous life at home, but not at all decisive as to its permanent benefit to invalids.

The city of Algiers, once named the Pirate's Daughter, now numbering seventy thousand of every race and color, cannot be so very healthy as the cleanliness of the streets, the slope of its open position from the castle hill to the sea, and the range of the thermometer from sixty-two in winter to seventy-five in summer, would seem to promise. From other sources, we learn that the deaths are more than double the births; that in place of the customary mortality of two and a third per cent in France, the annual average in Algeria is more than six in the hundred. And, while Mr. Davies finds the climate pleasant and the air invigorating during his visit in the spring-time, old residents find only two months of the twelve fit for agriculture, because of the severity of the sun or the intensity of the rain. Several settlements, like Fondouck, Toumette, and El Aroush, have been abandoned because of the ravages of disease; and a vast prairie near the city is more fever-stricken than even the Roman Campagna. The Arabs, to be sure, can survive the night-fogs of the Metidja, or the chill of the snow-capped mountains, or the fire of the sunburnt desert at noon, with poor clothing and wretched food. Consumption has no terrors for them. But the secret is their outdoor life. Other nations as fond of the open air as the Arabian are as free from that wasting malady, which gains everywhere with the increasing refinement and more indoor habits of our highest civilization. Mentioning that in 1838 over thirty-one thousand females died in England alone of consumption, Mr. Davies has no other specific to offer — certainly there could be none safer — than to forbid sedentary and confining exercises, stooping postures, and compressing dresses, to every child who betrays any tendency to this disease; and, instead of educating this feeble youth for an early grave, that the same process of exposure to the weather and open-air occupation should be adopted to which one of our first female artists attributes her robust health.

An active cause in the mortality of Algeria, and a greater drawback upon its agriculture than the absurd restrictions with which French legislation continues to oppress the productive energies of a generous soil, must be the intemperance of the people. The new agricultural

* Algiers in 1857: its Accessibility, Climate, and Resources, with reference to Invalids. By REV. E. W. L. DAVIES. London: Longman & Co.

village of Boudouah has no house that is not a drinking-shop; and while other vices have no doubt been imported fresh from Paris, the exports of Algeria for some years were said to be only the horns of the cattle consumed by the army, and the empty bottles returned to the vintners of Paris.

A slight blow on the cheek of a French officer by the Dey of Algiers threw into the hands of France five hundred miles of the North African coast, reaching from the Mediterranean back to the "Sea without water," as the Arab terms the Great Desert. That touch of the fan has proved fearfully expensive to both parties. The wholesale massacre of one tribe at least, by the exasperated French, has shed no glory upon their cleansing of this old robber's den; millions of money still continue to be lavished upon a country where Marshal Bourmont said "bullets were the boundaries of French dominion"; and no return has there been except that admirable drill of the French army, which the Zouaves carried to perfection in the Crimea; and the elevation, perhaps the education, of such military celebrities as St. Arnaud, Oudinot, Lamoricière, Pelissier, Cavaignac, and Changarnier, — all of them distinguished leaders in the French invasion of Algeria.

And yet some benefits accrue to the conquered country, even from such a semi-Christian civilization. The submarine telegraph, French steamers every other day, broad roads that open magnificent views by land and sea, grain-markets for the sale and exportation of native produce, — immense strides in civilization, — have been succeeded by a governmental provision of Artesian wells in the dried-up plains, around which Arab villages are built, and by whose fertilizing streams the wanderer of the desert becomes a stationary agriculturist. While no religious influence is exerted upon a population chiefly Mohammedan, and that irreclaimable race, the Jews, shine in unequalled splendor, a Madame Luce has commenced the business of educating young Algiers gratuitously, in morals as well as modern accomplishments; and, through the help of imperial patronage, she offers now the only promise for the future of that blood-bought soil, working in a noble spirit for the true elevation of a peculiarly capable, naturally religious, and generally self-denying race.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On the morning of the 17th of October the Appleton Chapel of the University at Cambridge was dedicated to the worship of God. On the afternoon of the same day, the regular afternoon service of the Chapel began, under the form of a new Liturgy, prepared especially for the use of the Chapel, by Dr. Huntington.* It is proposed that the afternoon service in future shall be a service of Scripture reading and of devotion simply, without a sermon; the exercises being conducted according to the order proposed in this Service-Book.

We hope to have another opportunity to speak at more length of the services of dedication, and of the changes then made in the old order of

* A Service-Book for Public Worship, prepared especially for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1858.

the Sunday service at the University. But we are not willing to issue this number of the Examiner without signifying, in however few words, both our approval of the general principle of the change of service, and our sense of the spirit, fidelity, and learning displayed in the new Service-Book. It rests, in its devotional parts, on the basis of the Church of England Liturgy, from which its variations are made in a most catholic spirit. It must, in these changes, command the approval even of those who seem to us hypercritical in their sensitiveness about terms. Dr. Huntington has arranged and placed in the book the lessons from the Old Testament and Psalms, which he would have read alternately by the preacher and his congregation. He is not dependent only upon the English Church, but has used the Scriptural Litanies from the Church of the Disciples Service-Book, and the Eucharistic service which Dr. Hedge translated and compiled from the old Greek Liturgies. It is worthy of note, by the way, that those Unitarian churches which follow Dr. Hedge's Liturgy use, in the very central symbol of our religion, a form older, by we know not how long a period, than that used in the Roman Church or the Church of England.

The simple arrangement of this Service-Book is such as will commend it for use in other churches which desire to introduce a Liturgy. There is nothing in it which should confine its use to the University Chapel.

THERE are two ways of making Cyclopædias, which are in rivalry always. You may either put everything you know in alphabetical order, and compel everybody who wants to consult your book to buy the whole; so that the Botanist who wants to look out Chelidonium shall find it between "Cheke, Sir John" and "Chelmsford"; — or you may arrange what you know under different general subdivisions, so as to have a Cyclopædia of Biography, a Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, a Cyclopædia of Antiquities, and so on. We have very little doubt that the first of these ways is in theory the best; but there are two great drawbacks on its value in practice. The first is, that by the time the Cyclopædia is finished to Z, the A volume is behind the times, and quite inconsistent with the Z volume. The other is, that very few people have money enough to buy your complete work, and that, of those who have, very few need more than a tenth part of what they buy.

Just at the present time, we are disposed to think that the special one-volume Cyclopædias have the advantage of the others. We believe that the man who should go into the book-market to-day, and buy twenty-five different Cyclopædias in one volume each, selecting them with reference to his own specialty, would be better provided for the exigencies of daily work than he could be by spending the same money for any Cyclopædia in the English language now before the public.

To the list of these special Cyclopædias there is now added one *

* A Cyclopædia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. Edited by J. SMITH HOMANS and J. SMITH HOMANS, Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858.

which professes to occupy itself especially with "Commerce and Commercial Navigation." It is edited by two gentlemen who acknowledge that it is in great measure a compilation, as it should be. It is a compilation made from the best authorities, and so made that it is singularly fresh, — a very essential quality. It is quite clear that the compilers have had a close eye on the newspaper press, — the most important authority, — and have in this way brought up, as far as they could, their several articles to a very late period. We have tested it by several very severe tests, and though it fails sometimes, as every such authority does, it appears to us on the whole singularly accurate. It is by no means a book for merchants only, but as a book of general reference has a value for every well-informed man.

We may say, in general, that we believe the best practical rule for the majority of men in the purchase of books is this: "Buy no book on a special subject, unless you intend to begin the study and use of that book immediately." This rule applies to all books except cyclopædias, dictionaries, and other books of reference. With regard to these the rule is entirely different; for it is, "Buy the best you can, as many as you can, and keep and use them all."

In noticing Mr. Dana's handsome volume of select poems,* we must remember the difficulties inseparable from the editorial task undertaken. No work of the kind can be satisfactory, in all respects, to everybody. Tastes differ; the plan adopted, however wide and diversified, must have some limitations; and an individual compiler will have, in spite of all his endeavors to be catholic and many-sided, his unconscious partialities. Consequently, it were easy to complain of imperfections of omission and commission. But, all things considered, this is an excellent book of its kind, perhaps the best yet issued, and fulfils in a remarkable degree the purpose to comprise within its bounds "whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language." It is — as its size imports — very full, the pieces given to be numbered, we believe, by thousands; and "especial care has been taken to give every poem entire and unmutilated," — a feature deserving all commendation. If the reader misses, as he will, not a few favorites, he must also rejoice at meeting with crowds of old friends and worthies not often accessible. The classification of the selections according to sentiment, thought, and subject, though somewhat novel, is judicious and satisfactory.

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* The Household Book of Poetry. Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. New York: Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 798.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Religious Aspects of the Age; being Addresses delivered at the Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Union, May, 1858. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 12mo. pp. 179.

Spurgeon's Gems; being brilliant Passages from the Discourses of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 360.

Sermons to the Churches. By Francis Wayland. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 281.

The New England Theocracy; a History of the Congregationalists in New England, to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. Uhden. With a Preface by the late Dr. Neander, translated from the Second German Edition, by H. C. Conant. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 295.

A Service-Book for Public Worship. Prepared especially for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 12mo. pp. 308.

The Religion for the Heart and Home. Two Sermons by David March. Woburn: John J. Pippy. 18mo. pp. 95.

Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth. By W. H. Furness. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 311.

The New Testament, translated from the original Greek, with Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Books, and Improved Divisions of Chapters and Verses. By Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 423. (From the text of Tischendorf.)

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

Rational Cosmology: or, The Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe. By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., Union College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 397.

Vestiges of the Spirit-History of Man. By S. F. Dunlap. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 401. (See p. 447.)

The Truth unmasked and Error exposed in Theology and Metaphysics, Moral Government, and Moral Agency. By Elder H. W. Middleton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 314.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time; with Other Papers. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 461.

Life of George Washington, written for Children. By E. Cecil. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 258.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

From New York to Delhi, by Way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China. By Robert B. Minturn, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 488.

A Journey due North; being Notes of a Residence in Russia. By George Augustus Sala. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 459.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom, or the Branded Hand. Translated from the original Showiah, and edited by an American Citizen. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 12mo. pp. 600.

Agnes: a Novel. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 510.

The Motherless Children; and, Play and Study. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Shepard, Clark, & Brown. 12mo. pp. 320, 260.

Legends and Lyrics: a Book of Verses, by Adelaide Anne Procter. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 264.

Election; or, the Pranks of the Modern Puck: a Telegraphic Epic for the Times. By William C. Richards. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 84.

Blonde and Brunette; or, the Gothamite Arcady. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 316.

The Household Book of Poetry. Collected and Edited by Charles A. Dana. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 798.

Household Waverley. The Talisman. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 215.

The Age of Chivalry. Part I. King Arthur and his Knights. Part II. The Mabinogeon; or, Welsh Popular Tales. By Thomas Bulfinch. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 414.

Paschall's Pilgrimage, a Philosophical Poem. Philadelphia: Edward S. Morris. 16mo. pp. 87.

JUVENILE.

Seed-Time and Harvest: Tales from the German of Rosalie Koch and Maria Burg. By Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 291.

A Will and a Way: Tales from the German of T. Michel and Aug. Moritz. By Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 213.

The Wolf-Boy of China; or, Incidents and Adventures in the Life of Lyn Payo. By William Dalton. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 18mo. pp. 339.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Courtship and Matrimony; with other Sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life. By Robert Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 508. (A series of newspaper sketches.)

The Laying of the Cable, or the Ocean Telegraph. By John Mallaly. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 329. (A biographical and scientific narrative, with many woodcuts.)

The Congregational Hymn-Book, for the Service of the Sanctuary. 16mo. pp. 752.

The Vestry Hymn-Book, for Social and Private Worship. 32mo. pp. 574.

The Congregational Tune-Book: prepared by Elias Nason. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 16mo. pp. 208.

The Old Farmer's Almanac, for 1859. By Robert B. Thomas. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. pp. 42.

Book-Keeping, by Single and Double Entry; for Schools and Academies. By L. B. Hanaford and J. W. Payson. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 108.

Analytic Grammar of the English Language. By I. H. Nutting. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 112.

Text-Book of Modern Carpentry. By Thomas W. Silloway. Illustrated by 20 Copperplates. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 180.

A Practical Guide to English Pronunciation; and, Alphabetical Recitation-List. By E. J. Stearns. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 55, 55.

Safe Home; or the Last Days and Happy Death of Fannie Kenyon. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 76.

PAMPHLETS.

The Christian Idea of Sacrifice: a Discourse preached at the Dedication of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal, on Sunday, 12th September, 1858. By John Cordner. Montreal: H. Rose. pp. 29.

A Paper on New England Architecture. By N. H. Chamberlain. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 30. (Contains some excellent descriptive writing and some excellent hints; but we cannot assent to its argument in favor of cheap Gothic for our churches.)

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